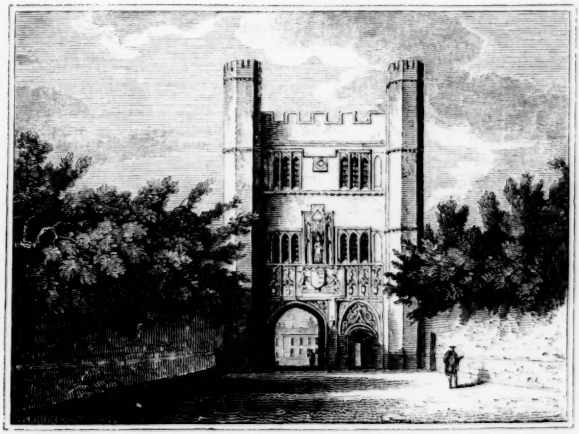
THE

Retrospective Review.

FOR OUT OF THE OLDE FIELDES, AS MEN SAITHE,
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE CORN FRO YERE TO YERE,
AND OUT OF OLDE BOOKES, IN GOOD FAITHE,
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE SCIENCE THAT MEN LERE.

CHAUCER.

VOL. IV.



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CONTENTS

OF

VOLUME IV. PART I.

ART. I.—Life of Benvenuto Cellini . . . . . p. 1.

II.—Poetical Literature of Spain . . . . . 21.

III.—Dryden's Prose Works . . . . . 55.

IV.—Lawrence's Arnalte and Lucenda . . . . . 72.

V.—Ascham's Toxophilus . . . . . 76.

VI.—Davenport's King John and Matilda . . . . . 87.

VII.—Andrew Fletcher's Political Works . . . . . 100.

VIII.—Lovelace's Lucasta . . . . . 116.

IX.—Sir John Wynne's History of the Gwedir Family . . 131.

X.—The Early English Drama . . . . . 142.

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THE

Retrospective Review.

Vol. IV. Part I.

Art. I. *Vita de Benvenuto Cellini, Orefice e Scultore Fiorentino, da lui medesimo scritta, nella quale molte curiose particularità, si toccano appartenenti alle Arti, ed all' Istoria del suo tempo, tratto da un ottimo manoscritto e dedicata all' eccellenza Di my Lord Ricardo Boyle, Conte di Burlington e Corke, &c. In Colonia, per* Pietro Martello.

The Life of Benvenuto Cellini, a Florentine Artist, containing a variety of curious and interesting particulars, relative to painting, sculpture, and architecture; and the history of his own time: written by himself, in the Tuscan language; and translated from the original, by Thomas Nugent, LL.D. F.S.A. 2 *vols. London,* 1771.

This is, perhaps, the most perfect piece of autobiography that ever was written, whether considered with reference to the candour and veracity of the author, the spirit of the incidents, or the breathing vitality of the narrative. It has also the recommendation of having been written at a very interesting period of literary history, and of recording some curious particulars relative to the private character of the great men of the time. That a work, which used such freedom with the names of many persons of high rank and connection, should not be published for some time after the author's death, is not surprising; but, being once laid aside, it remained unpublished until 1730, nearly two centuries after it was written. We never, in the whole course of our life, read a book of a more engaging description, and think that a brief abstract of it, with an occasional extract of more peculiar interest, will prove no unacceptable

XUM

present to those who have not had the good fortune to meet with it. Indeed, we believe, that, although Dr. Nugent's translation is but of comparatively recent date, it is not to be very easily procured.

In the opinion of Benvenuto Cellini, no man ought to enter upon so arduous an undertaking, as that of writing the history of his own life, until his fortieth year—

> When all the fiercer passions cease,
> The glory and disgrace of youth;
> When the deluded soul, in peace,
> Can listen to the voice of truth.

He did not, however, commence this work until, as an old writer expresses it, the clock of his age had struck fifty-eight, when he was peaceably settled in his native city of Florence, enjoying more content, and better health, than at any former period of his life. The correctness of our author's opinion, as to the time of commencing such a work, may reasonably be doubted, both with respect to the interest of the narrative, and its utility. What an autobiographer thus gains in the maturity of his judgment, he will probably lose in the interest, minuteness, and truth, of the delineation; for age is apt to look back upon the visions of his youth, as those of folly, and pass them by, with a disdain which they do not, in reality, deserve; or, if he thinks them worth recording, he has either forgotten or cannot recal them, in the plenitude and energy of their spring-tide brightness. Autobiography will lose in interest; for the imaginings of new life, though visionary, are golden visions, full of the purest joys, and most glorious virtues, "images and precious thoughts, which should not die, and cannot be destroyed;" they are the *May* which blossoms on the black thorns of life, fair, and beautiful, and fragrant, when every thing else is bare and desolate. Its thoughts, or rather dreams, are good, of what *may* be, or *should* be, and not of what is. But if the morning of reason no sooner dawns, than it discloses an ideal world—if beings, of no earthly mould, flit across the fancy, and dazzle the mind, man, in the pride of his maturity, is a dreamer too.

If the object be utility, to decompose the human character, to resolve it into its original elements, and shew how they have been combined, neutralized, or directed; retrospection, from the pinnacle of forty, will not effect it. In order to arrive at any practical results, as to the gradations by which it has been formed, one should minute down, as they occur, the changes of thought, the effect of impressions, and the vicissitudes of feeling, which, in youth, give a bent to the character, and, in age, are forgotten. Without this process, we cannot trace opinions to

their source, indicate from what small springs they arise, branching out into sundry little streams, until they become united into a changeless current. A trivial occurrence, a slight association of ideas, may communicate to the mind a direction which will materially affect, or perhaps eventually form, the character. There are times and seasons, which, when a person, in a certain mood, or under the influence of peculiar feelings, is thrown into a particular situation, will decide his destiny, although, under different circumstances, they would not have stimulated enquiry or exertion. The youth, who wanders at eventide in autumn, when nature reposes in mysterious stillness, save the rustling of the wind through the trees, and when the sun pours his mitigated radiance over a living and rejoicing world, may dream himself into a poet. The genius of the painter may be awakened, by intense admiration, when he first catches a view of the finest productions of the pencil, or formed by continually gazing upon them; as the boy who carried the materials for Raphael's fresco work in the Vatican, "became an artist before he produced a specimen of his talents, and at eighteen years of age seized the pencil, and astonished his employers;" or it may be called into action by the delight, caused by a striking assemblage of natural objects. The perusal of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, may, either on the spot or at a distant period, entice to the study of Arabic or Persic, or the *Adventures of Don Quixote*, to the acquisition of the language in which its immortal author wrote. The heart clings with pertinacious affection to that which has excited emotions of pleasure, or which is nearly connected with them. Even the ancient tree, at whose grassy root any exquisite sensations have been experienced, becomes a green spot in the memory, to which, in the progress of life, man looks with oft reverted eye; and the scene of his early years is often so associated with happiness, as finally to call the wanderer home. It is true, there are mighty events, there are hurricanes of feeling, which may suddenly deracinate, and sweep away the germs of character, not yet become rigid, and in whose place a totally new set of ideas may spring up; but these irruptions are rare.

As then the character is, in a great measure, formed, or, at least, influenced by the situation, habits, and associations of youth, which is subject to a thousand gradations of thought and feeling, a person should, in order to compile a complete and philosophical memoir of his own life, begin early, and finish late. Its value would, by this means, be enhanced, both with respect to its practical utility, and the scientific view it would exhibit of the operations of mind. The lives of most men offer little that is worthy of preservation, except these mental changes. It is the lot of few to be cast into situations, or involved in ad-

XUM

ventures, which excite the interest or sympathy of their fellow men. Thousands are born, and die, without performing an action, which would attract the attention, or dazzle the imagination; but there is scarcely an individual, a minute and faithful history of whose mind, from youth to grey hairs, might not be rendered useful: such a history would be more difficult, and less entertaining, than one of a life of peril and enterprize, and vicissitude. Both, however, are sufficiently arduous, and, considering the sacrifice of vanity, and the candour and impartiality required for such an undertaking, it is not surprising that so few have been found to strip off the covering with which self-love has invested them, and step, naked, into the arena.

Our author lived in a country, and at a period, well calculated for the developement and encouragement of the combustible elements of character; when the irregularities of human passions were only partially repressed by the law, and the angular projections of human character were not worn down by the influence of correct manners. The sanctuary afforded an asylum for the contemner of civil regulations; revenge might shelter himself under a Cardinal's mantle, and murder find a place of refuge behind the throne of the Roman Pontiff. The resurrection of the fine arts, at the same time, gave a strong impulse to genius, by the splendour of spectacles, the force of example, and the certainty of fame and reward. The chief inducement of our author, to write the memoirs of his life, was to render a service to the profession, of which he was so great an ornament. The business of a goldsmith and jeweller was not then what it now is, a mere mechanical employment; it required invention, taste, and correctness of drawing: all the powers of genius were called into exertion to design and ornament the clasp of a lady's girdle, the seal of a Cardinal, or the button of the pontifical cope. The attention and encouragement bestowed on such labours, by rank and affluence, may appear extraordinary at this day, but we must say, we regard, with peculiar pleasure, genius, stooping from its loftier station, to introduce its elegancies into daily life, and deck the insignia of office, and the ornaments of common use, with shapes of loveliness and beauty. In rendering grace and energy of form, and majesty of manner, more familiar to us, it sharpens our perception of the sublimities of art.—Forms of noble sacrifice, and tender devotion—of persevering enterprise, and determined fortitude, become palpable to, and are made indwellers of the soul, and are associated with all we think, and wish, and act.

Benvenuto Cellini was born on All-saints' Day, in the year 1500; and, notwithstanding the passionate desire which his father, an architect and engineer, and one of the court musicians, had, that his son should become the first flute-player in the

world, he was, to his great delight, released from musical thraldom at the age of thirteen, and allowed to learn the business of a goldsmith. He devoted himself with such diligence to the art of design, that, in little more than two years, he rivalled the most skilful journeymen in the trade, not omitting, at the same time, through complaisance to his father, to practise, occasionally, on the flute, on which he became an admirable performer. At the age of eighteen, he was banished from Florence, for six months, for his participation in a fray, in which his younger brother had got involved; and after following his profession successively at Pisa, where he remained one year, and at Rome, where he remained two years, he again visited his native city. Having studied, with great delight and success, the works of Michael Angelo, his reputation, as a jeweller and goldsmith, increased to such a degree, as to excite the jealousy of some of his former masters. The impatient and violent spirit of our author, which had already partially displayed itself, was called into full action, in an adventure which occurred between him and these persons. They insulted him; he attacked some dozen of them, armed with all manner of weapons, and, "rushing among them, like a mad bull, he threw down four or five, and fell to the ground along with them; now aiming his dagger at one, and now at another," without, however, doing any material injury. This adventure gave rise to a tremendous edict against him, and again banished him from Florence: he bent his steps, a second time, to Rome, where he met with extraordinary encouragement and success. His exquisite performance on the flute attracted the attention of Pope Clement the Seventh, who offered to take him into his service, as well for his excellence in his profession, as for his musical acquirements. Our author doubted whether he should accept this proposal; but, his father appearing to him in a dream, denouncing his malediction if he did not, filial piety prevailed, and he entered into the service of the Pope, in the double capacity of goldsmith and musician. At this time, Benvenuto had a dispute with the Bishop of Salamanca, a lordly Spanish Prelate, who wished, without paying the price, to avail himself of the labours of genius. In this contest, the bold and uncompromising character of Cellini triumphed over the violence and power of the reverend dignitary and his suite, and he came out of it with honour and success.

Cellini, now about twenty-three years of age, was of a genius so happy, that he could, with ease, learn any thing to which he gave his mind. He felt an extreme desire to rival Lantinio, in seal-engraving, and Caradosso, in medalling, both of them eminent masters in their professions. In these branches, as well as in the art of enamelling, he became an excellent artist;—he also

XUM

cultivated, with his usual ardour and success, the art of engraving foliages on daggers and swords.

At this period it was, that the Duke de Bourbon laid siege to Rome, on which occasion, our author raised a company of fifty men. Determined, he says, to perform some manly action, he one day repaired to the walls, and

"Having," he continues, "taken aim with my piece, where I saw the thickest croud of the enemy, I fixed my eye on a person who seemed to be lifted up by the rest: but the misty weather prevented me from distinguishing whether he was on horseback, or on foot. Then turning suddenly about to Alexander and Cecchino, I bid them fire off their pieces, and shewed them how to escape every shot of the besiegers. Having accordingly fired twice for the enemy's once, I softly approached the walls, and perceived that there was an extraordinary confusion among the assailants, occasioned by our having shot the duke of Bourbon: he was, as I understood afterwards, that chief personage, whom I saw raised by the rest."

Our soldier was equally successful in directing the guns in the castle of St. Angelo, and, with a cannon, charged with certain antique javelins, he killed the Prince of Orange. History, however, has not deigned to record any of the extraordinary feats of our hero, at this memorable siege.

The next event, of any great importance, which happened to Cellini, was in the way of his profession, and this was his being employed to make the button for the pontifical cope, the execution of which gained him great fame, and is spoken of, by Vasari, in terms of high praise. In this piece, God, the Father, was to be represented in half relievo, and there were no less than thirty rival models, made by able designers, who, as the artist says, not being acquainted with the jeweller's business, had placed the large and beautiful diamond in the breast of the father. The Pope, who was a person of genius, took notice of this blunder, and, after he had inspected ten of the models, he threw the rest on the ground, and called for Benvenuto's; "thereupon," says the Artist, with infinite satisfaction, "I opened a little round box, when instantly there seemed to flash from it a lustre which dazzled the Pope himself, and he cried out, with a loud voice, Benvenuto, had you been my very self, you could not have designed this with greater propriety." To some of our readers, it may not be unacceptable, to have the Artist's account of the design of this celebrated button.

"I had laid the diamond exactly in the middle of the work, and over it I had represented God the Father sitting in a sort of free, easy attitude, which suited admirably well with the rest of the piece, and did not in the least croud the diamond; his right hand was lifted up,

giving his blessing. Under the diamond I had drawn three little boys, who supported it, with their arms raised aloft. One of these boys, which stood in the middle, was in full, the other two in half, relievo. Round it was a number of figures of boys, placed amongst other glittering jewels. The remainder of God the Father was covered with a cloak, which wantoned in the wind, from whence issued several figures of boys with other striking ornaments most beautiful to behold. This work was made of a white stucco, upon a black stone."

The Pope was so delighted with this specimen of the Artist's talents, that he proposed to employ him to stamp the coins of the Mint. Although he had never been engaged in this business, and had only seen how it was done, he produced, in a surprising short time, a specimen to the Pope, together with the old coins, struck by the eminent Artists employed by Popes Julius and Leo; and, perceiving the one stamped by him gained higher approbation than the rest, took advantage of the time, and petitioned for the place of Stamp Master to the Mint, which was granted to him upon the spot.

Benvenuto was in his twenty-ninth year, when his brother died, of wounds which he had received from a musqueteer in a street rencontre. Our author could find no peace until he had revenged his death, which he at length effected, by stabbing the unfortunate musqueteer; on which occasion, the Pope's countenance was of some assistance to him. Whilst the artist was employed in drawing the design of a magnificent chalice, for the Pope, he, one evening, finding his holiness had forgotten his promises of preferment, took the opportunity of asking him for the place of one of the fraternity del Piombo, then vacant.—The scenes, between the Pontiff and his Artist, are wonderfully edifying, and we shall give them in the author's own words.

" The good Pope no longer recollecting the florid harangue he had made upon my finishing the other work, answered me thus; The place you ask, has annexed to it a salary of above eight hundred crowns a year, so that if you were to have it, you would think of nothing after but indulging yourself, and pampering your body; thus you would entirely forget that admirable art, of which you are at present so great a master, and I should be condemned as the cause of it. I instantly replied, that good cats mouse better to fatten themselves, than merely through hunger; and that men of genius exert their abilities always to most purpose when they are in affluent circumstances; insomuch that those princes, who are most munificent to such men, may be considered as encouraging, and, as it were, watering the plants of genius; left to themselves they wither and die away, 'tis encouragement alone that makes them spring up and flourish. I must, however, inform your holiness, that I did not petition for this preferment, expecting to have it granted me; I looked upon myself as happy in getting the poor place

of mace-bearer; it was only a thought that just came into my head. You will do well to bestow it upon some man of genius that deserves it, and not upon an ignorant person, who will make no other use of it but to pamper his body, as your holiness expresses it. Take example of Pope Julius of worthy memory, who gave such a place to Bramante, an ingenious architect. Having spoke thus, I made him a low bow, and took my leave. Bastiano, the Venetian painter, then coming forward, said to him; Most holy father, please to give this place to some person that exerts himself in the ingenious arts; and, as your holiness knows me to have dedicated my time to those studies, I humbly request you would think me worthy of that honour. The Pope made answer: this devil Benvenuto cannot bear a word of rebuke; I did intend to bestow the place upon him; but it is not right to behave so proudly to a Pope: I therefore don't know how I shall dispose of it."

He, however, bestowed it on Bastiano. The Pope, who was uncommonly anxious for the completion of the chalice, on leaving Rome for Bologna, commanded the Cardinal Salviati to hurry it on, expressing himself in these words:

"Benvenuto is a man that sets but little value upon his abilities, and less upon me; so be sure you hurry him on, that the chalice may be finished at my return. This stupid cardinal sent to me in about eight days, ordering me to bring my work with me; but I went to him without it. As soon as I came into his presence, he said to me, Where is this fantastical work of yours? have you finished it? I made answer; Most reverend sir, I have not finished my fantastical work, as you are pleased to call it, nor can I finish it, except you give me wherewithal to enable me. Scarce had I uttered these words, when the cardinal, whose phyz was liker that of an ass than a human creature, began to look more hideous than before, and immediately proceeding to abusive language, said, I'll confine you a-board a galley, and then you will be glad to finish the work. As I had a brute to deal with, I used the language proper on the occasion, which was as follows; My lord, when I am guilty of crimes deserving the gallies, then you may send me thither; but for such an offence as mine, I am not afraid; nay I will tell you more, on account of this ill treatment, I will not finish the work at all; so send no more for me, for I will not come, unless I am compelled by the city-guards. The foolish cardinal then tried by fair means to persuade me to go on with the work in hand, and to bring what I had done, that he might examine it: in answer to all his persuasions, I said; Tell his holiness to send me the materials, if he would have me finish this fantastical work; nor would I give him any other answer, insomuch, that despairing of success, he at last ceased to trouble me with his importunities. The Pope returned from Bologna, and immediately enquired after me, for the cardinal had, already, given him, by letter, the most unfavourable account of me, he possibly could. His holiness being incensed against me to the highest degree, ordered me to come to him with my work; and I obeyed. During the time he was at Bologna, I had so severe a defluxion upon my eyes, that life became almost insup-

portable to me: that was the first cause of my not proceeding with the chalice: so much did I suffer by this disorder, that I really thought I should lose my eye-sight; and I computed how much would be sufficient for my support, when I should be blind. In my way to the palace, I meditated within myself, an excuse for discontinuing the work; and thought, that whilst the Pope was considering and examining my performance, I might acquaint him with my case; but I was mistaken; for, as soon as I appeared in his presence, he said to me, with great asperity, Let me see that work of yours: is it finished? Upon my producing it, he flew into a more violent passion than before, and said, As there is truth in God, I assure you, since you value no living soul, that if a regard to decency did not prevent me, I would order both you and your work to be thrown, this moment, out of the window. Seeing the Pope thus inflamed with brutal fury, I was for quitting his presence directly, and, as he continued his bravadoes, I put the chalice under my cloak, muttering these words to myself, The whole world would prove unable to make a blind man proceed in such an undertaking as this. The Pope, then, in a louder voice than before, said, Come hither:—what's that you say?—For a while, I hesitated, whether I should not run down stairs;—at last, I plucked up my courage, and, falling on my knees, exclaimed aloud, in these words, because he continued to scold—Is it reasonable, that, when I am blind with a disorder, you should oblige me to continue to work? He answered, you could see well enough to come hither, and I don't believe one word of what you say. Observing that he spoke with a milder tone of voice, I replied, If your holiness will ask your physician, you will find that I declare the truth. I shall inquire into the affair, at my leisure, said he. I now perceived that I had an opportunity to plead my cause, and, therefore, delivered myself thus, I am persuaded, most holy father, that the author of all this mischief, is no other than cardinal Salviati; because he sent for me immediately upon your holiness's departure; and when I came to him, called my work a fantastical piece, and told me he would make me finish it in a galley: these opprobrious words made such an impression on me, that, through the great perturbation of mind I was in, I felt my face, all on a sudden, inflamed, and my eyes were attacked by so violent a heat, that I could hardly find my way home: a few days after, there fell upon them two cataracts, which blinded me to such a degree, that I could hardly see the light, and, since your holiness's departure, I have not been able to do a stroke of work. Having spoke thus, I rose up and withdrew. I was told, that the Pope said, after I was gone, When places of trust are given, discretion is not always conveyed with them; I did not bid the cardinal treat people quite so roughly; if it be true that he has a disorder in his eyes, as I shall know, by asking my physician, I should be inclined to look upon him with an eye of compassion."

The wrath of his holiness was again excited by the delay of the Artist, and, after waiting two months, during which time, Benvenuto, who had declared he would not strike a single stroke, had wrought at it constantly with the utmost diligence, he

deprived him of his place in the Mint. Our author requested the bearer of this intelligence, to inform his holiness, that he deprived himself, and not him, of the place; and that if he should be ever so desirous to restore it, Benvenuto Cellini would, upon no account, accept it. The Pope next required him to deliver the chalice in its present state; but to this, the Artist, with his usual spirit of independance, replied, that this was not like the place in the Mint, of which it was in the power of his holiness to deprive him—that the five hundred crowns, he had received, were, indeed, the property of his holiness, and these he would restore; but, as for the work, it was his, and he would dispose of it as he thought proper. In a few days afterwards, the Pope sent two of his gentlemen to Benvenuto, with orders to conduct him to prison, if he still refused to deliver up the chalice—he refused, and was, in consequence, taken before the Governor and Procurator, who rated, expostulated, and advised, by turns, telling him, that he who was employed by another, in any work, should take it back when required;—but Benvenuto made answer "that it was not agreeable to justice, and that a Pope had no right to act in that manner, because his holiness was not like those petty tyrants, who oppress their subjects to the utmost, paying no regard either to law or justice."—"Benvenuto," exclaimed the governor, "you will, at last, oblige me to use you according to your deserts."—"You will, in that case," replied Benvenuto, "behave honorably and politely to me." Intimidation and coaxing, both failing, they applied to the head of the Christian Church, for instructions;—he was pleased to command, that, as his honor was concerned, the Artist should bring the work, sealed up in a box, in which state, it should be quickly returned to him: with this command, Benvenuto answered, smiling, he would gladly comply, because he was desirous of knowing what dependance could be placed upon the faith of a Pope. Having, therefore, sent for, and sealed up, his work, he transmitted it, by the governor, to his holiness, who, after turning it round several times, asked the governor if he had seen it, and, on his replying that he had, and that it appeared to him an extraordinary performance, the Pope said,

"You may tell Benvenuto, that Roman Pontiffs have authority to loose and bind things of much greater importance than this; and whilst he uttered these words, he, with an angry look, opened the box, taking off the cord and the seal."

Although the apostolic faith was as easily broken as the seal, our Benvenuto, after some further display of spirit, was prevailed upon to finish this important piece of plate, the Pope promising to grant him any favor he desired.

Benvenuto next fell in love with a fair Sicilian, who having suddenly left Rome with her mother, he committed innumerable extravagancies in search of her, of which he says it would be tedious to give a circumstantial account; he became acquainted with a professor of necromancy, witnessed his magical spells, and beheld a legion of devils, who, in answer to his request, that he might be in company with his Sicilian mistress, declared that it should come to pass in a month, and it did actually take place on the very day the month expired, at Naples; to which place he had retired, in consequence of having broken the head of a certain Beneditto.

To Rome, however, he was soon recalled, by the Cardinal de Medici, and shortly afterwards Pope Clement the Seventh died. Pompeo, one of the favorites of the deceased Pontiff, and an ancient foe, having offered a public insult to Benvenuto, he fell upon Pompeo, when surrounded by ten armed men, and, forcing his way through them, killed him on the spot. In this affair, Cardinals Cornaro and de Medici contended for the honor of protecting our author. A safe conduct was made out for him by order of Cardinal Farnese, just elected Pope under the title of Paul the Third, and he was re-instated in his place of Stamp Master. The death of Pompeo, however, entailed a succession of adventures and troubles upon our hero, chiefly by the machinations of an illegitimate son of the Pope, Pier-Luigi, whose favorite had married Pompeo's daughter. This Pier-Luigi had other motives than affection for his favorite, for undertaking to revenge the death of Pompeo;—it is insinuated that he had laid hands upon the portion of Pompeo's daughter. The first attempt was made through a Corsican soldier, who was hired to assassinate Benvenuto. The following is an account of their meeting.

"One day, just after dinner, they sent for me, in the name of Signor Pier-Luigi: I went directly, as that lord had often talked to me about several pieces of plate, of new invention, which he proposed to have executed. I left my house in a hurry with my usual arms, and went down the street Julia, not thinking to meet any body, at that time of day: when I was at the top of the street, and preparing to turn towards the Farnese Palace, it being customary, with me, to take the round-about way, I saw the Corsican bravo quit the place, where he was sitting, and advance to the middle of the street: without being in the least disconcerted, I kept myself in readiness, and having slackened my pace a little, approached the wall as close as I could, to make way for the Corsican, and the better to defend myself. He drew towards the wall, and we were near to each other, when I plainly perceived, by his gestures, that he had a design upon me, and seeing me alone in that manner, imagined it would succeed. I was the first that broke silence: Valiant soldier, said I, if it were night-time, you might possi-

bly have mistaken me for another, but, as it is broad day-light, you must be sensible who I am, and that I had never any connection with you, nor ever gave you offence, but should rather be disposed to serve you, were it in my power. Upon my uttering these words, he, with a resolute air, and without ever quitting his ground, told me that he did not know what I meant. I replied, but I know very well what you mean; yet your enterprise is more dangerous than you are aware of; and the success may be very different from what you imagine: I must tell you, that you have a man to deal with, who will sell his life very dear; neither does your design become such a brave soldier, as you appear to be. All this while I stood upon my guard, with a stern and watchful eye, and we both changed colour. By this time a crowd was gathered about us, and the people perceived what we were talking of, so that not having the spirit to attack me, under those circumstances, he only said, we shall see one another again. I answered, I am always glad to see gallant men, and those that behave themselves like such. Having left him, I went to Signor Pier-Luigi, but he had not sent for me. From thence, I returned to my shop, when the Corsican gave me notice, by means of a particular friend, of his and mine, that I need be, no longer, under any apprehensions from him, since he would, for the future, consider me as a brother; but that I should beware of others, for many persons of distinction had sworn they would have my life. I returned him thanks by the messenger, and kept upon my guard, the best I could. A few days after, I was told, by an intimate friend, that Signor Pier-Luigi had given express orders for taking me that evening; this I heard at six o'clock.

At eight he took post for Florence, and on his arrival at that city was made Stamp Master to the Mint by Duke Alexander de Medici, whom, however, he soon left for Rome, under a safe conduct from the Pope, to clear himself from the charge of murder, at the feast of the Virgin Mary, by walking in procession; on which occasion the usual formality of his surrendering himself to prison, was, at his earnest entreaty, dispensed with. Passing over several incidents recorded by the author; such as his presentation, by the direction of the Pope, of a highly ornamented Prayer Book, whose cover of massive gold had been curiously wrought by him, to the Emperor Charles the Fifth on his entry into Rome; and his short stay at Padua with Cardinal Bembo, from whom he received flattering attention; we find him at Paris soliciting an interview with Francis the First, which he accomplished at Fontainbleau, where he had a favorable audience for a whole hour. He journeyed in the retinue of the court to Lyons, where he fell ill, and became so disgusted with the French court, that on his recovery he set off incontinently to Rome. Whilst assiduously pursuing his business at this city, he received a very flattering account from the Cardinal Ferrara, whose friendship he had cultivated whilst in France, of the manner in which his most Christian Majesty had expressed

his wish to have the artist in his service. Benvenuto instantly wrote in answer, professing his readiness to obey the king's pleasure. In the mean time, however, he was accused of having in his possession an immense treasure, consisting of jewels and other costly things belonging to the church, to the amount of eighty-thousand ducats, which it was alleged he had abstracted from the Castle of St. Angelo at the sack of Rome.

Pier-Luigi obtained a grant of this vast treasure. Notwithstanding the accused artist demonstrated his innocence, by shewing that all the jewels belonging to Clement the Seventh were registered, and that none of them were now missing, he was committed a prisoner to the Castle of St. Angelo, which he had before so bravely defended. Whilst he was allowed to walk about the castle, he scorned to make his escape, which he might easily have done; but when, through the odd fancies of the crazy constable, he was committed a close prisoner, he publicly declared he would make his escape in spite of them all. Having prepared every thing necessary with the greatest patience and ingenuity, he fixed upon the night of a holiday to make the attempt.

"Two hours before day break I took the iron plates from the door, with great trouble and difficulty, for the bolt, and the wood that received it, made great resistance, so that I could not open them, but was obliged to cut the wood: I, however, at last, forced the door; and, having taken with me the above-mentioned slips of linen, which I had rolled up in bundles, with the utmost care, I went out, and got upon the right side of the tower, and having observed, from within, two tiles of the roof, I leaped upon them with the utmost ease. I was in a white doublet, and had on a pair of white spatterdashes, over which I wore a pair of little light boots, that reached half way up my legs, and in one of these I put my dagger. I then took the end of one of my bundles of long slips, which I had made out of the sheets of my bed, and fastened it to one of the tiles of the roof, that happened to jet out four inches; and the long string of slips was fastened to the tiles in the manner of a stirrup: when I had fixed it firmly, I addressed myself to the Deity in these terms: Almighty God! favour my cause, for thou knowest it is a just one, and I am not, on my part, wanting in my utmost efforts to make it succeed. Then letting myself down gently, and the whole weight of my body being concentrated in my arm, I at last reached the ground. It was not a moon-light night, but the stars shone with a resplendent lustre. When I touched the ground, I first contemplated the great height, which I had descended with so much courage; and then walked away in high joy, thinking I had recovered my liberty; but I soon found myself mistaken, for the constable had caused two pretty high walls to be erected on that side, which made an inclosure for a stable and a yard to keep his poultry in: this place was shut, with great bolts on the outside. When I saw myself immured in this inclosure, I felt the greatest anxiety imaginable. Whilst I was walking backwards and forwards, my foot happened to hit against a

XUM

long pole covered with straw; this, I, with much difficulty, fixed against the wall, and, by the strength of my arms, climbed to the top of it: but, as the wall was sharp, I could not get a sufficient hold to enable me to descend, by the pole, to the other side; I, therefore, resolved to have recourse to my other string of slips, for I had left one tied to the great tower; so I took the string, and having fastened it properly, I descended down the steep wall; this put me to a great deal of pains and trouble, and likewise tore the skin off the palms of my hands, insomuch, that they were all over bloody, for which reason I rested myself a little. When I thought I had sufficiently recruited my strength, I came to the last wall, which looked towards the meadows, and, having prepared my string of long slips, which I wanted to get about one of the nitched battlements, in order to descend this as I had done the other higher wall, a sentinel perceived what I was about. Finding my design obstructed, and myself in danger of my life, I resolved to cope with the soldier, who, seeing me advance towards him, resolutely, with my drawn dagger in my hand, thought it most adviseable to keep out of the way. After I had gone a little way from my string, I instantly returned to it, and though I was seen by another of the soldiers upon guard, the man did not care to take any notice of me. So I fastened my string to the nitched battlement, and began to let myself down: whether it was owing to my being near the ground, and preparing to give a leap, or whether my hands were quite tired, I do not know, but being unable to hold out any longer, I fell, and becoming quite insensible, continued in that state about an hour and a half, as nearly as I can guess: having, afterwards, for a while, refreshed myself with sleep, and the day beginning to break, the cool breeze that precedes the rising of the sun brought me to myself; but I had not yet thoroughly recovered my senses, for I had conceived a strange notion that I had been beheaded, and was then in purgatory. I, however, by degrees, recovered my strength and powers, and, perceiving that I had got out of the castle, I soon recollected all that had befallen me. As I perceived that my senses had been affected, before I took notice that my leg was broke, I clapped my hands to my head, and found them all bloody: I afterwards searched my body all over, and thought I had received no hurt of any consequence; but, upon attempting to rise from the ground, I found that my right leg was cut three inches deep, just above the heel, which threw me into a terrible consternation. I, thereupon, pulled my dagger out of the scabbard, which had a sharp point, for that occasioned the hurt to my leg; as the bone could not bend either way, it broke in that place; I, therefore, threw away the scabbard, and cutting the part of my string of slips that I still had left, I bandaged my leg the best I could; I then crept on, upon all four, towards the gate, with my dagger in my hand, and, upon coming up to it, found it shut; but, observing a stone under the gate, and thinking that it did not stick very fast, I prepared to push it away; clapping my hands to it, I found that I could move it with ease, so I soon pulled it out, and effected my entrance. It was above five hundred paces from the place where I had had my fall, to the gate, at which I entered the city. As soon as I got in, some mastiff dogs came

up, and bit me severely; finding that they persisted to worry me, I took my dagger, and gave one of them so severe a stab, that he set up a loud howling; whereupon, all the dogs in the neighbourhood, as it is the nature of those animals, ran up to him; and I made all the haste I could, to crawl towards the church of St. Mary Transpontina."

Whilst he was crawling along, he was observed by the servants of Cardinal Cornaro, and carried to his apartments. During his convalescence, he was visited by great numbers of nobility, gentry, and friends, and received a variety of valuable presents. His enemies stirred heaven and earth to effect his recaption, and he was finally sacrificed, by the good cardinal, for a bishopric. Transferred once more to the custody of the mad constable, he was carried to a dark subterraneous cell, covered with water, full of tarantulas and other noxious insects; his only furniture, a mattress and blanket; and his only companions, a Bible and the Chronicles of Villani. With a broken leg, wasted body, and consuming spirits, he dosed away the night and the day in this wretched den, except for about an hour and a half, during which time only he could see to read the Bible. He attempted to destroy himself, but was prevented by an invisible being. He made a composition of some rotten bricks, gnawed a splinter of wood from his prison door, and after waiting impatiently for his modicum of sun-shine, wrote a sonnet with the composition in his Bible, in a sort of dialogue between his body and his soul. He got accustomed to this purgatory, recovered his strength, and resumed his cheerfulness of mind, and continued to read his Bible three hours a-day. The rest he passed in pious meditation and singing psalms, or drawing images upon the wall, and writing, with the compound brick-dust, stanzas in praise of the prison and on other subjects. His nails grew to an immoderate length and his teeth began to rot. After remaining in this situation four months, he was removed, and placed in the deepest subterranean cell of the castle. The whole of the first day he solemnized with God, and, at the end of the second, was taken back to his old prison, where he wept with joy and gladness of heart, at the sight of the images he had drawn on the wall.

So many fatigues and cruelties, operating on a man of such intensity of feeling, produced a high degree of nervous excitement. He continually fancied himself in the presence of the invisible guardian, before mentioned, and held conversations with him. Deprived, for so long, of the blessed light of the sun, he prayed fervently that he might once more behold that glorious luminary. He was immediately hurried away, by his invisible guardian, to an apartment, where he unveiled himself in a human form, having the figure of a youth, with the first down upon his cheeks, and of a most beautiful countenance, on which

XUM

a particular gravity was conspicuous. He was then conducted to a situation where he beheld the object of his desire, on which he gazed and meditated profoundly for some time, and, raising his voice, exclaimed—

"O wonderful power! O glorious influence divine! how much more bounteous art thou to me, than I expected! The sun, divested of his rays, appeared a ball of purest melted gold. Whilst I gazed on this noble phenomenon, I saw the centre of the sun swell and bulge out, and, in a moment, there appeared a Christ, upon the cross, formed of the self-same matter as the sun, and so gracious and pleasing was his aspect, that no human imagination could ever form so much as a faint idea of such beauty. As I was contemplating this glorious apparition, I cried out, aloud, A miracle! a miracle! O God! O clemency divine! O goodness infinite! what mercies dost thou lavish on me, this morning! At the very time that I thus meditated, and uttered these words, the figure of Christ began to move towards the side where the rays were concentered; and the middle of the sun swelled and bulged out, as at first: the protuberance having increased considerably, was, at last, converted into the figure of a beautiful Virgin Mary, who appeared to sit with her son in her arms, in a graceful attitude, and even to smile; she stood between two angels of so divine a beauty, that imagination could not even form an idea of such perfection. I likewise saw in the same sun, a figure dressed in sacerdotal robes; this figure turned its back to me, and looked towards the blessed Virgin, holding Christ in her arms. All these things I clearly and plainly saw, and, with a loud voice, continued to return thanks to the Almighty. This wonderful phenomenon having appeared before me about eight minutes, vanished from my sight, and I was instantly conveyed back to my couch.

The Cardinal of Ferrara, at this juncture, made his appearance at Rome, and being detained, by the Pope, one evening, to supper, took advantage of the high spirits and good humour of his holiness, to urge the liberation of our artist, in the name of his master the king of France. The holy father, who was given to indulge in the good cheer of the vatican, somewhat beyond apostolic warrant, perceiving his time of vomiting was at hand, said to the cardinal, laughing, "take Benvenuto home with you directly, without a moment's delay." The cardinal, who knew the necessity of expedition, sent for Benvenuto, at midnight, and engaged him in the service of the French king. He soon afterwards set out for Paris, where he arrived in due time, after encountering his usual series of adventures. He met with a gracious reception, and was put under the care of his friend, the cardinal, who proposed, as an ample remuneration, to allow him three hundred crowns a year. Great was the ire of Benvenuto at the proposal of so small a salary; and, after thanking the cardinal, with all his heart, for the blessing of liberty, which, by

his intervention, he now enjoyed, he took his leave, determined to make a pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre, and never more to work upon any thing but a figure of Christ, wishing to make as near an approach, as possible, to the extraordinary beauty he had so often displayed to him in visions. He had not proceeded far on this devotional scheme before he was overtaken, and brought back, by a company of horsemen. Every thing was now settled to his satisfaction: he was directed to make twelve silver statues, for his majesty; and a house being assigned him, which had formerly been granted by his majesty to the Provost of Paris, he began to work, in God's name. Our artist, however, found the greatest difficulty in retaining possession of his residence, against the daily assaults to which he was subjected, by the friends of the provost. Grants of naturalization, and of the house, were, without solicitation, made out, and he would have been tolerably quiet, but for the interference of Madame D'Estampes, the king's mistress, whose resentment he incurred by neglecting to court her favour. He proceeded to finish one of the statues, and made his first attempt to cast in bronze; he also designed a model for the gate of Fontainebleau, his majesty's favorite residence. The king, during the progress of his different works, paid him frequent visits: on one occasion, when he had signified his intention to visit the artist, Madame D'Estampes spoke so bitterly against him, that the king promised to scold him heartily. The author's account of this interview is equally creditable to the generosity of the monarch, and the address and spirit of the artist.

"When he came to my house," says he, "I shewed him into some ground-floor apartments, in which I had put together the several parts of the gate of Fontainebleau; the king was seized with such astonishment, that he could not find in his heart to load me with abuse, as he had promised Madame D'Estampes. He did not, however, chuse entirely to go back of his word, as appears from his having expressed himself to this effect: it is something extraordinary, Benvenuto, that you men of genius are not sensible of your inability to display your talents without our assistance, and that you shew yourselves great, only by means of the opportunities that we afford you; it would become you to be a little more humble, and less proud and opinionative: I remember I gave you express orders to make twelve silver statues for me, and that was all I desired of you; but you took it into your head to make me a salt-cellar, vases, heads, and a thousand other fancies of your own; insomuch, that I am quite surprised you should neglect all that I required of you, and mind nothing, but pleasing yourself. If you continue to behave thus, I will shew you in what manner I am used to proceed, when I want to have things done my own way; I must therefore repeat it to you, that I insist upon your shewing yourself obedient when I lay my commands upon you, because,

XUM

if you continue obstinate in your whims, you will only run your head against the wall."

"Whilst his majesty uttered these words, the noblemen stood with the most profound attention, perceiving that he shook his head, knit his brows, and used a variety of gestures, sometimes with one hand, and sometimes with the other; all present, therefore, began to tremble for me, but I was not under the least apprehensions myself. As soon as he had made an end of reprimanding me, as he had promised Madame D'Estampes, I knelt with one knee upon the ground, and, kissing his mantle, addressed him in the following terms: Sire, I acknowledge the truth of what you say; all I have to alledge in my defence is, that my heart has been constantly attentive, day and night, to obey and serve you, with the utmost exertion of all my faculties; whatever appears to the contrary to your majesty, you may depend upon it, does not come from Benvenuto, but is the work of my adverse fate, which has rendered me unworthy of serving the greatest prince that the world ever beheld; I, therefore, humbly ask your pardon. It appeared to me that your majesty gave me silver for one statue only, and, as I had none of my own, I could make only that; so, with the little silver that was left, I made the vase, to give your majesty an idea of the beautiful manner of antiquity, which was, perhaps, unknown to you before. With regard to the salt-cellar, as well as I can recollect, you, one day, desired me to make one, in consequence of some conversation, concerning a salt-cellar that was shewn you; upon which I produced you a model, which I had formerly made in Italy, solely at your majesty's request, and you were pleased to order me a thousand ducats, for making it, declaring yourself highly pleased with my performance; you even went so far as to thank me, when I gave it to you finished. As for the gate, I apprehend that your majesty, in some occasional conversation, gave orders to Mons. de Villeroy, your secretary, to direct Mess. Marmande and Apa to employ me in such a work and supply me with money; for, without that assistance, I could not possibly have gone on with the work. With regard to the heads, I should not have thought of casting such large pieces, except merely to try my hand at that branch of business. The bases I made, in a persuasion that they were admirably suited to such figures; however, in all I undertook, I endeavoured to do my best and never lose sight of what your majesty intended. True it is, I made the great colossal statue, and brought it to its present degree of perfection, at my own expence; for, it appeared to me, that it would become the dignity of so great a monarch, and reflect some honour on my slender abilities, that such a statue should be made in your kingdom, as had never been seen by the antients. But, since I perceive that God has not thought proper to render me worthy of so honourable a service, I request it of your majesty, that, instead of the noble recompense you intended to make me for my labours, you would only give me a small share of your good will, and leave to depart; if you condescend to grant me this favour, I will instantly set out for Italy, returning thanks to the Supreme Being, for the happy hours that I have been in your majesty's service. When I had finished, the king took me by the hand, and, in

the kindest manner imaginable, raised me from the ground; he told me that I should be contented with his service, and that all I had done for him, he was highly pleased with: turning, afterwards, to the noblemen present, he deliberately uttered these words: I really believe that if there were to be gates to Paradise, it never could have any finer than this. When I saw that he had made an end of speaking, though his words were highly favourable to me, I, again, in the most respectful manner, returned him thanks, at the same time repeating my request to be dismissed, as my resentment had not yet entirely subsided. When the great monarch perceived that I made such a return to his extraordinary caresses, he commanded me, in a loud and tremendous voice, not to utter another word, for that, if I did, I should repent it; he farther added, that he would smother me in gold, and that he gave me leave to depart; that the works which he had employed me upon, were not so much as begun; but, with respect to what I had done out of my own head, he was very well pleased, and he should never have any other difference with me, because he knew me thoroughly; that I should endeavour to study his temper and know him, as duty required of me. After answering, that I thanked God and his majesty for every thing, I requested him to come and take a view of the colossal statue, which was, by this time, in a high state of forwardness; so he came to my house. I caused the statue to be uncovered, and nothing could equal his astonishment at beholding it: he gave orders to one of his secretaries, instantly to reimburse me the money I had spent out of my own pocket, let the sum be ever so great, provided I gave him an account, written with my own hand: upon which he left the place, saying to me, adieu, mon ami; my friend, farewell; an expression, seldom used by a king."

The Cardinal Ferrara, however, gave him permission to depart, and promised to make all smooth at court. He, accordingly, set forward to Italy, leaving his castle and effects in the care of his two favorite assistants, who repaid all his kindness by abominable treachery; and, by their insinuations, prevented his return to France. He next entered into the service of Cosmo de Medici, for whom he cast, amidst incredible difficulties, the famous bronze statue of Perseus, which was placed in the great square of Florence, to the delight and admiration of the inhabitants of that illustrious city. Statuaries and painters emulated each other in commending this splendid performance, and numerous sonnets celebrated its praise.*

Full of gratitude for his magnificent success, he undertook a pilgrimage to Vallombrosa and Camaldoli. We must pass

* Several of these Sonnets are collected at the end of a work of Cellini, entitled "Due Tratti uno intorno alle otto principali arti dell' oreficeria—L'altro in materia dell' arte della scultura. Fiorenza, 1568." Amongst them, we find one by Michael Angelo.

XUM

over the remainder of this entertaining book, which is brought down to within three or four years of the author's death, an event that took place on the 13th February, 1570, thankful for the gratification it has afforded us, and trusting it may not be altogether uninteresting to our readers. His funeral was performed with great honor, attended by the whole academy of drawing, and a sermon, in praise of his life and works, and his excellent moral qualities, preached, to the satisfaction of all present.

Thus died Benvenuto Cellini, a man of great genius, and uncommon versatility of talents; caressed alike by kings, popes, and dignitaries of the church of Rome; esteemed by men of learning; lauded by the most eminent artists of his time; and beloved by all his acquaintance. Admitted into the privacy of the most elevated in rank and station, he never forgot what was due to himself as a man: he was neither servile to kings nor their mistresses; he neither flattered popes nor their favorites; he neither worshipped a cardinal's hat nor the tiara; he was bold for the right, and thought not that St. Peter's chair could sanctify wrong, or hallow injustice—he dared to speak the truth; an audacity fatal to the hopes of the followers of courts, and the aspirers to place.

But if he honored not the character of the Patriarchs of the church, he was impressed with a deep sense of religion, and not altogether free from superstition. He was of a rather capricious nature, and his passions were fierce and vindictive.—Jealous of his rights, he hesitated not to resent, with promptitude and decision, the slightest infringement of them, and, in the spirit of the times, he seldom thought the expiation complete without violence. It must be allowed, however, that, although somewhat too impetuous and sensitive, too jealous in honor, and quick in quarrel, he was generally in the right, and disdained to chastise pusillanimity, or annihilate imbecility. Of great power of suffering; he rises in our respect, as afflictions thicken around him; we honor him for his bravery, his rigid adherence to truth, his unshrinking fortitude, his kind and affectionate heart. We triumph in his triumphs; we sympathise with his wrongs; and we sorrow when injustice restrains the person of a man, whose mind is too elastic for chains or dungeons to fetter or confine. Indeed his fervour of imagination and sensibility of feeling frequently amounted to an extreme intensity, and gave rise to his visionary intercourse with superhuman beings—to colloquies with his guardian angel—to the invocation and imagined presence of spirits, and the halo which shone around the shadow of his head —a distinction which was first manifested in France, and which he occasionally condescended to shew to a few select friends. In all these imaginations, however, the tenor of his thoughts as an artist is conspicuous.

Quick, bold, ardent, and enterprising, he was eminently gifted by nature with those talents which are essential to achieve excellence; and although confined for a great portion of his life to the humble walk of the goldsmith's business, it is evident, from his extraordinary success in bronze-casting and in sculpture, that he was equally calculated to excel in the higher departments of art. Of this, his statue of Perseus and the piece of sculpture which he executed, after his vision, of a Christ upon the cross, described by Vasari as an exquisite and wonderful performance, afford sufficient proofs. His merits as an artist, indeed, are allowed by those who were best able to appreciate them—by his friends Michael Angelo and Julio Romano. Uniting the different branches of the fine arts,—at the same time a musician, a poet, and a soldier, he seems to have been exceeded by few in the capability of his intellect, and in its various and successful application.

ART. II.—*Bibliotheca Hispana Vetus, sive Hispani Scriptores qui ab Octaviani Augusti Ævo ad Annum Christi, M.D. floruerunt. Auctore,* D. Nicolao Antonio, &c. *Matriti,* 1788.

Biblioteca Española de D. Joseph Rodriguez de Castro. *Madrid,* 1786, *tomo* 1°.

Mic. Casiri. *Bibliotheca Arabico-Hispana Escurialensis. Matriti,* 1760-70, 2 *tom. Fo.*

L. J. Velasquez. *Origenes de la Poesia Castellana. Malaga,* 1744.

Coleccion de Poesias Castellanas anteriores al siglo xv. con notas, &c. por D. Tomas Antonio Sanchez. *Bibliotecario de S. M. Tomos* 4, *Madrid,* MDCCLXXIX—MDCCXC.

Of the Jewish writers in Spain, of the fifteenth century, the most interesting to our poetical researches is Juan de Baena who was afterwards converted to Christianity, and became Secretary to John II., to whom he presented a collection of all the works he could gather together of the old Castilian Trobadores, among which are many pieces composed by Rabbis and Moors. These are the productions of no less than fifty-five authors, all valuable for their antiquity, many of them intrinsically valuable. The definition of poetry, with which the volume is introduced, is characteristic and curious; but who shall be weighed in such a balance, and not be found grievously wanting?

XUM

"The art of poetry, the gay science, is a most subtle and most delightful (sort of) writing or composition. It is sweet and pleasurable to those who propound and to those who reply; to utterers and to hearers. This science, or the wisdom, or knowledge dependent on it, can only be possessed, received, and acquired by the inspired Spirit of the Lord God; who communicates it, sends it and influences by it, those alone, who well and wisely, and discreetly and correctly, can create and arrange, and compose and polish, and scan and measure feet and pauses; and rhymes, and syllables, and accents, by dextrous art, by varied and by novel arrangement of words. And even then, so sublime is the understanding of this art, and so difficult its attainment, that it can only be learned, possessed, reached, and known to the man who is of noble and of ready invention, elevated and pure discretion, sound and steady judgment; who has seen, and heard, and read, many and divers books and writings; who understands all languages; who has moreover dwelt in the courts of kings and nobles; and who has witnessed and practised many heroic feats. Finally, he must be of high birth, courteous, calm, chivalric, gracious; he must be polite and graceful; he must possess honey, and sugar, and salt, and facility and gaiety in his discourse."*

Almost all the poems are introduced with some account of the occasion on which they were written. The greatest number are laudatory of the Castillian princes, or celebrate the praises of the Virgin. There is among them considerable variety of versification, and we confess that a sense of their merit has grown on us from time to time, as we have turned over the pages of the collection.

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* "El arte de la poetria e gaya çiençia es una escryptura e conpusycion muy sotil e byen graçiosa. E es dulçe e muy agradable a todos los oponientes e rrespondientes della e conponedores e oyentes. La qual çiençia e avisaçion e dotrina que della depende e es avida e rrecevida e alcançada por graçia infusa del señor dios que la da e la enbya e influye en aquel o aquellos que byen e sabya e sotyl e derechament la saben fazer e ordenar e conponer e limar e escandir e medir por sus pies e pausas e por sus consonantes e sylabas e acentos e por artes sotiles e de muy diversas e syngulares nonbranças. E avn asy mismo es arte de tan eleuado intendimiento e de tan sotil engeño que la non puede aprender nin aver nin alcanzar nin saber bien nin como deue saluo todo ome que sea de muy altas e sotiles invençiones de muy eleuada e pura discrecion e de muy sano e derecho juysio e tal que aya visto e oydo e leydo muchos e diversos libros e escripturas e sepa de todos lenguajes e avn que aya versado cortes de rreyes e con grandes señores e que aya visto e platicado muchos fechos del mundo e finalmente que sea noble fidalgo e cortes e mesurado e gentil e graçioso e polido e donoso e que tenga miel e açucar e sal e ayre e donayre en ssu rrasonar."

We will first give a specimen written by Moses, a Jewish physician, ont he birth of a prince. We give it; not because he was a poet, but because he was a Rabbi, and as connected with this portion of our theme:

"A star is born, whose glories bright
To all Castillia joy shall give:
One general voice, with proud delight,
Shouts o'er the land, Infante, live!

* * * * *

Now let the lion, that was long conceal'd,
Burst from his gloomy cavern, and be free:
O'er the green space of forest and of field,
Heard be his awful voice of majesty;
His strength be felt, his mighty energy
Make the world tremble, till the Moor shall yield
At his fierce frown, and leave his dreaded throne,
To him who comes to claim it for his own."*

"Let the wild eagle wander from his nest,
Pass thro' heaven gates, and reach the breezy sky,
Towering above the mass of clouds on high,
And sit in flames—the highest—mightiest, &c."†

The poets of this time begin to boast of their acquaintance with Greek, Latin, and Italian classics.

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* "Una estrella. es nasçida
En Castilla. reluçiente
con plaser. toda la gente
rroguemos. por la su vida.

* * * *

Salga el leon. que estava encogido
En la cueua pobre. dela grant llanura
Mire florestas. vergeles verdura
muestre su gesto. muy esclarecido
abra su boca. e de grant bramido
assy que se espanten. quantos oyran
la bos temerosa. del alto Soldan
e gose del trono. des que proueydo."

† "El aguila estraña. trasmude su nido
i passa los puertos. dela grant friura
de balle rronpiendo. la grant espessura
asyente en la Cassa. del fuego escondido, &c."

Many a poet have I scann'd;
Homer, Virgil, Dante, too;
Lucan with Boëthius, and
Ovid's art, but may I rue,
If in all, or false or true,
That my eyes have fixed on yet,
I so fair a form have met,
As, my own Infante! you.*

In this collection of Baena is a curious discussion between Pero Ferrus and the Jewish Rabbis. The latter are told that the poet travelling from Alcalá was well received in the synagogues, but was greatly horrified when one morning, just as the day dawned, "a Rabbi, with a mighty long beard, and a great one-eyed Jew, whom the devil had killed in the midst of his guilt, and the Rabbi Judah, roused him with their dreadful cries—cries, he says, which would have upset a house." The Rabbis endeavour to get rid of this home-thrust by protesting that they were only at their usual matin devotions, "asking pardon for past sins and favors for the future." Thus (say they) we unite in great troops at sun-rise, chanting to the holy God of Israel. Whether the poet was satisfied with their explanation does not appear. Baena's own composition (which is often inflated and absurd) consists principally of challenges to different poets of his time to come and dispute with him on divers "subtle matters." Some he dares to answer his posing propositions, others he invites to a gracious reply, by bringing to them the most amusing and hyperbolical flattery; and he summons kings and princes to come and decide between him and his competitors; an honorary office which many of the Kings of Spain were not backward to exercise. Of the way in which these literary gauntlets were thrown down, an example will not be out of place here, though we shall have occasion again to introduce them.

"To all who have a sharp and ready wit
For poetry, to every trobador,

---

* En muchos. poetas ley
Homero, Vergilio, Dante,
Boeçio, Lucam. de sy
e Ouidio. de amante
mas yo ssea. mal andante
Sy en loda. la escriptura
ley tan. gentil figura
Como es la del infante.

To all besides,—to those who garnish o'er
With rhyme their subtleties so exquisite;
To polished and to rude, these lines are writ,
However widely scattered they may be,
To all who study art's deep mistery,
Even to the dumb;—this comes, reply to it!

And tell me, Sirs; yes! let your wisdom tell
Whence poetry's derived—is it from art?
Is it from genius? from a daring heart?
A tow'ring spirit? or an intellect well
Tuned to discretion? has it much the start
Of folly's self? or can its votaries claim,
By mere presumption bold, a poet's name,
Or must original nature do *her* part?

Finale.

Who well shall answer, ev'n by accident,
He shall be conqueror;—tho' no poet he,
And in his happy fortune we shall see
A check-mate play, by art most excellent."*

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* "A todos aquellos que son muy agudos
en la poetria. que saben trobar
a todos los otros. que saben trobar
los dichos ssotyles. de los muy sessudos
a todos los onbres. envyssos e rrudos
que son derramados. por todas las partes
a todos los sabios. que saben las artes
los fago pregunta. tan bien a los mudos
Desid me señores. por vra mesura
el arte de trobar. ssy es por çiençia
o es por engenio. o es por ffemençia
O es por abdaçia. o es por cordura
o el arte gayosso. ssy toca en locura
o aquel que la sygue. sy sube en el peso
de ser estruydo. su cuerpo con ssesso
ssy non lo manpara. quien fyso natura.

Ffynida.

Quien bien rrespondiere. quiça por ventura
sera muy loado. ser mas qui poeta
por ende veamos. quien pone carreta
e juega de mate. por arte madura."

In concluding our inquiries into the Hebrew poetical literature of Spain, in the fifteenth century, we must not omit to notice Vidal Ben Solomon who wrote an exposition of the Jewish faith, under the title "Golden Poetry of David," which was translated into Latin by Wolfius. Moses Ben Chahib composed, about the same time, his "Medicine of the Tongue," which Buxtorff often refers to in his history of Hebrew poetry. Chasdai Kreskas, of Zaragoza, made some poetical translations from the Arabic. Joseph Ezobi, and others, belong to this era, and Isaac Abarbanel, (the Hebrew lion,) though no poet, ought not to be passed over without the introduction, at least, of his name.

And here we must abandon the Spanish Jews. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, their history is one of varied sufferings. The fifth Ferdinand consummated and condensed the injustice and the barbarism of the worst of his predecessors. The banishment of the whole Jewish nation was speedily determined by the first Inquisitor General, and the same was carried into effect with a brutality, whose consequences to its victims are too horrible for contemplation.

There is in the poetry of Spain a singular compound of simplicity and affectation—of labored absurdity, and of free and flowing genius; and as the whimsical peculiarities, which have been often considered as the unerring marks of poetical superiority, seem to attach to no particular class nor era, we shall amuse our readers with a few examples. The seclusion of monastic habits has been the prime cause of all this ingenious and unworthy trifling. Time is of little value to him whose wants are provided for—who takes no thought for the morrow—who has no worldly ambition—whose path is pleasantness on earth —and whose way is clear for heaven. Friendly as have been, on some occasions, the cells of the monastery to deep and elaborate research, and certain as it is that we owe to their solitary retirements very much of the information which lived through the long and dreary centuries of ignorance and misery; they have served, on the other hand, to direct the noblest energies of the mind to the gathering together of cobwebs, and to the pursuit of objects, the most ridiculous and the most unimportant. Shut out from all exercise of the affectionate sympathies—deprived of the means of estimating the value of any one branch of knowledge by the quantity of utility it produces; —necessarily indifferent, perhaps opposed, to the only safe maxim of Christian benevolent exertion, to provide for the greatest happiness of the greatest number, their views and their efforts have always been contracted to a narrow sphere, directed to only a few, and these frequently absurd, pursuits, which they have followed with perfect intensity of application, and a complete concentration of the powers of their minds. In such a

XUM

state, whatever be the immediate subject of thought and feeling, soon becomes all important—self-love exaggerates—habit ministers to its tyranny over the character. In the convents of the Peninsula, curious instances of this misapplication of time have fallen under our notice. We knew a worthy Geronimite friar, all whose life was devoted to rearing young canary birds, and whose prime delight it was to measure the width of their gaping mouths; another,—a Franciscan inquisitor, (the pride of his convent and the glory of his native place,) whose thoughts by day, and dreams by night, were all directed to the construction of a wooden orrery; and a pretty uncouth piece of machinery it was, as much like the system of the universe as our monk was like Newton. Every convent has had its company of triflers; and among these we will select, as an instance, Pedro Compostelano, who, in the twelfth century, amused himself and edified posterity with poetry such as this:

> " Cum vitio nuper proprio caro victa pareret;
> Iratum, nec mente ratum, cor ad ima moveret
> Et levitas in mente sitas excedere metas
> Auderet, nec res sineret reprehendere cretas.
> Et Veneris procul à superis rubrica tumultum
> Inferret, nec abhorreret mens turpia multum."

We select these for the curious entanglement of rhyme. So, again:

> " O juvenis, captusque catenis carnis obesæ
> Te læsæ. Cor habes? Tabes. Scis quod morieris?
> Et superis cariturus eris, si verba puellæ
> Bellæ corde tuo fatuo sectaveris? illa
> Stilla manu quamvis pravis blanditur ocellis
> Cum mellis calice," &c.

Spain has given us some of the most elaborate specimens of this absurd and wretched patchwork. We have now before us a little MS. volume of verses, written on occasion of the death of the queen of Charles II., which are wholly composed of acrostics, hieroglyphics, and labored pieces of childishness. The words " Maria Luisa de Borbon" are introduced in every way that ingenuity can conceive. In some of the sonnets, every line both begins and ends with the same letter. In others, an echo of Ay! Ay! (Alas! Alas!) is introduced with singular and affected repetition. One or two are worth preserving, as specimens of the way in which the learned of those days wasted away their hours and days. They serve, too, as a

curious illustration of the sincerity and amount of that grief, which, on this occasion, was designated by "fountains of water pouring forth abundant and unceasing streams of tears." The first is equally Latin, (Castillian,) says Father Cisneros, the author; and he may be allowed to say so: we shall not quarrel with him on this score.

"Pyra funesta luces ostentando
Quæ multiplicas taciturna injurias
Justas querellas contra injustas furias
Cesa nocturnas aves detestando:
Evita horrores funebres mirando.
Salva Maria! superiores curias
Contra terrenas rigidas penurias
Gloriosos triumfos canta celebrando.
O Santa Phœnix! O tu quæ reluces
Mostrando albores infinitas glorias,
De alto holocausto, tu quæ tantas luces
Vibras de Hesperiada grata memorias
Renovando mercedes anteriores."

But perhaps none is more original—to us, at least, it is peculiarly so—than the following:

"D eidad que sin llegar à sencectu D
Os O Cloto cogerte en tu verd O r
No el N acer Reyna tu tempra N a flor
Alcanz A hacer etern A tu salud
Mira el M aio des M ayó en ataud
A romas A un ex A la su vapor
Regia Pyra R ub R ica dento ardor
Ienta la mejor L I s; no su virtu
Aliento el A ur A fué de su vivir
Lofatal entref L ores L eve huella
Uigor det U hermosura f U é morir
Insufr I ble dolor pens I on de bella
Su S pende lyra llora este S entir
A spira à Elisios campos a cogell A."*

* Not having indulged in attempts of this kind, we were not a little surprised at the facility with which, in twenty minutes, the following imitation of the above sonnet was produced. If, in our not very manageable language—at least in versification—such attempts are so little laborious, in an idiom so full of vowel terminations as the Spanish, the effort would be much less tedious than we had imagined.

We dare not make farther extracts. Those who are curious may find examples of a similar character in Faria y Souza's notes to Camöes. It is strange that men of undoubted genius should have given so much time to these whimsical vagaries, and have become the mere posture-masters of poetry.

Of the Arabic poets of Spain, the greatest number were natives of Andalucia, a province which, as it was the witness of the first successes of the Moorish invaders, continued to be the seat of their affections, and the central point of their dominion. Their poetry was of a very varied character, and the number of poets was very considerable indeed. In the fourth century of the Hegira, flourished Maria Alphaisuli of Seville, who has been called the Arabic Sappho. Ebn Tarhun, also a native of Seville, wrote on the creation of the world, on the nature of the soul, and on the temple of Mecca. Dhialdin Alkazrag made poetry the subject of his compositions, of which his *Treasure of Poets* is best known. Ebn Forgia and Ebn Macrana wrote learned criticisms on the poetry of Arabia and Persia. Of the ancient Spaniards and Africans eminent in literature, and especially in poetical literature, Ben Mahommed Abu Nassar Alphath of Seville, composed a biographical account, in the sixth century of the Hegira. Religion, morals, politics, experimental and abstract science, history and general letters, form the varied subjects of this interesting class; a mine of treasures almost unexplored: for notwithstanding the great merit and industry of which Conde has given so many proofs, we must be allowed to regret, that what has appeared, since our former article, of his interesting history of the Moors in Spain, has disappointed us in many particulars. It is chiefly a detail of various military triumphs, which opens to us but too little

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L ady! in whom the fairest graces dwel L
A w A ke to breathe the morning's fragrant A ir,
D escen D and charm our solitary D ell,
Y on starr Y dews invite thee, lad Y fair!
M any a M elody sweetly M ingles there,
A nd streams, A nd songs, A nd flowers of sweetest smell
R ound the gay banks R ea R up their citadel
I n proud secur I ty, as tho' they were
A ppointed guardi A ns o'er A scene so sweet;
L ady! all nature L ooks out L ovely now;
U ncounted bea U ties, thoughts most exq U isite,
I n hol I est union blend; a liv I ng glow
S eem S to pervade the world, and welcome S thee—
A ll, all is brightness now o'er heaven, earth, and seA.

of the religion, policy, literature, general character and customs of the Spaniards, during the Moorish domination, and the impressions made by them on their conquerors. This, however, would serve to confirm a suspicion which we have before expressed, that the oriental intruders looked down with great contempt on the Spaniards of that period, and thought them little worthy of their attention and much less so of their respect.

The name, at least, of Ebn Paca, who died in the prime of his days, and whose death is mourned with singular emotion by his contemporaries and successors, is entitled to be introduced; as also that of Ebn Zohar, surnamed the wise, the glorious, the master of Averroes. Such marks of distinction must not, however generally conferred, be considered as demonstrative proofs of the real merits or characteristic of the peculiar endowments of the individuals who bear them. They form a part of that system of oriental exaggeration, whose extravagancies must be always taken into account, in order to give the statements of Arabic authorities their due, and only their due, influence. To Averroes himself, (Ebn Roshd,) however, a place of high distinction will not be disputed. Mahommed Gheber is another illustrious name; and with Ebn Cacham, the poet Ebn Hani, of Andalucia, whose verses are lauded by Hottinger, and Ebn Jaafar Ebn Tophasi, spoken of by Pococke, we shall close the list. The Spanish Arabic schools were visited by literary inquirers, and students from the east, as well as the north; and, among others, Ebn Lchatib, one of the favorite writers of Arabia, passed great part of his life in Granada for the purposes of study.

Alphonso the Wise, in the spirit of inquiry and discernment which distinguished him, established, in 1254, schools for Arabic studies. It is to him we are indebted for several valuable translations from oriental sources, and for many of the fragments which have come down to us; though, indeed, but too few escaped through those ages of ignorance and barbarism which followed him. Spain had been, it has been often remarked, the great emporium of the literary treasures of the east, and would have continued to be so, had it not been for that destructive and intolerant fury which condemned to the flames every volume which had Arabic characters in it, as a *Koran*, or a book connected with the Mahommedan superstition. The communication kept up by Spain with the north of Africa, through the Spanish settlements on the coast, might have been the channels through which the streams of science, of history, and of poetry, would have flown to the western and the northern world. Of the volumes which escaped from the eager pursuits of the inquisitors, nearly eight thousand pe-

rished in 1671, in the great fire at the Escurial; and the literary Moors had previously withdrawn from Spain whatever they could rescue from the fury of the ignorant book-destroyers. Leo Africanus tells us, that he lived at Algiers with a Moor, who had brought more than three thousand volumes from Granada.

Poetry was a subject of almost universal study, even from the most remote time, among Arabian youth: to produce good verses was one of the greatest glories of their monarchs and sages, and all their best authors blend it with their works of philosophy and history. The Spanish romances are grafted wholly upon the Arabic stem, with this distinction, that the rimes of the latter are consonantes, (or common rime,) and of the former, asonantes, which are not perceptible to an unpractised ear, but which become by use as harmonious as the more perfect jingle. The Arabic and the Spanish verse is written in the same measure, but the latter use four lines, the former only two. The effect is the same; for the first and the third lines, in Spanish romances, scarcely ever rhyme. We shall give a few specimens of Hispano-Arabic poetry on various subjects, with the translations Conde has attached to them.

Impromptu to the Calif Suleiman, when admiring his own form in a mirror:

> "Beautiful, yes! none denies it; beauty were a lovely thing
> Were it not so false and fleeting, had it not a fluttering wing;
> It were perfect if it bore not traces of mortality,
> 'Tis a passing shadow only, 'tis a flowret born to die."*

The following were sent to the Caliph Meruan by Nasir Ben Seyar, advising him to look to those threatenings of rebellion, which he was too much in the habit of passing over with indifference or inattention:

"I look'd upon the ashes cold, and many a spark was living,
And they will burst in flames ere long, their fiercest fires reviving,
Unless appeas'd and quench'd, even now, while sparks in ashes still;—
They will not desolate the vale, they will not scathe the hill.
But man, even man, shall be their prey, and human spoils their food;
I saw this vision in my sleep, with deep solicitude:

---

* "Eres bello ¿ quien lo niega? no fuera presuncion vana
A no tener la hermorura de ser instable la falta
Esta sola tacha tienes el ser tu belleza humana
Que pasa como sombra leve como flor del campo acaba."

And wished Omaya's race were there;—theirs is the mighty stake;
O tell me, tell me, do they dream, or are they yet awake."*

Abdorrahman, one of the idols of the Mahommedan historians, is said to have introduced the palm-tree into Spain, and wrote these verses in consequence, which, we are told, were familiar to every body:

"Noble palm! thou wert a stranger, even thou, a stranger here,
Now the soft Algarbian breezes play around thy presence fair:
Deep beneath, thy foot is planted, and thy forehead rises high,
Many a mournful tear would bathe thee, wert thou touch'd by grief as I;
Thou art shelter'd from the sorrows varying fortune pours on me,
I am cover'd with the torrents of the stream of misery;
I have tears enough to water all the palms where Forat flows;
But those palms and that proud river have forgotten all the woes,
Which were mine when cursed Alaba and my luckless destiny
Drove me from my spirit's treasures; but to thee no memory
Of our all-beloved country, not a thought with thee is left,
I must weep alone, for ever—I must weep, indeed, bereft."†

The verses of another of the Moorish monarchs, Hexim, (ob. A. H. 796,) have much strength and beauty.

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* "Entre la ceniza fria vi lucir leves centellas,
Yo temo que han de llegar a ser llamas descubiertas,
Si acaso no las apaga con tiempo mano discreta:
Lo que estas llamas abrazan no serà monte ni selva;
Sino gente qui la vida entre sus incendios pierde:
Dije viendo tal vision con admiracion de verla:
¡O quien a menos distancia ahora saber pudiera
Si la sucesion de Omaya duerme à sueño suelto ó vela!"

† "Tu tambien insigne palma! eres aqui forastera,
De Algarbe las dulces auras tu pompa halagan y besan,
En fecundo suelo arraigas y al cielo tu pompa elevas
Tristes lagrimas lloraras si qual yo sentir pudieras;
Tu no sientes contratiempos como yo de suerte aviesa
A mi de pena y dolor continuas lluvias me anegan
Con mis lagrimas regué las palmas que el Forat riega
Pero las palmas y el rio se olvidaron de mis penas
Cuando mis infaustos hados y de Alaba la fiereza
Me forzaron à dejar del alma las dulces prendas
A ti de mi patria amada ningun recuerdo te queda
Pero yo triste no puedo dejar de llorar por ella."

" A liberal hand is nobler far than ought in herald's lists enshrin'd,
And the mean thirst of wealth too base for any great or generous mind.
'Midst flowery meads, in lone retreats, be it my privilege to live,
To drink the breezes of the field, nor court the pleasures pride can give.
What heaven on me bestows, like heaven in bounty too let me bestow,
And in my prosperous day around let streams of ceaseless favor flow,
Flow ever from the mighty sea of everlasting charity:
And when the tempest rages loud, and horrid war shall frown on me,
Then shall my right arm bathe its sword in troublous battle's gory flood—
My pen, my brand, both near at hand to wield for what is just and good:
Careless of thee, astrology! of stars, or suns, or destiny."*

Hemad de Taharti, who had a petition to present to the king, took the ingenious method of concealing the following verses in a rose, which one of the ladies of the court was to hand over to the monarch.

" Woman, tho' but the dross of man,
Created to obey,
Reverses nature's wisest plan,
And soon usurps the sway.

When—not in summer-hours, the rose
Thro' many a field we seek,
'Tis vain—but no! the sweetest blows,
Fair damsel, on thy cheek.

Grant the petition I present,
Grant this one prayer of mine;

---

* " Mano franca y liberal es blason de la nobleza
El apañar intereses las grandes almas desdenan
Floridos huertos admiro como soledad amena
El aura del campo anhelo no codicio las aldeas
Todo lo que Dios me da es para que a darlo vuelva:
En los tiempos de bonanza infundo mi mano abierta
En el insondable mar de grata benificencia;
Y en tiempo de tempestad y de detestable guerra
En el turbio mar de sangre baño la robusta diestra:
Tomo la pluma ó la espada como la ocasion requiera
Dejando suertes y lunas y el contemplar las estrellas."

XUM

'Tis form'd of roses, and 'twas meant
To praise those cheeks of thine."*

One more example. When Obeidala el Mahedi, after committing many atrocious cruelties, wrote to Wali Saed, of Medina, ordering him instantly to submit to his authority, he concluded with these verses:

"If thou come with peace to me,
I will come in peace to thee;
If thy arms will measure mine,
Mine shall be the victory;
And my conquering swords shall shine,
Proudly lifted over thine." †

To which a Spanish Moor replied, by the order of Wali Saed:

"By the house of God, I swear,
That thy pride hath made thee blind;
Neither prudence points thy spear,
Neither justice lights thy mind.
Thou art ignorant at best,
Impious—and abandon'd one!
Barbarous being—thus unblest
God and goodness all unknown!

---

* "Las hermosas aunque esclavas
Y de los hombres polilla
Como soberanas mandan
Y à sus dueños esclavizan.

Pero si queremos rosas
Cuando il campo no las cria
Placientes nos las ofrecen
En sus mejillas mas lindas.

Esta suplica yo espero
Que será favorecida
Por ser formada de rosas
Imagen de mi mejillas."

† "Si de paz a mi os venis
iré con paz y clemencia;
si quereis medir las armas
os venceré en la pelea,
mis espadas vencedoras
humillarán à las vuestras."

In Mahommed's holy path
Tread we, wandering ne'er aside:
Alla in his holy wrath,
Will confound thy cruel pride."*

It may well be imagined, that a people, to whom poetry was thus familiar, gave a very decidedly poetical character to the literature which succeeded theirs; and the ROMANCES MORISCOS, founded on the Arabic models, would next claim our attention. But this is a part of our subject which has often been treated before, and we shall therefore only attempt to present one in the original form, preserving the asonantes throughout. The asonantes are I and E, but it is impossible to give the harmony they possess in Spanish, as our vowels vary so much in their value and sound.

† "He, the thunderbolt of battle,
He, the first Alferez titled,
Who as courteous is as valiant,
And the noblest as the fiercest;
He who by our youths is envied,
Honored by our antient maidens,
By our youths, by crowds distinguished,
By a thousand pointed fingers;
He, beloved by fairest damsels
For discretion and politeness;
Cherished son of time and fortune,

---

* "Por la casa de Dios juro
que tu vanidad ti ciega;
sin justicia en tus razones
ni en tus intentos prudencia;
ni eres tu sino ignorante
á quien la impiedad despeña.
O barbaro que no tienê
de Dios ni su ley idea;
nosotros de Mahomad
seguimos la recta senda,
Y no dudamos que Alá
confundirá tu soberbia."

† "Aquel rayo dela guerra
Alferez mayor del Reyno
Tan galan como discreto
Y tan noble como fiero

Bearing all their gifts divinest;
He, who garlanded Mezquitas
With the trophies of the vanquished;
He, who peopled our Mazmorras*
With such crowds of Christian pris'ners,
Who already twice has arm'd him
Less with steel than courage girded,
And his country from its perils
Has already twice deliver'd;
He, the proud Abenzulema
To his distant exile driven,
There invited by his monarch,
Or perchance by love invited;
For the Moor adored a Mooress,
One for whom the king had sighed,
Far beyond idea lovely,
And discreet beyond idea.
Some few flowers the lady gave him,
Flowers to him the sweetest, brightest,
But for the too-jealous monarch
They were fruits of poisonous virtue,
And that poison work'd within him.

De los mozos envidiado
Y admirado de las viejas
Y de los niños y el vulgo
Señalado con el dedo;
El querido de las damas
Por cortesano y discreto
Llegó hasta alli regalado
De la fortuna y del tiempo;
El que vistió las mezquitas
De victoriosos trofeos
El que pobló las mazmorras
De Christianos caballeros
El que dos veces armado
Mas de valor que de acero
A su patria libertó
De dos peligrosos cercos
El gallardo Abenzulema
Sale à cumplir el destierro
A que le convida el Rey

* Mazmorra; the subterranean dungeon of the Moors.

From his court the Moor is driven,
His fidelity is questioned—
But the king's dishonor hidden,
Forth the noble Moor is coming
On a steed the proudest, whitest;
He has drank of Quadalquivir,
And upon its banks has idled,
Covered o'er with splendid trappings,
Moorish work, the fairest, richest,
All adorned with gorgeous labor;
Black and gold the costly bridle,
And the steed stepped forth so proudly,
Pride and grace so well commingled,
That at every trace he measur'd
From the ground up to the girdle.
O'er his raven Moorish garment
His albornoz white is circled,
For they are becoming emblems
Innocence and grief united;
Thousand lance-heads skirt the border,
Round his upper garment, written

O el amor que es lo mas cierto.
Servio à una Mora el Moro
Por quien el Rey anda muerto
En todo extremo hermosa
Y discreta en todo extremo.
Dióles unas flores la Dama
Que para él flores fuéron
Y para el zeloso rey
Yerbas de mortal veneno.
Pues de la yerba tocado
Lo manda desterrar luego
Culpando su lealtad
Para disculpar sus zelos.
Sale pues el fuerte Moro
Sobre un cavallo overo
Que al Quadalquivir el agua
Le bebió y lo pació el heno.
Con un hermoso jaez
Rica labor de Marruecos
Las piezas de filigrana
La mochila de oro y negro.
Tan gallardo iba el caballo

XUM

In the language of Arabia,
" For my errors" was inscrib'd there.
On his head a dark blue turban
Hanging o'er the side sinister,
Three black plumes tower'd proudly o'er him
In a precious jewel fixed.
Plumes, he mounted to betoken
That his fond desires were winged,
In the wind they still are waving
Tho' from glory disunited;
Now he bears but his good sabre
By Toledo's monarch given.
Thus the valiant Moor departed,
Valiant and unbending still he
Journeyed then with Marmolejo's
And Arjona's swain Alcaides.
Many a knight is gather'd round him,
All the people near him mingled;
And the ladies, as he journied,
Gave him looks the friendliest, kindest,
Many a briny tear is falling

Que en grave y airoso huello
Con ambas manos media
Lo que hay de la ancha al suelo.
Sobre una marlota negra
Un blanco albornoz se ha puesto
Por vestirse los colores
De su inocencia y su duelo
Bordó mil hierros de lanzas
Por el capellar, y en medio
En Arabigo una letra
Que dice—*Estos son mis yerros*
Bonete lleva turqui
Derribado al lado izquierdo
Y sobre el tres plumas presas
De un preciado camafeo.
No quiere salir sin plumas
Porque vuelen sus deseos
Si quien le quita la tierra
Tambien no le quita el viento.
No lleva mas de un alfange
Que le dió el rey de Toledo
Porque para un enemigo
El le basta y su derecho

From those eyes of beauty lighted;
Showers of fragrance fall upon him,
From the balconies then sprinkled;
Then the loveliest Balaxa,
Mourning in her deep retirement
O'er the monarch's desperate folly,
Her fair tresses strangely wilder'd,
Hearing such a loud confusion
Sought the balcony, and listen'd;
Then in melancholy muteness
Uttered with a tongue of silence:
Go in peace! thou'rt not abandoned,
Blessings still shall walk beside thee,
He who drives thee now from Jaen
From my bosom cannot drive thee;
Plaintive then he turn'd towards her,
Tho' I go—I tarry with thee,
And against the monarch's baseness
In thy truth I will confide me.
Then he hasten'd on his journey,
Fix'd his eyes upon the maiden,
Stole a hundred thousand glances
And to Andujar meekly hied he."

Desta suerte sale el Moro
Con animoso denuedo
En medio de los Alcaldes
De Arjona y del Marmolejo
Caballeros le acompañan
Y le sigue todo el pueblo
Y las Damas por do pasan
Se asoman llorando à verlo
Lagrimas vierten ahora
De sus tristes ojos bellos
Las que desde sus balcones
Aguas de olor le vertieron
La bellisima Balaxa
Que llora en su aposento
Las sinrazones del rey
La pagaban sus cabellos:
Como tanto estruendo oyó
A un balcon salió corriendo
E enmudecida le dixo
Dando voces con silencio:

This must be read with indulgence. It is perhaps the first attempt to naturalize the *asonantes* of the Peninsula; and Mr. Southey might teach us how perilous it is to embark on an almost untried ocean. We presume not, indeed, that the production of our asonantes is likely to be referred to, as one of the most glorious events of the Georgian era, and should put on weeds of penitence if we had done the asonante measure the "unkind wrong" with which the hexameter has been unfortunately visited.

Before quitting this part of our theme, it is right to add, that the merits of Casiri, though very considerable in connection with the Arabic literature, have perhaps been greatly over-rated. He did much, no doubt, to fill up the chasms left by others; but he did every thing hurriedly, and many things erroneously. He is not to be trusted for correctness, either in facts, persons, or dates. He has introduced individuals, who never had any existence—confounded one name with another—he has falsified chronology, and played at blindman's buff with history. He knew Arabic well, but he was no Arabic *scholar*.

The Trobadores were the founders of modern verse, and form the link which unites the classic poets of Greece and Rome with those of later times, at least as far as regards the southern nations of Europe. The Provençal, Lemosin, or Valencian language, singularly harmonious and plastic, was used in various and not very distinct idioms, through the southern and eastern parts of France, the eastern provinces of Spain, and the adjacent islands of the Mediterranean. It is still the vernacular dialect of Catalonia and the Balearic Isles. In Valencia, it has been corrupted by the daily inroads of the Castillian, or pure Spanish; and even in Catalonia it has ceased to be the language of literature, though some poems of merit were published in it during the last century. The active inquiries of

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Vete en paz que no vas solo
Y en tu ausencia ten consuelo
Que quien te echa de Jaen
No te echarà de mi pecho
El con el mirar responde:
Yo me voy y no te dexo
De los agravios del Rey
Para tu firmeza apelo.
En esto pasó la calle
Los ojos atras volviendo
Cien mil veces y de Andujar
Tomó el camin derecho."

Ranouard have enabled him to discover older vestiges in France than are known to exist in Spain, the eleventh century being the greatest distance to which any fragments of the Spanish Trobadores are referred. In the twelfth and thirteenth, and especially the latter, the list becomes numerous and adorned with most interesting names. The fourteenth is perhaps its brightest era; and in the fifteenth, the union of the crowns of Arragon and Castille led to the final preponderance of the Castillian over the Valencian dialect, and gave a death blow to the beautiful language in which Jordi, and Roig, and Ausias March, had sung. Boscan, a Catalan by birth, abandoned his native tongue, and wrote in Spanish; and the Canciones of this period, published in the eastern provinces, are mingled with Castillian pieces. One or two poets endeavoured to graft the peculiarities of Spanish versification on the old stock of the Valencian dialect, but they had little success. The most renowned of the Trobadores were speedily clad in Castillian garments, and the originals are now referred to rather as matters of literary curiosity, than as entitled to be quoted or praised.

It is much to the honor of the royal race of Spain, that great encouragement was given by its kings to the cultivation of poetry, that several of them were themselves poets, who, had they not been kings, would have been well thought of, and *as* kings are entitled to be spoken of with peculiar honor. The race is now certainly degenerated, for whatever else of noble feeling and heroic virtue may have come down to the monarchs of our days, the "breath divine," they have not inherited. Among the poets, Peter the First and Second, Alonzo the Great, John the First, and Alonzo the Wise—among the protectors of poetry, almost all the Arragonese monarchs might be mentioned.

A new name was given to the studies and to the productions of the Trobadores, and the *gay saber*, or the *gaya sçiençia*, (the cheerful or joyous art,) engaged the attention and the ambition of the most illustrious individuals. Considering the great changes this school of poetry has produced in modern song, it is worthy of remark, that its influence has not yet been accurately traced, nor indeed honestly recognized. But of the Spanish Trobadores, many are distinguished for the harmony of their versification, as well as the simplicity, tenderness, beauty, and, frequently, energy, of their style. We have already said, their language was rich in musical sounds, abounding with rhymes, and divested of every thing harsh and grating in its utterance,—equally free from the deep gutturals of its twin sister, the Castillian, and the often recurring nasal sound of the Portuguese. The subjects of these songs were various,—not often the rude shock of battle, but

XUM

the soft tumults of love,—not the ferocious and fatal conquests of the sword, but the struggling of the passions—the contest for poetical superiority—the charms of the fair—the virtues and the miracles of saints and martyrs.

The hendecasillabic verse was that generally employed by the Trobadores. The most common compositions were their *tenzones*, (from *contensiones*,) or questions and disputes, of which love was the subject; and which were referred to the decision of the *Courts of Love*, afterwards the arbiters of poetic fame. The poetical tribunals were presided over by kings and princes —there nobles, of the highest ranks, pressed in to eager competition, and they were honored and graced by the presence of every thing that was gallant and illustrious in the one sex, or graceful and beautiful in the other.

"What is become of those lovely dames,
Their jewels, perfumes, and bright attire,
And tall plumes flying?
What is become of those ardent flames,
Lighted from passion's wildest fire,
For lovers sighing?
What is become of the soft romance?
What is become of the joyous song,
And the music of the lover?
Where is now that graceful dance
Tripping the rosy path along?
Ah! all is over!
'Twas but a vision's hasty glance;
Fading flowers on a garland hung
Ne'er to recover!"*

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* "¿ Que se hicieron las damas
Sus tocados, sus vestidos
sus olores?
¿ Que se hicieron las llamas
de los fuegos encendidos
de amadores?
¿ Que se hizo aquel trovar
las musicas acordadas
que tañian?
¿ Que se hizo aquil danzar
aquellas rosas chapadas
que traian?
* * * * *

Cæsar Nostradamus, in his Provençal history, says, "An infinite number of persons, of the highest ranks, honored the Provençal poetry with their compositions. They romanced, poetized, and sung their songs with lyres and other instruments. They were called Trobadores, *i. e.* inventors, (trouveurs) violars, juglars, musars, &c. from the instruments they used. Emperors, kings, princes, and counts, honored and recompensed them; and the Emperor Frederic, a poet himself, praising the different nations who had followed him in his conquests, thus expresses himself:

"A Frenchman I'll have for my cavallier,
And a Catalonian dame;
A Genoese for his honor clear,
And a court of Castillian fame.
The Provençal songs my ear to please,
And the dances of Trevisan;
I'll have the grace of the Arragonese,
And the pearl of Julian.
An Englishman's hands and face for me,
And a youth I'll have from Tuscany."*

The Trobadores originated in Provence, where, under Frederic the First, the *gaya sçiençia* had a reign of triumph. Thence, a great many of them went into Spain, where they found cordial patronage. John the First, of Arragon, invited many Provençal and Narbonne poets to settle at Barcelona and Tortosa. He established the Academia dels Jogos florios in 1390, and sent (says Zurita) a solemn embassy to the King of France, entreating the latter to supply him with members, on whom he showered rewards. In him the passion for poetry seemed to

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¿ Que fueron sino desvaneos?
¿ que fueron sino verduras
de las eras?" *Jorge Manrique.*

* "Plas mi cavalier Francez,
E la donna Cathalana
El onrar del Ginoez
E la cour de Kastellana
Lou cantar Provenzalez
E la danza Trevisana
E lou corps Aragonez
E la perta Juliana
Las mans et Kara d'Anglez
E lou donzel de Tuscana."

subdue, and tower above the love of glory. The object of this academy was the cultivation of poetry in Barcelona. Martin (his brother) gave to it a library, and granted to the members many privileges. In Toulouse, an academy of the *Gay Saber* has existed from the year 1323, which would appear to have been founded by Ramon Vidal de Besalu, who wrote a volume, containing the rules of poetry, entitled *La dreita maniera de Trovar*. John the First was accustomed to attend, and even to take a part in the displays of poetic strength, and himself conferred the guerdon of triumph. Mervesin, in his history of French poetry, tells us, that Clementia Isaura, in 1324, invited all the poets she could gather together to contend for a golden violet, and bestowed it, with her own hand, on the most successful. Other writers, among whom is Bastero, deny to the Countess Clementia the honor of first assembling this "meeting of bards;" but the fact of its existence at the beginning of the fourteenth century admits of no controversy. In 1355, rules were drawn up and agreed to for the guidance of the academy. They were called Ordenanzas dels vii Senhors Mantenedores del gai saber. The subjects given for the exercise of the poetic art were such as these: "One lover is so jealous, that he takes offence on every occasion; another so tranquil, that nothing can awaken his distrust—which is the sincerer lover of the two?"* The compositions, after being recited, were handed over to a jury of ladies, who formed the Court of Love; and their sentence was called "the decree of love." We have seen, at Valencia, a volume, which contained all the pieces produced, when the subject of competition was a religious one, in which the prize was promised to the Trobador who should best sing the praises of the Seraph, Catherine de Senna. This theme was proposed by Mossen (Mr.) Cherori Fuster, master in theology, and six trovadores appeared to

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* Another from Ranouard II. cxix.—

"Secretarius quidam intima turpiter et secreta vulgavit amoris. Cujus excessus omnes in castris militantes amoris postulant severissime vindicari, ne tantæ prævaricationes vel proditoris exemplum, impunitatis indè sumpta occasione, valeat in alios derivari. Dominarum ergo in Vasconiâ congregatâ de totius curiæ voluntatis assensu perpetuâ fuit constitutione firmatum, ut ulteriùs omni amoris spe frustratus existat, et in omni dominarum sive militum curiâ contumeliosus cunctis ac contemtibilis perseveret. Si verò aliqua mulier dominarum fuerit ausa temerare statuta, suum ei putà largiendo amorem, eidem semper maneat obnoxia pœnæ et omni probæ fœminæ maneat exinde penitùs inimica."

Tractatus Amoris & de Amoris remedio, fol. 97.

dispute for the mastery.—Vicent Ferrandis, an embroiderer; Antoni Pineda, a notary; Narcis Vinyolls, Pere Marti, Pere Sorevella, and Miguel Garcia; whose professions are not mentioned. The poem crowned is that of the notary, and the honor is conferred by Pere Gomis in the following words:

> " Que puix en dir y en bell estil avança
> Als altres tots por tant gran milloria
> En lo jusgar tenint egual balança
> Jutjuam lo pris que de Ferrandis sia."

A great variety of verse was introduced by the Trobadores. "Their songs were principally (says Ranouard) lyrics; some of them, as the epistles, novels, or tales, were read or recited. But the art of singing and of declamation was generally united with the talent of poetical and musical composition: travelling poets, with their harp or estols, went from court to court, from castle to castle, everywhere welcomed, everywhere honored—they charmed their illustrious hosts by graceful songs, or brilliant recitations, and received, at the same time, the favors and rewards lavished on them by kings, nobles, and ladies."

We are not aware that any perfect pieces of Spanish trobador poetry exist beyond the age of Mosen Jordi de Sant Jordi, who is believed to have lived in the beginning of the thirteenth century, except a poem of the twelfth century by an anonymous author on the subject of the first cruzade. The following verses of his are preserved in the Antwerp Canciones:

> " Esperanza res nom dona
> a ma pena comportar
> l'ora que vinch à pensar
> qui ofen jamay perdona.
> Lo ofes afranqueix la cara
> et perdona quisque sia
> qui ofen tostemps din gara
> que nou faza per falsia.
> Ausades Deu me confona
> Si non cuit desesperar
> lora que vinch à pensar
> qui ofen jamay perdona."*

---

* " Beneath my grief I fainted not,
And hope within me seem'd to live;
Until the moment when I thought
That they who injure ne'er forgive.

Sant Jordi is the poet to whom many of the early Italians are held by Spanish writers to have been much indebted; and Benter, with many others, have given, as a specimen of direct plagiarism, the following lines of Petrarch:

> " Pace non trovo e non ho da far guerra
> E volo sopra 'l cielo, et ghiaccio in terra
> E nulla strengo e tutto'l mondo abraccio
> E ho in odio me stesso et amo altrui
> Si non è amor che dunque è che io sento."

Of late, the priority of Sant Jordi to Petrarch has been much contested; but we happen to possess a MS. copy of the whole poem, in which the lines copied by Petrarch are to be found.* They clearly form an original part of the whole, and have not the slightest appearance of having been dovetailed into the compositions. The imitation is so close and obvious, that one must necessarily have been copied by the other, and in Petrarch they are brought in with some artifice. We have given the lines quoted in italics. Dante, and the early Italian poets, decidedly studied the Provençal, and have, in fact, introduced Provençal verses in their original form, while there is no proof at this period, as far as we recollect, that the language of Italy was studied in Spain so early as the thirteenth century. In cases of doubt, therefore, as to a priority of claim to any passage, the more probable originality of the Trobador must be recognised. The verses referred to are called the " Cancion de Opositos," or Song of Contraries.

> " From day to day I learn, but to unlearn,
> I live to die,—my pleasure is my woe:
>
> ---
>
> Be pardon ready;—oft one sees
> A wound inflicted ne'er intended,
> And oftener by carelessness
> Than by design are men offended.
> I hoped in vain—when hope had brought
> Her dreams so fond—so fugitive—
> I hoped—but sunk beneath the thought,
> That they who injure ne'er forgive."

* This poem has never before been published entire. Four verses only have been in circulation, and we must express our obligation to the erudite Fr. Jayme de Villanueva, of Valencia, who first discovered it perfect during his tour for the elucidation of the ecclesiastical history of Spain, and communicated it to us in MS.

XUM

In dreary darkness I can light discern,*
Tho' blind I see, and all but knowlege know.
I nothing grasp, and yet the world embrace,
Tho' bound to earth o'er highest heaven I fly,
With what's behind I run an untired race,
And break from that which holds me mightily.
Evil I find when hurrying after bliss,
Loveless I love, and doubt of all I see;
All seems a dream that most substantial is,
I hate myself—others are dear to me.
Voiceless I speak—I hear, of hearing void;
My aye is no; truth becomes falsehood strange;
I eat, not hungry—shift, tho' unannoyed;
Touch without hands—and sense to folly change.
I seek to soar, and then the deeper fall,
When most I seem to sink, then mount I still;
Laughing, I weep—and waking, dreams I call,
And when most cold, hotter than fire I feel;
Perplex'd I do what I would leave undone,
Losing I gain—time fleetest, slowliest flows;
Tho' free from pain, 'neath pain's attacks I groan,
To craftiest fox the gentlest lambkin grows.

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* "Tots iorns aprench, e desaprench ensemps,
e visch, e muyr, e fau du nuig phaher
axi mateix fan del avol bon temps
e vey sens ulls e say menys de saber
e no strench res, e tot lo mon abras
Vol sobrel cel, e nom movi de terra
e ço quem fuig incesantment aças
Em fuig açø quem sequeix em afferra.
Lo mal nom plats, e sovem lom percas
Am sens Amor, e no crey so que se;
Par que somiy tot quant veij pres ma faç
Hoy he de mi, e vull altre gran be;
e parlant call, ez auig menys de hoyr
Del hoc cuyt no: lo ver me par falsia
e menys sens fam, e grasme sens pruhir (*a*)
e sens mans palp e fau de sen follia.
Com vull muntar devall sens que nom gir
e devallan puiq correr en aut loch
e rizent plor el vetlan mes dormir
e cant suy frets pus calt me sent que foch:

(*a*) Scratch, without itching.

Sinking I rise—and dressing I undress,
The heaviest weight too lightly seems to fall;
I swim—yet rest in perfect quietness,
And sweetest sugar turns to bitterest gall.
The day is night to me,—and darkness day,
The time that's past is present to my thought;
Strength becomes weakness—hard is softest clay,
I linger, wanting what I wanted not.
I stand unmoved,—yet never, never stop,
And what I seek not, that besets me wholly;
The man I trust not is my firmest prop,
The low is high—the high runs ever lowly.
I chace what I can never hope to gain,
What's weak as sand-rope looks like firmest ground,
The whirlpool seems a fountain's surface plane,
And virtue but a weak and empty sound.
My songs are but an infant's uttering slow,
Disgusting in my eyes is all that's fair,
I turn, because I know not where to go,
I'm not at peace, but cannot war declare;
And thus it is, and such is my dark doom,
And so the world and so all nature fleets,
And I am curtained in the general gloom
And I must live—deceived by these deceits."

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ez a dreyt seny en fau ço que no vull
e perden guany: el temps cuxats mes tarda
e sens dolor mantes de vets me dull:
e simpl anyell tench per falsa guinarda.
Colgar me leu e vestin me despull
e trop leuger tot fexuch e gran Carch
e quant me bany, me pens que nom remull
e sucre dolz me Sembla fel amarch.
Lo iorn mes nuyt e fau clar dal escur
Lo temps passats mes presen cascun ora
el fort mes flach el blan tench molt per dur
e sens fallar me fall ço quem demora.
Nom part dun loch, e iames nom altur
So que no cerch inarçosament trob:
Del qui nom fiu, me tench molt per segur
el baix mes alt el alt me sembla prop:
e vau cercar ço que nos pot trobar
e ferma vey la Causa somoguda

Tornada.

Let each apply what may to each belong,
And by these rules contrarious wisely steer;
For right oft flows from darkness-covered wrong,
And good may spring from seeming evil here."*

Of Mosen Jaume Febrer, who is generally believed to have written about the middle of the thirteenth century, many poems exist in the Vatican library, but his great work is an account of the Cavaliers, engaged in the taking of Valencia, under King James the Conqueror, at which he was present. It is called *The Book of Linages*, and was first printed at Valencia, in 1746. We have seen ancient MSS. of this volume, all accompanied with painted escutcheons of the different knights celebrated in it. The editor calls the book

Pomell.

"De flors, les grans Trobes de Mosen Febrer
Escritor molt docte de este rich vergell
Que per aplaudirles com precios joyell
Antichs e modems, sa gloria han de sen."

We are, however, fully persuaded that this composition has not the antiquity ascribed to it, and that its date is not more distant than the fifteenth century, probably than the beginning of the sixteenth. We will give a passage or two which are curious as illustrating the reputation which our country had then acquired, and which may serve to excite an inquiry as to

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e lo fons gorch aygua sus part me par:
e ma virtut nom le prou nem aiuda.
Cant xant, me par de quem prench adular
e lo molt bell me sembla fer e leig
Abans min torn quen loch no vull anar
e no he pau, e no tench quim garreig
Açom ve tot per tal com vey ences
De revers fayts ayces mon e natura
Ez eu quim so en lurs fayts tan empes
quem es forçat de viure sens mesura."

Tornada.

* "Prenya xascu ço qui millor li es
De mon dit vers reversat descriptura
e sill mirats al dreists es al reves
Fraure porets del avol cas dretura.

the identity of the personages thus celebrated. The parts in italics seem to demonstrate that the poem is of a more modern date than has been generally attributed to it:

TROBA CXV.

"*Briones.* Jacques de Briones, que en la Ingalaterra
De aquels *richs Milorts* tè la *descendencia*
De la *rosa blanca* deixant à sa terra
Per guanyar honra sen vinque a la guerra
Portant en lo escut ab molta desencia
Un Lleopardo de or, en lo camp *bermell*
E una rosa bella, ab fulles de plata.
Estigue en Valencia, hon li cabe a ell
E a la camarada cases è fardell
Dempres a Oriola pasa e alli trata
De restasse a viure per terra *barata*."

"James de Briones (*q.* Brion or Byron?) descended from the rich lords of England, of the white rose, leaving his country to acquire fame, and bearing on his shield a golden leopard on a vermillion field, and a beautiful rose with silver leaves, came to the conquest of Valencia; when he obtained a grant of houses and other goods for himself and for those who accompanied him. Afterwards he went to Orihuela, where he fixed himself, on account of the cheapness of the land."

Again in stanza ccxxxix; but we can neither give a guess at the names or the place referred to.

"*Ferrer.* Dels compts de Barbia, en la *gran Bretanya*
Rama es generosa En Bernat Ferrer
Que ab la gent Ingleza de que se acompanya
Ab un germa e fill, asisti en campanya
Servint al Rey Jaume, ab tot son valor
Sitiada Valencia. Portaba, Senyor,
Tres Bandes daurades sobre lo camp roig
Per mitg dividides del mateix color
En lo seu escut: premis son valor
Del rey adquiri, que le feren goig
Les *Llochs*, e les cases gotja de Ali-Boix."

"Of the counts of Barbea (?) in Great Britain, Don Bernard Ferrer (?) is a worthy branch. He, with the English people that accompanied him, and with a son and brother of his own, assisted King James in the campaign against Valencia with all his valor. He, Sir, bore three golden bands upon a red shield, divided in the middle by the same color; and he received, for the reward of his courage, from the king, the villages and the house which had belonged to the Moor Ali Boix."

Again:

TROBA CCLXXXI.

"*Lesol.* Un *Milort* Ingles ab gent de acaball
Vinguè à Buriana, è en lo escut un sol
Posaba, *lluent;* era el camp de aball
De purpura e *gules;* prenguè per estall
Prop de les muralles ab lo fenevol
Dar la baterìa, ab que el sarrahrì
Entregá la plaza; è al entrar en ella,
Lo Rey demanà: ¿ hon está el qui
Porta el sol por Armes? è ell al Rey ohrì:
Sobre el sol posau una luna bella
Perque no tingau nenguna querella."

"An English lord came among the cavalry to the siege of Burriana. His shield was a splendid sun in a field of purple or gules. He undertook to beat down the walls with a battering ram, and when he had made the attack the place was delivered up by the Sarracen; and when the king entered he demanded, "Where is he who bears the sun for his arms?" and he was introduced to the king, who ordered him to place a fair moon above the sun, that he might not have cause to complain."

TROBA CCXCI.

"*Loro.* Feu lo rey mercet de part de Albalat
A Perot de Loro, un Milort Ingles,
Perque à la conquista fonch vengut de grat,
Per guanyar lo nom de valent Soldat.
Estiguè en lo Puig, é en Valencia *après*,
A su Costa propia: asisti ab valor
Fent moltes *fazanyes* dignes de alabar.
Portaba en lo escut en o Camp de or
Un Lléo de blau; sobre ell una flor
De Llis colorada. Varenlo matar
Los Moros de Pego dino de un olivar."

"The king conferred a part of Albalat on Peter of Loro, an English noble. He came to the conquest for no hope of reward, but to obtain the fame of a valiant soldier. He was at the attack of the mountain and of Valencia, and at his own cost. He was valiant, and his achievements deserved praise. On a field of gold he bore an azure lion, and about it a red fleur-de-lis. For his destruction of the Moors of Pego he merited an olive branch.

TROBA CCCXXV.

"*Merchant.* Jordi Mercader de la *gran Bretanya*
Dels *Milorts* antichs noble descendent,

Ab Christia Valor pera la Campanya
Del rey vostrou paré dos beixells apanya
De sa *hacienda* propria ab tot *bastiment:*
Son fill los goberna, en lo escut posant
Marks de or, ab que pesa lo bon Mercader,
Sobre camp de roig, è un mot elegant:
RES LI FALL; é es cert, puix tan important
Fonch aquell socorro, com podeu saber
Lo Rey agrait lo Armì Caballer."

"George Merchant, the noble descendant of the ancient lords of Great Britain, out of Christian valor prepared, at his own expense, two vessels to assist your king in his campaigns. His son commanded them. Marks of gold, such as merchants employ, were on his shield, on a red ground, and this elegant motto, *nothing wanting*, and certain it is, that succour was most acceptable, as well you know. The grateful king armed him a knight."

TROBA CCCCLXXV.

"*Sisternes.* Quant alo Rey Artus de la gran Bretanya
Ab los seus Milorts en taula redona,
Donantlos tramuzos, els obligà ab manya
Contra els enemichs, que estan en Campanya,
Tants Caps li han de dar, quants tramuzos dona;
Dihuit ne cabaren á un Milort valent,
E els pinta en lo escut, dins de sis daliuets,
de or en colorat sobre camp de argent,
que es conten sis ternes; de est es descendent
Pere de Sisternes, que ab sos dos fillets
Té hui en Consentayna premi per sos fets."

"When King Arthur assembled his knights at his round table, he distributed lupins to each of them, and in his humour compelled them to promise, that for every lupin he gave they would bring him the head of an enemy. Eighteen fell to the portion of a valiant lord, who painted them in gold on his arms in six red dice, upon a silver field, which make six-très (Sisternes.) From him descended Peter de Sisternes, to whom and to his two children, Consentayna was given for his deeds of valor."

Ausias March is the prime glory of the Spanish Trobadors. He died in 1460. He is more known and quoted than any of the rest, and we shall therefore dwell less upon his compositions. His verses are harmonious, natural, and pleasing, pregnant with interesting truths and moral reflections. They are generally pervaded by that soft spirit of melancholy which is so often the favorite companion of the lyre. "Qui no es trist de mos dictats

no cur." His poetry is the poetry of truth and wisdom. It has the condensation of proverbs, and the force of philosophy. His subjects are few—love, death, and duty; and they are treated with a sort of didactic solemnity. One listens to him as to an inspired prophet; his sanctions are brought, alike from old mythology, from the Jewish and Christian codes, and from the books of legends, and all introduced in the tone of one having authority, though for himself he constantly claims the title of a "Chrestio molt devot."

Mossen Jaume Roig is a poet of another order. His "Libre de les Dones" is a bitter and humourous satire upon women. He was physician to Maria, the Queen of Alonso the Fifth, and wrote his book, as appears by his own statement, in 1460. Notwithstanding the credit which is given him by the Catholic Ximeno, for the solid doctrine, sacred learning, and piety of this volume, it appears to be written rather in ridicule than admiration of high orthodox faith. It is dedicated to "the miraculous conception," of which he professes himself a most decided votary. The versification is singularly artificial and laconic, and is known by the title of Cudolada. His motto is "As the lily among thorns, so is my love among daughters." Two translations have been made into Spanish. As a specimen of the original we will give part of the concluding chapter, in which he turns the schools into ridicule.

"Peyta recens
mit quatrecens
vint set complits
anys son finits
sens trenta tres
anys les primes
desque naixque
mentres vixque." *p.* 187, *Edit.* 1735.

Works prepar'd
On subjects hard,
Beyond the reach
Of thought or speech,
The subtilties,
The misteries,
Of Trinity;
If it could be
Sinless conceived
And so believed.
Predestination
Is faith's temptation.

Then hear Pertuse,
And Lully's muse;
Ocham, Scotus,
What they brought us,
Opinions prime,
And subtle rime,
To please not few,
And profit too,
Is its reward.
And I regard
Preaching like this,
As great a bliss

To hear and see
As e'er could be.
The bright amount
Of wealth to count
Another claims, &c. &c.*

We perceive it is necessary to bring the present article to a conclusion, and with it we close this part of our subject. In the succeeding number, we shall commence our review of the Castillian era of Spanish poetry.

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* "Grans questions
en los sermons
imperceptibles
no aprensibles
subtilitats
alietats
de Trinitat
si en pecat
fonch concebuda
si fonch semuda
predestinar
la fe probar
Dits Den Pertusa *(a)*
Den Lull *(b)* la Musa
De Ocham, *(c)* Scott *(d)*
Llur vari vot
Coses molt primes
ab subtils rimes
plau à les gens
Profit no gens
ne sol restar.
De tal preycar
à mon parer
es tal plaer
lo scotar
com lo contar
daltri florins
è dels oins
les armonies
è melodies
hanne dellit
quant han oit
lo so es passat
quin serà stat
ni recitar
ni recontar
nou sperèn
sols oireñ
bè han sonat
bè han precat
à mon plaer, &c.

(a) Pertusa—A Valencian nobleman. He wrote a book on the Trinity, Incarnation, and other misteries of faith.
(b) Raymond Lully.
(c) William Occham or Occam.
(d) Duns Scotus.

ART. III. *Of Dramatic Poesie, an Essay, by* John Dryden, Esq. *London,* 1688.

——— Fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi.
Horat. De Arte Poet.

Select Essays on the Belles Lettres, by Mr. Dryden. *Glasgow,* 1750.

The Critical and Miscellaneous Prose Works of John Dryden, *now first collected; with Notes and Illustrations; an Account of the Life and Writings of the Author, grounded on Original and Authentic Documents; and a Collection of his Letters, the greater part of which has never before been published, by* Edmond Malone, Esq. 4 *vols.* 8*vo.* 1800.

It has sometimes struck us with a feeling of regret, when fresh from the perusal of Dryden's prose, and under the recent impression of its unrivalled strength and freedom, that prescription should have confined the student of our language so exclusively to the period when it had assumed a more correct and regular character. We are far from meaning to deny the generally admitted supremacy of the writers of the succeeding age, and are orthodox enough in our opinions to agree, that the prose of Addison is the purest well of English at which we can possibly drink—still, however, *vixere fortes ante Agamemnona multi*—we must be allowed to exclaim against the monopoly which he exercises to the exclusion of some, who deserve an almost equal share of our attention. Besides, we cannot help thinking, on a comparison of the style of Dryden with that of the wits of Queen Anne, that the refinement to which our language attained in the writings of the latter, tended not a little to impair its vigour; and that, in being trained to a more "measured mood," and confined within stricter rules of courtly elegance, it has lost some of the free graces and lively expression of its earlier and less cultivated state.

Correctness and propriety are doubtless necessary to the perfection of style, but they are too often the concomitants of languor and imbecility; and are seldom obtained without the sacrifice of those occasional felicities, which, like flowers in the clefts of a barren rock, are often found in the inequalities of a more rugged and careless composition.

The style of Addison we would liken to a clear and transparent stream, whose motion is too gentle to ruffle the surface or sully the purity of its waters; whilst that of Dryden has the impetuosity of a torrent, which often tears the weeds from its

banks, and stirs up the ooze from the bottom of its channel; but that ooze is mixed with grains of precious gold, and those weeds contain amongst them, flowers of the most delightful hue and odour; whilst the very swiftness of the current fixes our regard more intently than the tranquil surface of the gentler stream. He seems to have principally aimed at being strong and forcible, and to this object every minor consideration is sacrificed. To use the language of a noble poet, he wreaks his thoughts upon expression, and conveys them to the reader in the full force and energy of their first conception. He never appears to regard the mere structure of a sentence, nor is careful to wind it up in the neatest manner; neither are there marks of any subsequent labour, to polish and elaborate his style. We know, indeed, that he has been at the pains to revise some of his prose works, but his corrections are merely those of verbal inaccuracies, and ungrammatical structures, which crept into the most finished writings of the period; but, in general, he seems to have left his sentences just as they were struck off in the first heat of composition. There are, in consequence, some that have been roughly cast, which look rude and unfinished; sometimes there is a sharp edge, or abrupt projection, which a more fastidious taste might wish to see planed down, or rounded off; and, generally speaking, there is not that high polish, which is visible in the compositions of a later date; but all sense of this is lost in admiration of that matchless strength and occasional felicity, which are seldom found associated with strict correctness and undeviating propriety. He is, indeed, the very reverse of that correct and frugal genius which he somewhere describes—he is no judge, to a hair, of little decencies, nor afraid to hazard himself so far as to fall—he does not move cautiously and carefully on, and deliberately put his staff before him to feel his way—his motion is that of a giant, who delights to run his course, and exults in his strength,—the elasticity of whose step, the firmness of whose tread, and the immortal vigour conspicuous in every motion, leave no eyes for any ungraceful attitude, or occasional impropriety of gesture.

It seems to us, that not even the most celebrated productions of his genius disclose a mind more forcible, or an imagination more ardent and fertile, than these off-hand compositions, where he used no effort, and intended nothing great. In a preface or a dedication, he sometimes appears to more advantage than in the elaborate drama to which they are appended; and whilst in the one, we have too often reason to sigh over the aberrations of genius, we cannot enough admire the vigorous intellect every where conspicuous in the other. Whatever topic he touches upon, no matter how barren or unpromising, the flowers are made to spring up on all sides, as in the most favourable soil;

and the fancy is every where at work, enlivening the most common-place subjects, and suggesting images of the greatest beauty. His mind must have been, indeed, inexhaustible, when he could thus afford to throw away upon his prose compositions a profusion of brilliant thoughts and lively conceptions, such as would have made the fortune of another writer. Yet, with all this, his style is neither florid nor over-wrought. A less powerful writer might have been encumbered with so much ornament, and one, of inferior judgment, have grown wanton amidst such boundless wealth; but Dryden disposes of the whole with the utmost ease; and the appearance of his strength is never diminished, nor the vigour of his course abated, by the trappings with which his fancy invests him. He never bewilders himself, nor loses sight of his purpose in the multiplicity of ideas that come crowding thick upon him, but hurries on without tarrying to examine them minutely, or being at the pains fully to develope them. His flowers are seen only in the bud —his images rather hinted at than openly disclosed; he never dallies with a bright idea, or forsakes his argument to hunt it to the death, and exhilarate himself with the pleasures of the chase. This is the fault of writers whose fancy is less luxuriant, and invention less fertile. An excellent thought, with them, occurs too rarely to be lightly treated or speedily released. They are not satisfied without viewing it in every possible light, and pursuing it through all its varieties; they make the most of it whilst they have it, and, after many a fond parting look, dismiss it with reluctance. But Dryden had too rich store to have any occasion for such parsimonious frugality; and, as if his resources could never fail, he just glances at the lively thought he has started, and then abandons it with an indifference, that seems little short even of waste and extravagance.

The dedications which are prefixed to the several plays of Dryden are the most remarkable, if not the most meritorious, productions of which we shall have occasion to take notice. In an atmosphere where his genius might well be expected to droop, it flourishes as vigorously as in the most wholesome air; and round strains of the most egregious and unbounded adulation diffuses a glory, which dazzles by its brightness, and makes us admire where we ought only to feel disgust. His praises are not only lavished with a profusion which the most exalted merit could not justify, but he rains down a golden shower of virtues upon objects, which never enjoyed the least particle of what is so unsparingly attributed to them. Thus, Rochester is commended for delicacy of expression, and the decencies of behaviour—Danby, for financial skill and integrity—Leicester, for political neutrality—and that "ever unfortunate gentle-

man," the Duke of Newcastle, for the signal success of his warlike achievements. To the latter he writes thus:

"As you came into the world with all the advantages of a noble birth and education, so you have rendered both yet more conspicuous by your virtue. Fortune, indeed, has perpetually crowned your undertakings with success, but she has only waited on your valour, not conducted it. She has ministered to your glory like a slave, and has been led in triumph by it; or at most, while honour led you by the hand to greatness, fortune only followed to keep you from sliding back in the ascent. That which Plutarch accounted her favour to Cimon and Lucullus, was but her justice to your Grace; and never to have been overcome where you led in person, as it was more than Hannibal could boast, so it was all that Providence could do for that party which it had resolved to ruin. Thus, my lord, the last smiles of victory were on your arms; and every where else declaring for the rebels, she seemed to suspend herself, and to doubt, before she took her flight, whether she were able wholly to abandon that cause for which you fought.

"Thus, my lord, the morning of your life was clear and calm; and though it was afterwards overcast, yet, in that general storm, you were never without a shelter. And now you are happily arrived to the evening of a day as serene as the dawn of it was glorious; but such an evening as, I hope, and almost prophecy, is far from night; it is the evening of a summer's sun, which keeps the daylight long within the skies."

In his dedication of the *Conquest of Grenada*, he gives his highness the Duke to understand, that he is the prototype of his heroes, the pattern of his imitation, and that in dedicating to him the faint representations of his own worth and value, "he only restores to him those ideas, which, in the more perfect part of his character, he has taken from him. Your whole life, (he continues,)

"Has been a continued series of heroick actions, which you began so early, that you were no sooner named in the world, but it was with praise and admiration. Even the first blossoms of your youth paid us all that could be expected from a ripening manhood. While you practised but the rudiments of war, you outwent all other captains; and have since found none to surpass but yourself alone. The opening of your glory was like that of light; you shone to us from afar, and disclosed your first beams on distant nations; yet so, that the lustre of them was spread abroad, and reflected brightly on your native country. You were then an honour to it, when it was a reproach to itself; and when the fortunate usurper sent his arms to Flanders, many of the adverse party were vanquished by your fame, ere they tried your valour. The report of it drew over to your ensigns whole troops and companies of converted rebels; and made

them forsake successful wickedness, to follow an oppressed and exiled virtue."

The Lord Treasurer Clifford is to be adored at a distance, and worshipped. The effects of his virtue are to be comprehended only by admiration; and the greatest note of admiration is silence.

"It is that noble passion to which poets raise their audience in highest subjects, and they have then gained over them the greatest victory, when they are ravished into a pleasure which is not to be expressed by words. To this pitch, my lord, the sense of my gratitude had almost raised me;—to receive your favours, as the Jews of old received their law, with a mute wonder,—to think, that the loudness of acclamation was only the praise of men to men, and that the secret homage of the soul was a greater mark of reverence than an outward ceremonious joy, which might be counterfeit, and must be irreverent in its tumult. Neither, my lord, have I a particular right to pay you my acknowledgments; you have been a good so universal, that almost every man in three nations may think me injurious to his propriety, that I invade your praises in undertaking to celebrate them alone; and that I have assumed to myself a patron, who was no more to be circumscribed than the sun and elements, which are of public benefit to human kind."

But it is when he addresses the beautiful and illustrious of the other sex, that he rises into the highest heavens of flattery, and becomes transcendentally celestial.

"But with whatsoever vanity this new honour of being your poet has filled my mind, I confess myself too weak for the inspiration; the priest was always unequal to the oracle; the god within him was too mighty for his breast. He laboured with the sacred revelation, and there was more of the mystery left behind, than divinity itself could enable him to express. I can but discover a part of your excellencies to the world; and that too according to the measure of my own weakness. Like those who have surveyed the moon by glasses, I can only tell of a new and shining world above us, but not relate the riches and glories of the place; it is therefore that I have already waved the subject of your greatness, to resign myself to the contemplation of what is more peculiarly your's. Greatness is indeed communicated to some few of both sexes; but beauty is confined to a more narrow compass: it is only in your sex; it is not shared by many, and its supreme perfection is in you alone.

"You are never seen but you are blest; and I am sure you bless all those who see you. We think not the day is long enough when we behold you; and you are so much the business of our souls, that while you are in sight, we can neither look nor think on any else. There are no eyes for other beauties; you only are present, and the rest of your sex are but the unregarded parts that fill your triumph.

Our sight is so intent on the object of its admiration, that our tongues have not leisure even to praise you; for language seems too low a thing to express your excellence, and our souls are speaking so much within, that they despise all foreign conversation. Every man, even the dullest, is thinking more than the most eloquent can teach him how to utter. Thus, madam, in the midst of crowds, you reign in solitude; and are adored with the deepest veneration, that of silence. It is true, you are above all mortal wishes; no man desires impossibilities, because they are beyond the reach of nature. To hope to be a god, is folly exalted into madness; but by the laws of our creation, we are obliged to adore him, and are permitted to love him at human distance. It is the nature of perfection to be attractive, but the excellency of the object refines the nature of the love. It strikes an impression of awful reverence; it is indeed that love which is more properly a zeal than passion. It is the rapture which anchorites find in prayer, when a beam of the Divinity shines upon them; that which makes them despise all worldly objects; and yet it is all but contemplation. They are seldom visited from above; but a single vision so transports them, that it makes up the happiness of their lives. Mortality cannot bear it often: it finds them in the eagerness and height of their devotion; they are speechless for the time that it continues, and prostrate and dead when it departs. That ecstacy had needs be strong, which, without any end but that of admiration, has power enough to destroy all other passions. You render mankind insensible to other beauties, and have destroyed the empire of love in a court which was the seat of his dominion."

Such was the incense which the genius of Dryden offered up to the high-born dames of the court of Charles; and, although brighter beauties than Mary of Este may have existed, and had their praises sung by the poets of their day, yet they were never, we believe, addressed in so rich a strain of adulation. Dr. Johnson, who has manifested but little indulgence to this style of writing in general, is particularly angry with this dedication: he terms it, an attempt to mingle earth with heaven, by praising human excellence in the language of religion. We are not disposed to regard it with such severity. Poets have always been indulged with the license of addressing beauty in terms of hyperbolical adulation; and Dryden only offends, in having offered up his incense in prose instead of verse. In the luxuriance of his fancy and the fertility of his invention, we think it possible to find an excuse for the language of his dedications in general, and are inclined to attribute it a good deal more to them, than to any spirit of peculiar servility. He seems, indeed, in the fervor of composition, to lose sight altogether of the silly women and profligate courtiers he is addressing, and to draw from some phantom of his own brain, which he endows with every species of intellectual and moral excellence. On these, he has imposed the names of certain of the great, but

other resemblance they have none; and he has not been at the trouble of finding or inventing a single point, in which they may be said to have the remotest likeness. If we are to suppose, that whilst he drew these elaborate pictures of virtue and honour, he retained the least remembrance of the persons, who were nominally sitting for their portraits, we cannot but wonder at the want of discrimination which led him to attribute to them the particular qualities, in which they were most signally defective. The best excuse, after all, is that which Mr. Burke offered, when he observed, that such extravagant panegyrics were the vice of the time, and not of the man; that the dedications of almost every other writer of that period were equally loaded with flattery, and that no disgrace was annexed to such an exercise of men's talents, the contest being who should go farthest in the most graceful way, and with the best turns of expression.

We turn, with pleasure, from compositions of such a doubtful character, to the consideration of his prefaces, where there is nothing to censure on the score of morality, at least—where we are often instructed, and always delighted—where we are sure to be charmed with the beauties of his language, though we have reason to question the soundness of his critical judgment. They altogether contain a richer fund of dramatic criticism than is, perhaps, to be found in our language; and, though the purer metal of the mine be mixed up with a good deal that is more plausible than true, and some that is absolutely false, yet, when we take into consideration the prevailing bad taste of the age in which he lived, we shall rather be disposed to wonder, that his judgment did not oftener go astray, than that it was occasionally misled by public opinion, to which he was ever remarkably obsequious. Under this fatal influence, he was labouring the greater part of his life; and it was not till nearly the close of his career, that he succeeded in emancipating himself from its fetters. The clouds which had obscured his vision were then withdrawn, and the divinity of Shakspeare shone as brightly upon him, as it does, at this day, upon us. But the criticisms which he has bequeathed us on the works of the dramatic writers who preceded him, were written nearer to the time when he was in the habit of placing the plays of Jonson on a level with the noblest productions of Shakspeare; and the reformation of his taste is testified only by the change in his own practice. It may be worth while to recall to the recollection of our readers the style in which Shakspeare and his contemporaries were criticised in the age of Charles II., and to contrast it with the way in which they are severally appreciated at the present moment.

"To begin, then, with Shakspeare. He was the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is every where alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comick wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

"Shakspeare, who many times has written better than any poet in any language, is yet so far from writing wit always, or expressing that wit according to the dignity of the subject, that he writes in many places below the dullest writers of ours or of any precedent age. Never did any author precipitate himself from such heights of thought to so low expressions, as he often does. He is the very Janus of poets; he wears almost every where two faces; and you have scarce begun to admire the one, ere you despise the other.

"To speak justly of this whole matter,—it is neither height of thought that is discommended, nor pathetick vehemence, nor any nobleness of expression in its proper place; but it is a false measure of all these, something which is like them and is not them: it is the Bristol stone, which appears like a diamond; it is an extravagant thought, instead of a sublime one; it is roaring madness, instead of vehemence; and a sound of words, instead of sense. If Shakspeare were stripped of all the bombast in his passions, and dressed in the most vulgar words, we should find the beauties of his thoughts remaining; if his embroideries were burnt down, there would still be silver at the bottom of the melting-pot: but I fear (at least, let me fear it for myself), that we who ape his sounding words have nothing of his thought, but are all outside; there is not so much as a dwarf within our giant's clothes. Therefore, let not Shakspeare suffer for our sakes; it is our fault, who succeed him in an age which is more refined, if we imitate him so ill, that we copy his failings only, and make a virtue of that in our writings, which in his was an imperfection."

Of Beaumont and Fletcher, the latter of whom he calls a true Englishman, who, when he did well, never knew when to give over, he observes:

"Their plots were generally more regular than Shakspeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they

understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humour, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe: they represented all the passions very lively, but, above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection; what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than ornamental."

In another place, he draws a comparison between Shakspeare and Fletcher.

"For what remains, the excellency of that poet was, as I have said, in the more manly passions, Fletcher's in the softer: Shakspeare writ better betwixt man and man, Fletcher betwixt man and woman; consequently, the one described friendship better, the other love; yet Shakspeare taught Fletcher to write love; and Juliet and Desdemona are originals. It is true, the scholar had the softer soul; but the master had the kinder. Friendship is both a virtue and a passion essentially; love is a passion only in its nature, and is not a virtue but by accident: good nature makes friendship, but effeminacy love. Shakspeare had an universal mind, which comprehended all characters and passions; Fletcher a more confined and limited; for though he treated love in perfection, yet honour, ambition, revenge, and generally all the stronger passions, he either touched not, or not masterly. To conclude all, he was a limb of Shakspeare."

The following is his character of Jonson:

"As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself, (for his last plays were but his dotages,) I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit, and language, and humour also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama, till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such an height. Humour was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanick people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them: there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in Sejanus and Catiline. But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of

their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially: perhaps too, he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them: wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakspeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakspeare the greater wit. Shakspeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatick poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakspeare."

There is something in the tone of his remarks, here and in other places, which induces us to think, that even at this time, he felt the superiority of Shakspeare more strongly than he has chosen, in compliance with the feeling of the age, to express. Our readers, we fear, who entertain religious notions of his absolute supremacy, will be somewhat scandalized at the proximity of so worthy a competitor as Dryden has here given him. But setting aside all considerations of the taste of the period, which ran so strongly in favour of Jonson, perhaps they had lived too recently to be justly estimated. Time, after all, is the best critic, and tries by the surest test. The gilded surface may, for a while, shew as bright as the pure gold of the mine, but, after a lapse of years, there will be no difficulty in distinguishing the one from the other. That which lives longest, and pleases most ages, must be considered to possess the most sterling properties.

In his Essay on Dramatic Poesy, he discusses the merits of rhyme, considered as the language of the drama; and plays off his arguments, one against the other, with the utmost ingenuity. The following are the observations he puts into the mouth of the advocate for blank verse.

"First then, I am of opinion, that rhyme is unnatural in a play, because dialogue there is presented as the effect of sudden thought: for a play is the imitation of nature; and since no man, without premeditation, speaks in rhyme, neither ought he to do it on the stage. This hinders not but the fancy may be there elevated to an higher pitch of thought than it is in ordinary discourse; for there is a probability that men of excellent and quick parts may speak noble things *extempore*: but those thoughts are never fettered with the numbers or sound of verse without study, and therefore it cannot be but unnatural to present the most free way of speaking in that which is the most constrained.

"But there are two particular exceptions, which many besides myself have had to verse; by which it will appear yet more plainly how improper it is in plays. And the first of them is grounded on that very reason for which some have commended rhyme; they say,

the quickness of repartees in argumentative scenes receives an ornament from verse. Now what is more unreasonable than to imagine, that a man should not only light upon the wit, but the rhyme too, upon the sudden? This nicking of him who spoke before both in sound and measure, is so great an happiness, that you must at least suppose the persons of your play to be born poets: *Arcades omnes, et cantare pares, et respondere parati:* they must have arrived to the degree of *quicquid conabar dicere;*—to make verses almost whether they will or no. If they are any thing below this, it will look rather like the design of two, than the answer of one: it will appear that your actors hold intelligence together; that they perform their tricks like fortune-tellers, by confederacy. The hand of art will be too visible in it, against that maxim of all professions—*Ars est celare artem;* that it is the greatest perfection of art to keep itself undiscovered. Nor will it serve you to object, that however you manage it, 'tis still known to be a play; and consequently, the dialogue of two persons, understood to be the labour of one poet For a play is still an imitation of nature; we know we are to be deceived, and we desire to be so; but no man ever was deceived but with a probability of truth; for who will suffer a gross lie to be fastened on him? Thus we sufficiently understand, that the scenes which represent cities and countries to us, are not really such, but only painted on boards and canvass; but shall that excuse the ill painture or designment of them? Nay, rather ought they not to be laboured with so much the more diligence and exactness, to help the imagination? since the mind of man does naturally tend to truth; and therefore the nearer any thing comes to the imitation of it, the more it pleases."

A bad cause was never, we believe, sustained by more ingenious plausibility than is exerted in the reply which is made to these objections.

"Verse, 'tis true, is not the effect of sudden thought; but this hinders not that sudden thought may be represented in verse, since those thoughts are such as must be higher than nature can raise them without premeditation, especially to a continuance of them, even out of verse; and consequently you cannot imagine them to have been sudden either in the poet or the actors. A play, as I have said, to be like nature, is to be set above it; as statues which are placed on high are made greater than the life, that they may descend to the sight in their just proportion.

"You will often find in the Greek tragedians, and in Seneca, that when a scene grows up into the warmth of repartees, which is the close fighting of it, the latter part of the trimeter is supplied by him who answers; and yet it was never observed as a fault in them by any of the ancient or modern criticks. The case is the same in our verse, as it was in theirs; rhyme to us being in lieu of quantity to them. But if no latitude is to be allowed a poet, you take from him not only his licence of *quidlibet audendi*, but you tie him up in a straiter compass than you would a philosopher. This is indeed *Musas*

colere severiores. You would have him follow nature, but he must follow her on foot: you have dismounted him from his Pegasus. But you tell us, this supplying the last half of a verse, or adjoining a whole second to the former, looks more like the design of two, than the answer of one. Suppose we acknowledge it: how comes this confederacy to be more displeasing to you, than in a dance which is well contrived? You see there the united design of many persons to make up one figure: after they have separated themselves in many petty divisions, they rejoin one by one into a gross: the confederacy is plain amongst them, for chance could never produce any thing so beautiful; and yet there is nothing in it, that shocks your sight. I acknowledge the hand of art appears in repartee, as of necessity it must in all kind of verse. But there is also the quick and poignant brevity of it (which is an high imitation of nature in those sudden gusts of passion) to mingle with it; and this, joined with the cadency and sweetness of the rhyme, leaves nothing in the soul of the hearer to desire. 'Tis an art which appears; but it appears only like the shadowings of painture, which being to cause the rounding of it, cannot be absent; but while that is considered, they are lost: so while we attend to the other beauties of the matter, the care and labour of the rhyme is carried from us, or, at least, drowned in its own sweetness, as bees are sometimes buried in their honey. When a poet has found the repartee, the last perfection he can add to it, is to put it into verse. However good the thought may be, however apt the words in which 'tis couched, yet he finds himself at a little unrest, while rhyme is wanting: he cannot leave it till that comes naturally, and then is at ease, and sits down contented."

The general advantages of rhyme are admirably stated in another place, and may be understood as applying not merely to dramatic, but to every species of poetical composition.

"But that benefit which I consider most in it, because I have not seldom found it, is, that it bounds and circumscribes the fancy: for imagination in a poet is a faculty so wild and lawless, that, like an high-ranging spaniel, it must have clogs tied to it, lest it outrun the judgment. The great easiness of blank verse renders the poet too luxuriant; he is tempted to say many things which might better be omitted, or, at least, shut up in fewer words: but when the difficulty of artful rhyming is interposed, where the poet commonly confines his sense to the couplet, and must contrive that sense into such words, that the rhyme shall naturally follow them, not they the rhyme; the fancy then gives leisure to the judgment to come in; which seeing so heavy a tax imposed, is ready to cut off all unnecessary expences. This last consideration has already answered an objection which some have made; that rhyme is only an embroidery of sense, to make that which is ordinary in itself, pass for excellent with less examination. But certainly, that which most regulates the fancy, and gives the judgment its busiest employment, is like to bring forth the richest and clearest thoughts. The poet examines that most which he produceth

with the greatest leisure, and which, he knows, must pass the severest test of the audience, because they are aptest to have it ever in their memory; as the stomach makes the best concoction, when it strictly embraces the nourishment, and takes account of every little particle as it passes through."

But there is nothing which gives us more pleasure, or appears better worth extracting, than the criticisms which are scattered up and down, upon the dramatic writings of the French and English theatres.

It is thus that the advocate for the French stage is made to deliver himself:

"The unity of action in all their plays is yet more conspicuous; for they do not burden them with under-plots, as the English do: which is the reason why many scenes of our tragi-comedies carry on a design that is nothing of kin to the main plot; and that we see two distinct webs in a play, like those in ill-wrought stuffs; and two actions, that is, two plays, carried on together, to the confounding of the audience; who, before they are warm in their concernments for one part, are diverted to another; and by that means espouse the interest of neither. From hence likewise it arises, that the one half of our actors are not known to the other. They keep their distances, as if they were Mountagues and Capulets, and seldom begin an acquaintance till the last scene of the fifth act, when they are all to meet upon the stage. There is no theatre in the world has any thing so absurd as the English tragi-comedy; it is a drama of our own invention, and the fashion of it is enough to proclaim it so; here a course of mirth, there another of sadness and passion, and a third of honour and a duel: thus, in two hours and a half, we run through all the fits of Bedlam. The French affords you as much variety on the same day, but they do it not so unseasonably, or *mal à propos*, as we: our poets present you the play and the farce together; and our stages still retain somewhat of the original civility of the Red Bull:

Atque ursum et pugiles media inter carmina poscunt."

With allowable partiality to our own stage, we think the following reply more than satisfactory.

"He tells us, we cannot so speedily recollect ourselves after a scene of great passion and concernment, as to pass to another of mirth and humour, and to enjoy it with any relish: but why should he imagine the soul of man more heavy than his senses? Does not the eye pass from an unpleasant object to a pleasant in a much shorter time than is required to this? and does not the unpleasantness of the first commend the beauty of the latter? The old rule of logick might have convinced him, that contraries, when placed near, set off each other. A continued gravity keeps the spirit too much bent; we must refresh it sometimes, as we bait in a journey, that we

may go on with greater ease. A scene of mirth, mixed with tragedy, has the same effect upon us which our musick has betwixt the acts; which we find a relief to us from the best plots and language of the stage, if the discourses have been long. I must therefore have stronger arguments, ere I am convinced that compassion and mirth in the same subject destroy each other; and in the mean time cannot but conclude, to the honour of our nation, that we have invented, increased, and perfected a more pleasant way of writing for the stage, than was ever known to the ancients or moderns of any nation, which is tragi-comedy.

"As for his other argument, that by pursuing one single theme they gain an advantage to express and work up the passions, I wish any example he could bring from them would make it good; for I confess their verses are to me the coldest I have ever read. Neither, indeed, is it possible for them, in the way they take, so to express passion, as that the effects of it should appear in the concernment of an audience, their speeches being so many declamations, which tire us with the length; so that instead of persuading us to grieve for their imaginary heroes, we are concerned for our own trouble, as we are in tedious visits of bad company; we are in pain till they are gone. When the French stage came to be reformed by Cardinal Richelieu, those long harangues were introduced to comply with the gravity of a churchman. Look upon the CINNA and the POMPEY; they are not so properly to be called plays, as long discourses of reasons of state; and POLIEUCTE in matters of religion is as solemn as the long stops upon our organs. Since that time it is grown into a custom, and their actors speak by the hour-glass, like our parsons: nay, they account it the grace of their parts, and think themselves disparaged by the poet, if they may not twice or thrice in a play entertain the audience with a speech of an hundred lines. I deny not but this may suit well enough with the French; for as we, who are a more sullen people, come to be diverted at our plays, so they, who are of an airy and gay temper, come thither to make themselves more serious: and this I conceive to be one reason why comedies are more pleasing to us, and tragedies to them. But to speak generally: it cannot be denied that short speeches and replies are more apt to move the passions and beget concernment in us, than the other; for it is unnatural for any one in a gust of passion to speak long together, or for another in the same condition, to suffer him, without interruption. Grief and passion are like floods raised in little brooks by a sudden rain; they are quickly up; and if the concernment be poured unexpectedly in upon us, it overflows us: but a long sober shower gives them leisure to run out as they came in, without troubling the ordinary current. As for comedy, repartee is one of its chiefest graces; the greatest pleasure of the audience is a chase of wit, kept up on both sides, and swiftly managed. And this our forefathers, if not we, have had in Fletcher's plays, to a much higher degree of perfection than the French poets can reasonably hope to reach.

"By their servile observations of the unities of time and place, and integrity of scenes, they have brought on themselves that dearth

of plot, and narrowness of imagination, which may be observed in all their plays. How many beautiful accidents might naturally happen in two or three days, which cannot arrive with any probability in the compass of twenty-four hours? There is time to be allowed also for maturity of design, which, amongst great and prudent persons, such as are often represented in tragedy, cannot, with any likelihood of truth, be brought to pass at so short a warning. Farther; by tying themselves strictly to the unity of place, and unbroken scenes, they are forced many times to omit some beauties which cannot be shewn where the act began; but might, if the scene were interrupted, and the stage cleared for the persons to enter in another place; and therefore the French poets are often forced upon absurdities: for if the act begins in a chamber, all the persons in the play must have some business or other to come thither, or else they are not to be shewn that act; and sometimes their characters are very unfitting to appear there: as, suppose it were the king's bed-chamber; yet the meanest man in the tragedy must come and dispatch his business there, rather than in the lobby or court-yard, (which is fitter for him,) for fear the stage should be cleared, and the scenes broken."

In the preface to *All for Love*, he ridicules the nicety of manners, in which the excellency of French poetry is made to consist.

"Their heroes are the most civil people breathing, but their good breeding seldom extends to a word of sense; all their wit is in their ceremony. They want the genius which animates our stage; and therefore it is but necessary, when they cannot please, that they should take care not to offend. But as the civilest man in the company is commonly the dullest, so these authors, while they are afraid to make you laugh or cry, out of pure good manners make you sleep. They are so careful not to exasperate a critick, that they never leave him any work; so busy with the broom, and make so clean a riddance, that there is little left either for censure or for praise: for no part of a poem is worth our discommending, where the whole is insipid; as when we have once tasted of palled wine, we stay not to examine it glass by glass. But while they affect to shine in trifles, they are often careless in essentials. Thus their Hippolitus is so scrupulous in point of decency, that he will rather expose himself to death than accuse his step-mother to his father; and my criticks, I surmise, will commend him for it; but we of grosser apprehensions are apt to think that this excess of generosity is not practicable but with fools and madmen. This was good manners with a vengeance; and the audience is like to be much concerned at the misfortunes of this admirable hero. But take Hippolitus out of his poetick fit, and I suppose he would think it a wiser part to set the saddle on the right horse, and choose rather to live with the reputation of a plain-spoken honest man, than to die with the infamy of an incestuous villain. In the mean time we may take notice, that where the poet ought to have preserved the character as it was delivered to us by antiquity; when

he should have given us the picture of a rough young man of the Amazonian strain, a jolly huntsman, and both by his profession and his early rising a mortal enemy to love, he has chosen to give him the turn of gallantry, sent him to travel from Athens to Paris, taught him to make love, and transformed the Hippolitus of Euripides into Monsieur Hippolite."

From the same preface, we are tempted to make another extract; not from any connection which it has with the preceding subject, but because we have cast our eye upon it, and are so taken with its jocose and ludicrous character, that we cannot prevail upon ourselves to pass it over.

"Horace was certainly in the right, where he said, that *no man is satisfied with his own condition.* A poet is not pleased because he is not rich, and the rich are discontented because the poets will not admit them of their number. Thus the case is hard with writers: if they succeed not, they must starve; and if they do, some malicious satire is prepared to level them, for daring to please without their leave. But while they are so eager to destroy the fame of others, their ambition is manifest in their concernment; some poem of their own is to be produced, and the slaves are to be laid flat with their faces on the ground, that the monarch may appear in the greater majesty.

"Dionysius and Nero had the same longings, but with all their power they could never bring their business well about. It is true, they proclaimed themselves poets by sound of trumpet; and poets they were, upon pain of death to any man who durst call them otherwise. The audience had a fine time on't, you may imagine; they sat in a bodily fear, and looked as demurely as they could: for it was a hanging matter to laugh unseasonably; and the tyrants were suspicious, as they had reason, that their subjects had them in the wind; so every man in his own defence set as good a face upon the business as he could. It was known beforehand that the monarchs were to be crowned laureats; but when the shew was over, and an honest man was suffered to depart quietly, he took out his laughter which he had stifled, with a firm resolution never more to see an emperor's play, though he had been ten years a making it. In the mean time, the true poets were they who made the best markets, for they had wit enough to yield the prize with a good grace, and not contend with him who had thirty legions. They were sure to be rewarded, if they confessed themselves bad writers; and that was somewhat better than to be martyrs for their reputation. Lucan's example was enough to teach them manners; and after he was put to death for overcoming Nero, the emperor carried it without dispute for the best poet in his dominions; no man was ambitious of that grinning honour; for if he heard the malicious trumpeter proclaiming his name before his betters, he knew there was but one way with him."

He exposes in rather unqualified terms the poverty of the an-

cients, with regard to the subjects of the drama, but lays a greater stress upon it than, we think, the occasion requires. If the passions be forcibly represented, it matters very little whether the story be previously known to the audience or not; for curiosity is a feeling which seldom arises within the walls of a theatre. They are, or ought to be, too much occupied with the present, to be solicitous about what is to ensue, or how the play is to terminate. The latter part, which treats of the Roman senate, contains an admirable exposition of a Terentian play.

"It has already been judiciously observed by a late writer on their tragedies, that it was only some tale derived from Thebes or Troy, or at least something that happened in those two ages; which was worn so threadbare by the pens of all the epick poets, and even by the tradition itself of the talkative Greeklings, (as Ben Jonson calls them,) that before it came upon the stage, it was already known to all the audience; and the people, so soon as ever they heard the name of Oedipus, knew as well as the poet, that he had killed his father by a mistake, and committed incest with his mother, before the play: that they were not to hear of a great plague, an oracle, and the ghost of Laius: so that they sat with a yawning kind of expectation, till he was to come with his eyes pulled out, and speak a hundred or more verses in a tragick tone, in complaint of his misfortunes. But one Oedipus, Hercules, or Medea, had been tolerable: poor people, they escaped not so good cheap; they had still the *chapon bouillé* set before them, till their appetites were cloyed with the same dish, and, the novelty being gone, the pleasure vanished; so that one main end of Dramatick Poesy in its definition, which was to cause delight, was of consequence destroyed.

"In their comedies, the Romans generally borrowed their plots from the Greek poets; and theirs was commonly a little girl stolen or wandered from her parents, brought back unknown to the city, there got with child by some lewd young fellow, who, by the help of his servant, cheats his father; and when her time comes, to cry—*Juno Lucina, fer opem*, one or other sees a little box or cabinet which was carried away with her, and so discovers her to her friends, if some god do not prevent it, by coming down in a machine, and taking the thanks of it to himself.

"By the plot you may guess much of the characters of the persons. An old father, who would willingly, before he dies, see his son well married; his debauched son, kind in his nature to his mistress, but miserably in want of money; a servant or slave, who has so much wit to strike in with him, and help to dupe his father; a braggadocio captain, a parasite, and a lady of pleasure.

"As for the poor honest maid, on whom the story is built, and who ought to be one of the principal actors in the play, she is commonly a mute in it: she has the breeding of the old Elizabeth way, which was for maids to be seen and not to be heard; and it is enough you know she is willing to be married, when the fifth act requires it.

"These are plots built after the Italian mode of houses,—you

see through them all at once: the characters are indeed the imitations of nature, but so narrow, as if they had imitated only an eye or an hand, and did not dare to venture on the lines of a face, or the proportion of a body."

ART. IV. *A Small Treatise betwixt Arnalte and Lucenda; entitled; The Evil-intreated Lover; or, The Melancholy Knight. Originally written in the Greeke Tongue by an unknowne Author. Afterwards translated into Spanish; after that, for the excellency thereof, into the French Tongue by* N. H. [Nicholas Herberai;] *next by* B. M. [Bartholomew Maraffi] *into the Thuscan; and now turned into English verse by* L. L. [Leonard Lawrence,] *a well-wisher to the Muses. London,* 1639. *p.p.* 128.

The principal, we had almost said the only, merit of this little work is its extreme rarity; but, in spite of its manifold offences against good taste, and even against common sense, there is a redeeming spirit about it which must preserve it from unmingled reprobation. The story is meagre in design and clumsy in execution; the sentiments extravagant and unnatural; and the language alternately bombastic and grovelling. But the author, (or, as he modestly calls himself, the translator,) had evidently the seeds of true poesy in him, which, with careful and judicious culture, might, instead of its poor and stinted crop, have brought forth a golden harvest. His feeling of his subject is deep and strong, but his power of utterance is unequal to his conceptions, and his passion evaporates in fantastic hyperboles and unnatural conceits. His descriptions of natural scenery, though minute, are rather vague and general than distinct and local; but he looks on nature with the enthusiasm of a poet's love, and sometimes succeeds in conveying to the reader a lively perception of his imaginings.

The story of *Arnalte and Lucenda* is faithfully copied from an Italian tale, which was already familiar to the English reader in the prose translation of Claudius Hollyband,* but the poetical embellishments, such as they are, are the exclusive property of Leonard Lawrence. The poem is prefaced by a dedication "to his honoured uncle, Adam Lawrence;" a metrical address "to the noble-minded reader;" another "to all faire ladies famous for their virtues;" a third to "all ingenious poets;" and six copies of commendatory verses by the author's friends. It thus commences:

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* Published in his *Italian Schoole Maister,* 1608.

"There's but a summer past; the golden sunne,
He hath but once his annual course o'er-run,
And lodg'd his fire-breathing steeds within
The lofty stables of cold Pisce's inne:
And fragrant Flora, dewie-breasted queene
Of hills and vallies, which we all have seene
Be-spread with grasse-greene carpets, intermixt
With pleasing flowers * * * * * * * *
Shee hath but once with this her train given place
To wint'ring Hyems, with his snow-white face."

The incidents of the poem, which are detailed with a prolixity which would exhaust the patience of any one but a reviewer, may be comprised in a very few words. The supposed narrator of the tale, in his travels is bewildered in

———————"a desart place
Set thick with trees, whose lofty tops aspire
To kisse the clouds; * * * * * * * *
Spreading their branches with that large extent,
That from my eyes they hid the firmament;
Under their shades the vallies prostrate lay,
Where wolves and foxes did their gamboiles play:
No silly sheepe or lambes were ever seene
To browse or feed upon those plaines, though greene:
The labouring oxe, nor the milke-giving cow,
Did e'er graze there, nor hath the sharpe-edg'd plough
Beene ever knowne to furrowe up that land:
No house or cottage on that ground did stand;
'Twas unfrequented, not a tract was seene,
Of man or beast, 'twas all o'ergrowne with greene,
With thistles, thornes, and the scratching brier:
The boxe and holly, which withstand the ire
Of winter's rage, for they are alwayes seene
For to survive, clad in their robes of greene.
No noise I heard, no cry of coupled hounds,
Whose bawling throats doe make the woods resound
Their yelping clamour; all was quiet there:
No lusty keeper hollow'd in his deere;
'Twas hush and silent, 'lesse some pretty rill,
Which murmuring, ran at foot of some tall hill,
Or else the whistlings that the wind did breath,
Which made a rushling 'mongst the trembling leafes.
No shepheard pip't, the whilst his flocks did graize;
No pretty birds did warble out sweet layes,

Unlesse 'twere such whose chirping notes did sound
Anthems of sorrow to the list'ning ground:
It seem'd to be the seate of pensive care,
Of melancholy, and of grim dispaire.
There mourning sate the harmlesse turtle-dove,
And sung sad dirges on her lifeless love."

The traveller, at last, reaches a stately but dismal mansion, where he is hospitably welcomed, and courteously entertained by Arnalte, the melancholy owner. The latter relates to his guest the cause of his voluntary seclusion in this desert place: he was a native of Thebes, and in viewing the funeral of "an eminent man, in Thebes' city known," became enamoured of the charms of his grieving daughter, Lucenda, who is thus delineated:

——————" his daughter, who, alas! did seeme
Like faire fac'd Venus, love's cœlestiall queene,
When shee wore mourning for the timeless death
Of sweete Adonis, * * *
For shee with shreekes, and sad lamenting cryes,
Distil'd salt teares, * * *
In that abundant manner, as if all
The rainy showeres had beene forc'd to fall,
Trickling along her cheekes; which to my view
Seem'd like transparent drops of pearly dew
On fragrant roses, e'er the bright-fac'd sunne
Had kist them drye: teares did not only runne
From her bright cristall fountaines, for she tare
Her silken vestments, and her flaxe-like haire:
The Cypresse vaile, which her faire face did shrowd,
Like golden Phœbus in a watry cloud,
Shee rent in peeces, with her snow-white hands
Disheveled her curious breded bands:
The winds enamour'd * * *
At the faire prospect of so rich a sight,
Breath'd forth their milder gales, and gently blew
Their fanning windes, by which her bright haire flew
In amourous dangling, frisling her faire tresses,
Which in meanders hung, and curled esses:
And like the surges of the rowling maine
They rise and fall, or as upon some plaine
Wee see the pretty rising hillockes stand,
Or as the furrowes of the plow'd up land;
These sunne-like tresses twin'd in artlesse knots,
Where in close ambush wanton Cupid lurkes,

She did unroote———
* * * * *
* * * * *
Like polish'd ivory doth her fore-head shine;
Her soft silke tresses in meanders twine;
* * * * *
As sparkling diamonds shine her splendent eyes,
Or as bright stars, which twinkle in the skies;
* * * * *
Her nose well featur'd, of the handsom'st mould,
Not long, or peaked, signs that grace a scold:
Her cheekes resemble two fresh flowry banks
Where bright carnations grow in disperst rankes;
And in those cheekes the red and white discloses
Such pleasing glimpse, as lawne o'erspreading roses:
Her lips like rubies, which by art are joyn'd,
Doe sweetely close and friendly are combin'd;
And for their colour, they by farre exceede
The rosiate blood, which purple grapes doe bleed;
Who when they move, they presently doe shew
Of orient pearles, a well-ranged row:
Her organ-voyce it well may paralell
The sweete-tun'd notes of pretty Philomel;
* * * * *
Her breath so fragrant, that it doth surscent
Th' Arabian spices, those from India sent:
A lovely dimple setteth forth her chin,
And wanton Cupid plais bo-peepe therein."

After besieging this paragon for a long time with speeches and letters of an unmerciful length, which she relished as little as our readers would do were we to extract them, just as he began to entertain hopes of success, he is overwhelmed by the intelligence of her marriage with his friend Yerso, the confident of his love. Enraged at this deception, he challenges his successful rival to single combat before the king—his invitation is accepted—the combat commences with due formality.

———————" our lances being burst,
Which flew to shivers, lying scatter'd round
Upon the verdant grasse and trampled ground.
Our staves thus broke, we quickly did betake
Us to our keen-edg'd swords, that they might make
Good what our speares had fail'd of their pretence:
Then fiercely driving, we did both commence

A fray so bloody, that the crimson gore
Did trickle downe upon the grasse all o'er,
Thund'ring our blowes with fury violent,
That through our armour they a passage rent,
To make a way unto our vital parts,
That unawares they might surprize our hearts.
We slic'd our shields, we clave our helmets bright,
And were so eager on our bloody fight,
That the spectators weary were to see
The combate last so long; as also we
Grew faint with striking and through losse of blood,
Which flowed from us like a purple flood.
But to be briefe, I gain'd the victory,
And Yerso vanquisht at my feet did lye."

The faithless Yerso expires on the spot, and the widowed Lucenda retires to a convent, in spite of the renewed courtship of the victor, who, inconsolable for her loss, forsakes his native city, and secludes himself in the desert place where he was found by the traveller. We shall conclude our notice of this very unequal production, with two descriptive extracts.

———" a morning which with ruddy lookes
Did drive dim mists from off the silver brookes,
As if Aurora, clad in purple gay,
Had chas'd blacke night, and brought on cheerefull day,
Or that bright Titan in the easterne streames
Began to bathe his fiery-flaming beames."

" The daie's great king, bright-ey'd Hyperion,
In golden triumph brightly shining runne
His wonted progress o'er and o'er againe
Himself to bathe in the coole westerne maine."

ART. V. *Toxophilus, the Schole or Partitions of Shootinge, contayned in II Bookes. Written by* Roger Ascham, 1544, *and now newlye perused. Pleasaunt for all Gentlemen and Yomen of Englande. For theyr pastime to reade, and profitable for theyr use to folowe both in warre and peace. Anno* 1571. *Imprinted at London in Fletestreate, neare to Saint Dunstone's Churche, by* Thomas Marshe.

Ascham is a great name in our national literature. He was one of the first founders of a true English style in prose composition, and one of the most respectable and useful of our

scholars. He was amongst the first to reject the use of foreign words and idioms, a fashion, which in the reign of Henry the Eighth began to be so prevalent, that the authors of that day, by "usinge straunge wordes, as Latine, Frenche, and Italian, did make all thinges darke and harde." It required some virtue moreover in Ascham, attached as he was to the study of the learned languages, to abstain from mingling them with his English compositions, especially when the public taste countenanced such innovations. But Ascham's mind was too patriotic to permit him to think, that his native tongue could be improved by this admixture of foreign phrases, an opinion which he illustrates by this comparison;—"but if you put malvesye and sacke, redde wyne and white, ale and beere, and al in one pot, you shall make a drincke not easye to be knowen, nor yet holsome for the bodye." In obedience to the precept of Aristotle,—to think like the wise, but to speak like the common people; Ascham set a successful example of a simple and pure taste in writing, and we question whether we do not owe more to him on this account, than even for the zeal which he displayed in the cultivation of the Greek language, during its infancy amongst us.

We admire the character of Roger Ascham on three accounts; first, he was a scholar by profession; secondly, he was a chess-player; and thirdly, he was an archer;—let us use his own word, a shooter. As a scholar, he was acute, learned, and laborious; attached to literature from his earliest years, and pursuing it with honour to himself and benefit to others, to the termination of his life. At an early age, he entered the university; and in his twenty-first year, when the *alumni* of our day are only about to enter on their academical education, he was diligently employed in expounding the Greek authors to his fellow students. His talents ensured him that moderate reward which is sufficient to satisfy the honest wishes of a man of letters; he became a fellow of a college; he received a remuneration for delivering a course of lectures on the study of Greek, there being, at that time, no professorship of that language; and to complete the measure of his prosperity, he was presented by his majesty with an ample salary of ten pounds a year. On the change of the national religion, his known attachment to Protestantism procured him favour at court; while his high character for learning and integrity, insured him protection during the reign of Mary. The honourable situation which he filled, as tutor to Elizabeth, speaks highly of his talents. The tutor and his royal pupil used occasionally to relax from the severity of their studies, and enjoy the luxury of a game at chess, "that admirable effort of the human mind," as Warton calls it; and when a less sedentary amusement was required,

XUM

the scholar issued forth with his bow in his hand, and his shafts at his back, to breathe the open air, and study the noble art of archery.

It is but too common a practice to cast an ancient servant away with neglect and indifference, when he has been superseded by a more seemly or a more useful successor. The bow has shared this fate in England. In the days of our early glory, much of the success of our arms was owing to the strength of arm, and accuracy of eye, with which the bold yeomen of England "drew their arrows to the head," and discharged the "iron sleet" against their discomfited enemies. Our history teems with the exploits of the English archers. In Ascham's time, however, their merit was not old enough to be forgotten, and accordingly he does not insist as strongly as might be supposed, on the numerous victories which the shafts of our archers gained. The battles of Cressy, of Poictiers, of Agincourt, and of Flodden, are all the instances which he has selected, of the might of our English bowmen; instances, which, though not very numerous, are certainly conclusive enough.* At the present day, when the bow has not only ceased to be an instrument of war, but even an amusement in time of peace, and when it only survives amongst us in the legends of our ancestors' valor, and in the family names which have descended from the makers of this "artillerye," the *Bowyers* and *Fletchers*, it cannot but be interesting to listen to a passionate admirer of this ancient and forgotten art.

Toxophilus, first published in the year 1544, was written during its author's residence at the university, and seems to have been intended as an apology for the zeal, with which he studied and practised the art of shooting. It is said, that Ascham's great attachment to this exercise, and the time he spent upon it, were considered by some as unfitting the character of a grave scholar; and, indeed, in the character of *Toxophill*, the author confesses that such a charge had been brought against him. From this imputation, therefore, it was his object to free himself, by shewing the honour and dignity of the art, in all nations and at all times, and its acknowledged utility not

* All the assizes of arms, which regulated the armour and weapons of all persons liable to bear arms in the nation, from the 27 Henry II. to 21 James I. invariably mention bows and arrows, which seem to have been the weapons of those, whose rank and fortune did not enable them to purchase defensive arms. After specifying the different arms to be borne by each, according to the extent of his fortune, there is a general clause directing the use of bows and arrows by the rest; "omnes item alii qui possunt habere, arcus et sagittas habeant."

only in matters of war, but as an innocent and engaging pastime at more peaceable periods. But his work would have been imperfect if he had not entered into the practical part of the art, and given directions both for choosing and using the bow. Accordingly, his *Schole of Shootinge* is a complete manual of archery, containing not only a learned history of the art, and the highest encomiums on its excellence and utility; but likewise the most minute practical details, even down to the species of goose, from the wing of which the best feathers are to be plucked for the shaft; and whether a white, a black, or a grey feather is to be preferred. Perhaps, however, the most interesting part of the volume is that in which he enlarges, with evident delight, on the advantages of shooting, and on the great fitness and utility of such an amusement, for those who are compelled to live a sedentary life. He was certainly well qualified for this part of his task, from his double love of study and archery.

A scholar seldom takes much delight in active amusements. The body is always postponed to the mind; and provided the latter has exercise enough, he is too apt to be negligent of the health and comfort of the former. On this account, the amusements of literary men have frequently a degree of mental labour combined with them, which generally defeats the ends they ought to attain; or, as Fuller says, "they cozen their mind, in setting it to do a double task under pretence of giving it a play day, as in the labyrinth of chess, and other tedious and studious games." It is difficult to cheat the brain into idleness. Kirke White could not help repeating Greek verses as he took his daily walk. Mere exercise is rather painful than pleasant to studious men, and accordingly we find that they often hasten over it like a disagreeable task. Swift used to run up and down a hill some half dozen times, by way of compressing as much exercise as possible into a given space of time—a mode of recreation for which we have the authority of Galen, whose catalogue of amusements, for the studious, we shall give in our author's words, strongly recommending them to the attention of our modern literati.

"To runne up and downe an hill, to clyme up a longe powle or a rope, and there hange a while, to hold a man by his armes, and wave with his heeles, muche like the pastime that boyes use in the churche when theyr master is awaye, to swinge and totter in a belrope, to make a fiste, and stretch out both his armes, and so stand like a roode. To go on a man's tiptoes, stretching out the one of his armes forward, the other backeward, which if he blered out his tongue also, might be thought to dance antic very properlye. To tumble over and over, to toppe over tayle, to set backe to backe, and see who can heave an other's heeles highest, wyth other much like."

XUM

If we might rely on the word of Sir Philip Sidney, the exercise of riding on horseback is a very fitting relaxation. He gives a very fascinating account of the zeal with which he and his friend, "the right vertuous E. W.," when at the emperor's court, studied this science. This, too, was an amusement which met with the approbation of Bishop Stillingfleet. Moreover, Erasmus seems to have been attached to it, who, as Ascham tells us, "When he was here in Cambridge, and when he had been sore at his booke, (as Garret, our booke-bynder, has verye oft told me) for lacke of better exercise, would take his horse, and ride about the market-hill, and come again." Field-sports seldom take the fancy of literary men, and, notwithstanding the praise of honest *Piscator*, Isaak Walton, we are rather inclined to think with another old writer, that "fishing with an angle is rather a torture than a pleasure, to stand an houre as mute as the fish they meane to take." After all, the soberest and perhaps the fittest exercise is a quiet and refreshing walk in the fields, where the eye enjoys a pleasant change of scene, just sufficient to attract the attention of the mind without fatiguing it; but in this opinion we run completely counter to our author, who speaks of this mode of exercise in a very contemptuous manner—"walkinge alone in the field hath no token of courage in it, a pastime like a single man that is neither fleshe nor fishe." But it is time that we should inquire into Ascham's favourite amusement, upon the illustration of which he has bestowed so much learning, and no small portion of wit. The whole work is a dialogue between Toxophilus, a lover of archery; and Philologus, a student. We give the opening of the discourse, from the similarity of it to the celebrated interview between Ascham and the Lady Jane Grey, when he visited her at Brodegate in Leicestershire, before quitting England on his travels in Germany, an interview which he has recorded in his *Schoolemaster*.

"*Phi.* You studye to sore, Toxophilus.

"*Tox.* I will not hurt myselfe over much, I warrant you.

"*Phi.* Take heede you do not, for we physitions saye, that it is neyther good for the eyes in so cleare a sunne, nor yet holesome for the body, so soone after meate to look upon a man's booke.

"*Tox.* In eatinge and studyinge I will never folowe any physicke, for if I did, I am sure I should have small pleasure in the one, and lesse pleasure in the other. But what news drave you hither, I pray you?

"*Phi.* Small news, trulye, but that as I came on walkinge, I fortuned to come with three or four that went to shoote at the prickes: and when I sawe not you amonges them, but at the last espyed you lookinge on your booke here so sadlye, I thought to come and hold you with some communication, lest your booke shoulde run away with

you. For methought, by your waveringe pace and earnest lookinge, your booke ledde you, not you it.

"*Tox.* Indeede, as it chaunced, my minde went faster then my feete, for I happened here to reade in *Phedon Platonis,* a place that entreates wonderfullye of the nature of soules; which place, whether it were for the passinge eloquence of Plato, and the Greeke tongue, or for the highe and goodlye description of the matter, kepte my minde so occupyed, that it had no leisure to looke to my feete. For I was readynge how some soules, beinge well feathered, flewe alwayes about heaven and heavenly matters; other some having their feathers mouted away and droupinge, sancke downe into earthlye thinges.

"*Phi.* I remember the place very well, and it is wonderfullye sayd of Plato; and now I see it was no marveile, thoughe your feete fayled you, seinge your minde flewe so faste.

"*Tox.* I am glad now that you letted* me, for my heade akes with lookinge on it, and because you tell me so, I am very sorye that I was not with those good fellows, you spake upon, for it is a very fayre day for a man to shoote in.

"*Phi.* And methincke, you were a great deale better occupyed, and in better company, for it is a very fayre day for a man to go to his booke in.

"*Tox.* All dayes and wethers will serve for that purpose, and surely this occasion was ill lost.

"*Phi.* Yea, but cleare wether maketh cleare mindes, and it is best, as I suppose, to spende the best time upon the best thinges, and me thought you shotte verye well, and at that marke, at which everye good scholer shoulde most busilye shote at."

Toxophilus now proceeds to prove, by copious quotations from ancient authorities, that some relaxation and pastime are to be mingled with "sadde matters of the minde," a position which the studious Philologus endeavours to controvert.

"*Phi.* How muche in this matter is to be geven to the authoritye eyther of Aristotle or Tullye, I can not tell, seinge sadde men may well enoughe speake merilye for a merye matter: this I am sure, whiche thinge this fayre wheate (God save it) maketh mee remember, that those husbandmen, whiche ryse earlyest, and come latest home, and are contente to have theyr dinner, and other drinkynges broughte into the fielde to them, for feare of loosinge of tyme, have fatter barnes in the harvest, than they which will eyther sleape at noone tyme of the day, or els make merye with theyr neighbours at the ale. And so a scholer that purposeth to be a good husbande, and desyreth to reape and enjoye muche fruite of learninge, must till and sowe thereafter. Our best seede tyme, whiche be scholers, as it is very tymely and when we be yonge, so it endureth not over long, and therefore it may not be let slippe one houre: our grounde is very harde, and full of weedes, our horse wherewith we be drawen, very

* Hindered, interrupted.

wilde as Plato sayth, and infinite other mo lettes,* which will make a thriftye scholer take heede howe he spendeth his time in sport and playe.

"*Tox.* That Aristotle and Tullye spake earnestlye and as they thoughte, the earneste matter which they entreate upon doth plainly prove. And as for your husbandrye, it was more probablye tolde with apte wordes proper to the thinge, than thoroughlye proved with reasons belonginge to our matter. For contrarywyse, I heard myselfe a good husbande at his booke once saye, that to omitte studye some tyme of the daye, and some tyme of the yeare, made as much for the increase of learnynge, as to let the lande lye some tyme falloe, maketh for the better increase of corne. This we see if the land be plowed every yeare, the corne cometh thinne up: the ear is short, the grain is small, and when it is brought into the barne and threshed, giveth very evill faule.† So those which never leave poringe on theyr bookes, have oftentimes as thinne invention, as other poore men have, and as small witte and weight in it as in other men's. And thus your husbandrye, methincke, is more like the life of a covetous snudge that ofte very evill proves, than the labour of a good husbande that knoweth well what he doth. And surelye the best wittes to learninge must needes have muche recreation and ceasynge from theyr booke, or els they marre themselves; when base and dompish wittes can never be hurte with continual studye as ye see in lutinge, that a treble minikin stringe must alwayes be let downe, but at such tyme as when a man must needes playe, when the base and dulle stringe needeth never to be moved out of his place."

We regret that we cannot give the learned parallel between the arts of singing and archery. Philologe defends the former with great eloquence and skill; we shall quote a portion of it, which is deserving the serious consideration of the professional gentlemen mentioned in the extract.

"Besyde all these commodities, truely two degrees of men, which have the highest offices under the kinge in all this realme, shall greatlye lacke the use of singinge, preachers and lawyers, because they shall not, without this, be able to rule their breastes for everye purpose. For where is no distinction in tellinge glade thinges and fearful thinges, gentlenes, and cruelnes, softnes, and vehementnes, and such like matters, there can be no great perswasion. For the hearers, as Tullie sayth, be much affectioned, as he is that speaketh. At his words be they draween; if he stand still in one fashion, their mindes stande still with him: if he thunder, they quake; if he chide, they fere; if he complaine, they sorye with him: and finallye, where a matter is spoken with an apte voice for everye affection, the hearers for the most part, are moved as the speaker woulde; but when a man is alwaye in one tune, like an humble bee, or els now in the top of the churche, now downe that no man knoweth where to have him: or

* Hindrances. † Produce.

piping like a reede or roaringe like a bull, as some lawyers do, which thincke they do best, when they crye lowdest, these shall never greatly move, as I have knowen manye well learned have done, because theyr voyce was not stayed afore, with learninge to singe. For all voyces, great and small, base and shrill, weake or soft, may be holpen and brought to a good point by learninge to singe."

In enumerating the praises of archery, Ascham takes occasion to compare it with the amusement of gaming, and gives us a fine picture of the gambling arts of that day. If we mistake not, it has all the force and truth which the hand of one who has, in some degree, been a sufferer in the cause, is so well able to give.

" How will they use these shiftes, when they get a plaine man that cannot skill of them? How will they go about, if they perceive an honest man have moneye, which list not playe, to provoke him to playe? They will seeke his companye, they will let him pay noughte, yea, and as I hearde a man ones saye that he did, they will sende for him to some house, and spend perchaunce a crowne on him, and, at last, will one begin to saye: What, my masters, what shall we do? Shall every man playe his twelve-pence whiles an apple roste in the fyre, and then we will drincke and departe? Naye, will an other saye, (as false as he) you cannot leave when you begin, and therefore I will not playe: But if you will gage, that every man, as he hath lost his twelve-pence, shall sit downe, I am contente, for surelye I would winne no manne's moneye here, but even as much as woulde pay for my supper. Then speaketh the thirde, to the honeste man that thoughte not to playe, What? will you playe your twelve-pence? If he excuse him; Tush, man! will the other saye, sticke not in honeste companye for twelve-pence; I will beare your halfe, and here is my moneye.

" Nowe all this is to make him to beginne, for they knowe if he be ones in, and be a loser, that he will not stick at his twelve-pence, but hopeth ever to get it againe, whiles perhappes he will lose all. Than everye one of them setteth his shiftes abroache, some with false dyse, some with settling of dyse, some with having outelandish silver coynes guilded, to put awaye at a time for good golde. Than if there come a thinge in controversye, must you be judged by the table, and than farewell the honest man's parte, for he is borne downe on every syde.

" Nowe, Sir, besyde all these thynges, they have certaine termes (as a man woulde saye) appropriate to their playinge; wherebye they will drawe a man's moneye, but paye none, which they calle barres, that surelye he that knoweth them not maye soon be debarred of all that ever he hath, before he learne them. If a plaine man lose, as he shall do ever, or els it is a wonder, than the game is so devilish, that he can never leave: for vaine hope, (which hope, sayth Euripides, destroyeth manye a man and cittye) driveth him on so farre, that he can never return backe, until he be so light, that he neede feare no

theeves by the way. Now if a simple man happen once in his life to winne of such players, than will they eyther entreate him to keepe them companye whiles he hath lost all againe, or els they will use the most devilyshe fachion of all, for one of the players that standeth next him, shall have a payre of false dyse, and cast them out upon the bourde, the honest man shall take them and cast them as he did the other, the thirde shall espye them to be false dyse, and shall crye out harde, with all the othes under God, that he has falsely wonne theyr moneye, and than there is nothinge but houlde thy throte from my dagger; everye man layeth hande on the simple man, and taketh all theyr moneye from him, and his owne also, thinkinge himselfe well that he escapeth with his life."

There are so many highly touched traces of nature, and such a spirited handling of his pen in the detached pictures, in which the *Toxophilus* abounds, that we have some difficulty in passing over them, even to reach our archer's splendid delineation of the delights and advantages of his art. We cannot afford space for his excellent argument, wherein he proves that "in learninge anye thinge, a man must covete to be best, or els he shall never attayne to be meane." Nor can we give his anathemas against swearing, when he "griselye sets out the horiblenesse of blasphemye;" and we must even restrain ourselves from quoting all the fine panegyrics which he utters in praise of learning, and the high commendations which he bestows on his contemporary Cheke, and his patron Wingfield. It is time that we should harness ourselves for the sport, fasten our bracer on our arm, pull on our shooting glove, draw our bow from its woollen case, and take our station in the field. Perhaps, however, we ought previously to carry the reader to the shops of our Bowyer and Fletcher, and teach him how to choose a good bow and shafts that will fly to the mark. If then he should find a bow that is "small, longe, heavye, and stronge, lying streyhte, not windinge, nor marred with knotte gaull, winde shake, wenn freat or pinch;" let him buy that bow of our warrant. Let him select one, where the back and belly are of the same colour, and it shall prove "like virgin wax or golde." Then let him take it into the fields, and try it, and if perchance it need it, let him take it to a trusty workman who shall "cut him shorter, and pike and dresse him fitter, and make him come compass round every where," and then let it be well rubbed and polished with a waxed woollen cloth. Let the arrows be "round, nothing flat, without gall or wemme," and let them have the ancient and excellent silver-spoon head, "which is good both to keepe a length withall, and also to perche a winde withall." Then let the young archer be careful that the Fletcher set not any other than goose-feathers on his shafts, and let him attend to the distinction between the feathers

of an old goose, and a young goose, a gander, or a goose, a fenny goose and an uplandish goose. But, indeed, with regard to the feather, and the selection, cutting, and fastening of them, there are so many nice points to be observed, that we must beg the reader will consult Toxophilus himself on the subject. We will, however, indulge him with the following finely drawn character of this despised bird, for which Ascham seems to have entertained a sincere affection, especially in a culinary point of view.

"Yet well fare the gentle goose, which bringeth to a man, even to his doore so many exceeding commodities! For the goose is man's comfort in warre and in peace, sleepinge and wakinge. What prayse soever is given to shootinge, the goose may challenge the best part of it. *Howe well dothe she make a man fare at his table?* How easilye doth she make a man lye in his bedde? How fitte, even as her feathers be only for shootinge, so be her quills for writinge.

"*Phil.* Indeed, Toxophile, that is the best prayse you gave to a goose yet, and surely I would have sayde you had bene to blame, if you had overskipte it.

"*Tox.* The Romaynes, I trowe, Philologe, not so much because a goose with crying saved their capitolium and heade toure, with their golden Jupiter, as Propertius dothe saye very pretely in this verse,

Anseris et tutum voce fuisse Jovem.—*Prop.*

Id est;

Thieves on a night had stolne Jupiter, had a goose not a kekede;

did make a golden goose, and set her in the toppe of the capitolium, and appointed also the Censores to allow out of the common batche yearely stipendes for the findinge of certaine geese; the Romaynes did not, I saye, geive all this honour to a goose for that good dede onely, but for other infinite mo, which come daily to a man by geese; and surelye *if I should declame in the prayse of any maner of best lyvinge, I would chuse a goose.* But the goose hath made us flee too farre from our matter."

But let us suppose ourselves fairly in the field, amply provided with all the appointments of a true archer. Now is the time when our author's exhortations shall advantage us most, and now must we put his talents, as a teacher of this noble art, to the test. Imprimis; the Tyro must take good heed of his footing and standing, that they be both "comely to the eye and profitable to his use." Then let him carefully fix his arrow in the string, which, in our author's phrase, is called "knockinge." But drawing well is the best part of shooting, and this must be done easily and uniformly; drawing to the *ear*, which was the custom with our English archers, is preferable to drawing to the breast, which, it is said, the ancients were used to do. The

dispatching or *loosing* the arrow is to be particularly attended to; it must not be done too suddenly, but with that due mixture of quickness and gentleness, which, as Ascham says, is as hard to be followed in shooting, as it is to be described in teaching. Indeed in archery, as in all other manual arts, dexterity and skill can only be acquired by long and arduous practice, and we therefore recommend our Toxophilite readers not to place too much credit on the *theorie*, even of our Prince of Archers, but rather to pursue the *practic* of the art themselves. Ascham very justly says, that it is easier to tell what an archer should not be, than what it behoves him to be, and accordingly he gives us a catalogue of the errors into which the professors of this art are apt to fall, and really we seldom recollect seeing a collection of more humorous portraits than those which he has drawn. There is an earnest vitality about them which makes us think we behold them in very truth.

"All the discommodityes which ill custome hath graffed in archers, can neyther be quickly pulled oute, nor yet soone reckoned of me, there be so many. Some shooteth his head forwarde, as though he would byte the marke; another stareth with his eyes, as though they should flye out; another winketh with one eye, and looketh with the other; some make a face with wrything theyr mouth and countenance so, as though they were doinge you wotte what; another blereth out his tongue; another byteth his lippes; another holdeth his necke awrye * * *. Ones I sawe a man which used a bracer on his cheeke, or else he had scratched all the skinne of the one syde of his face with his drawinge-hande. Another I saw, which, at every shote, after the lose, lifted up his righte legge so far that he was ever in jeopardye of faulinge. Some stampe forwarde, and some leape backwarde * * *. Some will give two or three strydes forwarde, daunsinge and hoppinge after his shafte as though he were a madde man. Some with feare to be too farre gone, runne backwarde, as it were to pull his shafte backe. Another runneth forwarde, when he feareth to be shorte, heavinge after his armes, as though he would helpe the shafte to flye. Another wrythes or runneth asyde, to pull in his shafte straight. One lifteth up his heele, and so holdeth his foote still, as long as his shafte flyeth. Another casteth his arme backwarde after the louse, and another swinges his bowe about him, as it were a man with a shafte to make roume in a game place."

However unwilling we may feel to quit this entertaining treatise, which carries us from the "populous city," in which it is our misfortune to be pent, to the retired solitudes of green lanes and fields, and which transports us from these "evil days" to the period of England's pride and happiness, when our yeomen, as Fortescue says, "could easily dispend one hundred pounds by the year and more;" we must nevertheless be contented to take leave of our symbolical friends, Toxophilus and

Philologus, with our best hopes that they were as successful in entreating the question "*de origine animæ,*" as they have been in expounding the mysteries of archery. We shall, however, give the conclusion of their discourse.

"*Tox.* This communication handled of me, Philologe, as I know well not perfitely, yet, as I suppose trulye, you must take in good worthe, wherein, if divers thinges do not altogether please you, thancke yourselfe, which woulde rather have me faulte in mere follye, to take that thinge in hand, which I was not able for to perfourme, than by any honest shamefastnesse with-saye your request and minde, which I knowe well I have not satisfyed. But yet I will thincke this labour of myne the better bestowed, if to-morrowe, or some other day when you have leysure, you will spende as much time with me here in this same place, in entreating the question *de origine animæ*, and the joyning of it with the bodye, that I maye knowe howe farre Plato, Aristotle, and the Stoycians, have waded in it.

"*Phi.* How you have handled this matter, Toxophile, I may not well tell you myselfe now, but for your gentlenesse and good will towardes learninge and shootinge, I will be content to shewe you anye pleasure whensoever you will; and nowe the sunne is downe, therefore, if it please you, we will go home and drincke in my chamber, and then I will tell you plainlye what I thincke of this communication, and also what daye we will appointe, at your request, for the other matter to meete here againe."

We would fain hope that this fine old English exercise will be revived, not as the means of destruction, but as a healthy and gallant amusement by which the thews and sinews of our countrymen may emulate those of the Strongbows and Robin Hoods of ancient days; and we are sure nothing is better calculated to infuse a zeal for this sport than the perusal of *Toxophilus*.

ART. VI. *King John and Matilda, a Tragedy: as it was acted, with great applause, by her Majestie's Servants, at the Cockpit, in Drury Lane. Written by* Robert Davenport, *Gent. London, printed for* Andrew Pennycuicke, *in the year* 1655.

This tragedy is one of a large class of the old dramas which cannot be said to be worth re-printing, and yet contain much worth preserving; which are not likely to be read, but the reading of which would be profitable. For, though we may be frequently disgusted with absurdities and improbabilities during the perusal; striking points in the action, or fine passages of poetry in the composition, are occasionally to be found. We speak of the lowest rank of a race of the most gifted poets,

but even in the most inferior writer of the first age of our drama, the faults are not the faults of dullness. The vices of inexperience, audacity, and bad taste, are common enough, but these are redeemed when the true poet falls into the right vein. Dullness—flat, tame, frigid dullness, is alone hopeless and irremediable. Robert Davenport was by no means the most diminutive of a line of heroes. His play has its absurdities, and, perhaps, more than the usual share of wildness and uncouthness; but passages and scenes occur of great beauty, and which, when transplanted into our pages, will, we hope, flourish with a brighter verdure for the removal, and, at any rate, stand a better chance of catching the eye of the general reader of poetry. The subject of this play is the love of King John for Matilda, the daughter of one of his barons, Old Fitzwater, and his various attempts to procure possession of her person, which are intermixed with his contests and disputes with the barons themselves. Soon after the opening, the king is thus made to tempt Matilda, whom he has decoyed into a meeting in his garden.

"*K. John.* Fair Matilda,
Mistresse of youth and beauty, sweet as spring,
And comely as the holy shining priest,
Deckt in his glorious sacerdotall vestment;
Yet heare the passions of a love-sick prince,
And crown thy too too cruell heart with pitty.
Mat. Yet let fall your too too passionate pleadings,
And crown your royall heart with excellent reason.
K. John. Hear me.
Mat. The queen will heare you.
K. John. Speak but a word that——
Mat. What?
K. John. That may sound like something,
That may but busie my strong labouring heart,
With hope that thou wilt grant, and every morning
I will walk forth and watch the early lark,
And at her sweetest note I will protest,
Matilda spake a word was like that note.
Mat. O how you tempt: remember pray your vows
To my betroth'd Earl Robert Huntington;
Did you not wish, just as the poison toucht
His manly heart, if ever you again
Laid battery to the fair fort of my unvanquish'd
Virtue, your death might be like his untimely,
And [you] be poyson'd [too.] O take heed, sir,
Saints stand upon heaven's silver battlements,

When kings make vows, and lay their listening ears
To princes' protestations.

K. John. So did Matilda swear to live and die a maid,
At which fair Nature, like a snail, shrunk back,
As loath to hear from one so fair, so foul
A wound: my vow was vain, made without
Recollection of my reason; and yours,
O madnesse! Maids have sure forsworne such vowes:
For Huntington, he like a heap of summer's
Dust into his grave is swept; and bad vows
Still are better broke than kept.

Mat. Alas, great sir, your queen you cannot make me;
What is it then instructs your tongue? Oh, sir!
In things not right,
Lust is but love's well languag'd hypocrite.

K. John. Words shall convert to deeds then; I am the king.
[*Offers violence, she draws a knife.*

Mat. Doe but touch me,
And as I grasp steel in my trembling hand,
So sure the king shall see Matilda fall
A sacrifice to virtue.

K. John. Cruell maid,
Crueller than the [goat] that eanes her young
On the rough bosome of a ragged flint:
Go, gett thee to the woods, for thou art wild
As flame, or winter; wheresoe'er thou walk'st
May wild winds chide thee, and the reeling trees,
Like a confused fall of many waters,
Rail on thy rudeness; may the birds that build
Among the wanton branches, 'stead of teaching
Notes to their young, sing something like thy niceness:
And lastly, may the brooks when thou shalt lie
And cast a pair of cruell busie eyes
Upon their subtill slydings; may the water,
The troubled image of my passions, war
With the stones, the matter of thy heart, that thou mayst learn
Thy hardnesse and my sufferings to discern;
And so whilst I (if it be possible) study to forget you,
May beasts, and birds, and brooks, and trees, and wind,
Hear me, and call Matilda too unkind."

Act I. *scene* I.

There is considerable spirit in the following dialogue—the barons are consulting together in Baynard Castle, when the king is announced.

" *Richmond.* The king, attended
Onely with the Earle of Chester, Oxford, and some
Other gentlemen, is new landed on the stairs.
Om. The king!
Young Bruce. Shut the stairs' gate.
Fitz. 'Twere better gate and stairs
Were floating through bridge; we are safe, my cholerick cousin,
As in a sanctuary; 'tis enough
(A man would think) to see a great prince thus,

Enter King, Oxford, Chester, and other Lords.

'Cause wee'd not go to him, to come to us:
Indeed, indeed, you speak unkindly.
K. John. Behold, great lords,
The cedars of the kingdome, how the king
(A shrub) shrinks out of majestie
And comes to you; here's a fine conventicle.
Are ye blowing up new fires? and must Fitzwater
(Plain-breasted as his unaffected habite)
Be generall again, again be call'd
The Marshall of Heaven's Army and the church's?
Are you planet-struck! you cannot talke.
Fitz. Your pardon, sir,
I led the barrons, but 'twas when they could not choose
But choose a leader, and then me they chose;
And why so, think ye? they all lov'd your grace,
And grieve, grieve very heartily, I tell you,
To see you by some state-mice so misled:
These state-mice that nibble so upon the land's impaired freedom,
That would not so play in the lyon's eare,
But that by tickling him themselves to advantage;
This troubl'd us, and griev'd the body Politique,
And this we sought to mend; I tell truth, John, I,
We are thy friends, John, and if ye take from friendship
The liberty of modest admonition,
Ye leave no mark whereby to distinguish it
From the fawning passion of a dog-base flattery;
If I speak plain, this truth be my defence,
A good man's comfort is his conscience:
And so much for plain Robin.
K. John. Fitzwater, Bruce, Richmond, and stubborn Leister,
This is the last of our admonitions:
Either lay by those arms, those lawless arms,
Which you have lifted 'gainst your lord and king,
And give such pledges as we shall accept

For settling of your loyalties, or here,
By the abused sufferings of a king,
And by the unkind scars with which you have
Deform'd the face of England, misery
Shall overtake you in a shape shall fright
The iron heart of faction, and the king
Shall come no more acquainted with compassion,
But call the bloodiest ends a righteous vengeance."

The most remarkable part of the tragedy is the death of the Lady Bruce and her youngest son, a boy, who die of hunger, while imprisoned in Windsor Castle by the Earl of Chester, under the keeping of a ruffian named Brand, one of that baron's retainers. These scenes are uncommonly pathetic, and produce, quietly and without effort, a deep impression on the heart. Brand is introduced, reading a letter.

'Will. Brand, *these are to certifie, that Fortune, mistress of changes, with my unluckie stars, hath rendered me a prisoner to my most mortall enemy, Young Bruce.*

Brand. That mad Tamberlaine.

'*My entreaty is none of the noblest, but direct against my blood, my desires, and my deservings.*

Brand. O that I had a leg of that young Bruce but minc'd and butter'd.

'*I am credibly possest, his majestie hath into your custody committed his mother, and her young sonne George, whereby you have occasion cast into your hand to parallel their sufferings with my fortunes, not that I would have you banish humanity;*

Brand. He need never have writ that, bawds and serjeants have sav'd me the labour.

'*Nor give too deep a wound to conscience.*

Brand. Another labour sav'd too, usurers do it daily.

'*But as I let you understand how I am here accommodated, so shape the duty of a servant to parallel, in their persons, your villified master, Ralph Chester.*'

Brand. Brave lord, the ladder of my fortunes, shalt thou suffer on that side, and for humanitie's sake, and thread-bare conscience, (a couple of cousin-Germans, that thrice a weeke know not where to get a supper,) shall the friends of him that stands lord of thy fortunes, and thy profest foe, fare well here; now I talk of fare, I receiv'd this letter yesterday, and since they have neither eaten bit, nor drunk drop, nor by these ten stealers shall not, till I hear againe from my lord.—Come out, madam mother, and your young prating brat——

Enter Lady and Boy.

they do look hungry already.

Lady. What would our unkind jaylor?

Boy. Sure, mother, Mr. Brand hath brought us victuals.

XUM

Brand. No, sirrah, I come to tell you to-day is fasting day.
Lady. Two dayes together.
Good Mr. Brand, 'tis not mine own want beggs,
But my poor boye's; I have held him pretty pastime
To have him yet forget that wild woolf hunger,
And still the harmlesse soul would point each period
Of his sport, crying, mother, give me bread.
Brand. She has a winning way,
Her carriage and her person are both exquisite:
Faith, tell me, madam, what would you give for some victuals
To give your son?
Lady. Any thing: set thou the price, thou shalt have gold.
Boy. And truly, sir, if you'll but give me a cake,
Or a capon's legge, when I am a man,
I'll give you twenty shillings to buy your boy fine things."

The villain proposes terms which the lady rejects with indignation, and she and her son are again immured without food. Some time after, the scene changes again to the gloomy prison of Windsor Castle, and Brand enters, saying,

"*Brand.* I wonder how my pair of prisoners fadge?
I am something dogged too at t'other side,
That thus long have not seen them, nor have they eate
I am sure since they came in; in yon madam's eye
I am as ugly as a toad, I will see her,
And contemn her,—you and your brat come out;

Enter Lady and Boy.

Here's meat, I am sure you are hungry.
Boy. O mother, will you be sick now?
Mr. Brand hath brought us meat.
Lady. Oh, on my knee, sir,
I thank you, not for my want, for I feel
Nature almost quite vanquish'd; but for my sonne,
He may live long to thank you.
Boy. Give but my mother
A little piece of bread, and if I live,
(As yet I may do, if you can be mercifull)
I will tell my father such good things of you,
He shall return your kindnesse treble back
To your honest bosome; oh, mother, for some bread!
Brand. Some bread?
Why to have an honest bosome (as the world goes)
Is the next way to want bread; i'faith, tell me,
How have you past the time you wanted victuals?

Lady. Very hardly,
And still the poor boy sighing, would say, mother,
You look very hungry: I did think straight how hard
Your heart was; then we both did fall a weeping,
Cling'd our lean armes about each other's neck,
And sat a pair of mourners.

Brand. Delicate pastime, toads love no other;
Look yee, here's bread.

Boy. Oh! if you be a good man, give me but a bit
To give my mother, poor soul, look how she looks!
Indeed, she's very hungry.

Brand. Yes, so is my dogge: [*Puts it up again.*
I must keep this for his breakfast.

Lady. Give but my boy one bit,
And the saints sure will look how good you are;
They will be glad to see you charitable,
And call it excellent compassion.

Brand. No, coming from a toad 'twill poyson him.

Boy. It will not, sir: indeed I am so hungry,
I could eat rats or mice.

Brand. Your t'other hair braine,
Your wild mad sonne, retaines my lord a prisoner,
Uses him basely, and you must suffer for't.

Lady. Give me but paper, pen, and ink, I'll write,
And charge him to fall down, and lick the dust
Thy lord shall set his foot on: I will conjure him,
And woe away his wildnesse by the groans
I suffer'd for him; I'll threaten his denyall
With a mother's family-confounding curse:
This I will do, or any thing that may
But purchase my poor boy one bit of bread.

Brand. No.

Lady. O harder than the rocks, more mercilesse
Than the wilde evening woolf. [*Falls.*

Boy. Mother, do not die;
For heaven's sake, helpe my mother; mother, look up
And ye shall see me dance, and then the gentleman
Will sure bestow a piece of bread upon us.

Lady. Look here, thou iron-hearted man, upon
A paire of piercing miseries.

Brand. A scene of mirth;
I am all hard, the heat of lust withstood—
To clip revenge, will stem a stream of blood. [*Exit.*

Boy. How do ye, mother?

Lady. How doth my boy.

Boy. Very sick, indeed; but I warrant you are more hungry
Than I a great deale, are you not?
Lady. Oh no,
Thou art weake, and famine playes the tyrant with thee;
Look here, my boy, bite on thy mother's arme,
The blood will nourish thee.
Boy. Will your blood nourish me?
Lady. Yes, yes, I prethee try.
Boy. Why should not mine then nourish you? 'tis the same;
Good mother, eat my arme; bite but a bit:
Truly, I shall hurt you if I bite yours,
I warrant you'll be better presently.
Lady. I shall, my sonne, and so shalt thou; come neere me,
Let us go hand in hand to heaven.
Boy. Oh, mother, something pinch'd my very heart,
And I shall die, my dear, dear mother. [*Dyes.*
Lady. Art thou gone, my sonne?
My soul shall overtake thee: oh friendly death
That gav'st that gripe, sure when thou kill'st the guilty,
Frowns curle thy angry forehead; but when thou steal'st
Towards innocence, (their pale fears to beguile)
Thou deck'st thy lean face with a lovely smile." [*Dyes.*

Act IV.

There is no small discrimination shewn in supporting the numerous characters of the piece. The wilful, reckless, buoyant, revengeful, John; the fearless and ostentatiously honest, but good-natured, Fitzwater; the pure, meek, and resigned, yet firm, Matilda; are each conceived and executed with a masterly pen, though rather occasionally disclosing the power of writing forcibly, than actually using it. Some of the traits of John's character are hit off in this short dialogue between Fitzwater and Young Bruce, who is complaining of the king's tyranny.

" *Y. Bruce.* Yes, and like horses,
Be held by the nose by frivolous respect,
While he casts copperis into our sores, and searches
Past honour's patience.
Fitz. Nephew, nephew, hear me,
Let's bear a little; faith, he is the king,
And though at Rome he does stand interdicted,
Yet now and then takes a good start or two
Towards regularity, 'till the fit comes on him;
And for your neat horse simile, observe me,
Richmond and you are young men, we three old,

But not too old to tell truth; the horse that will not
Stand still and endure searching, howe're in summer,
With warmth and pasture, he may strike at flies,
And play the wanton in a wealthy meadow,
For all his summer pastime, yet 'tis said,
Winter will leave him but a lean scald jade;
Come, come, y'are fooles, y'are fooles.

Leister. Well, let us—bear then.

Y. Bruce. Let us? O my blood!
Besides our injuries in his breach of promise,
He made by stains and publique grievances,
How in the flames of his adulterate heart
Pursues he my chaste cousin, by slights gets her
Within his tallon, and but this afternoon,
(Had not her friendly knife enfranchis'd her)
Even in the face of heaven, in his own garden
He would have ravish'd her."

Act I. *scene* I.

The king's impetuosity of temper, which he was unable to restrain, even to preserve the disguise he had himself assumed, is displayed in the following scene. John, with some of his courtiers, attired in the habits of masquers, enter Fitzwater's house, apparently to hold a revel, but really with the intention of carrying off his daughter Matilda. On their being announced, Old Fitzwater cries,

"*Fitz.* Now by my troth they are gallants,
Citizens, said you; now I remember too,
Ye do go gallant in your shops; no wonder then,
If in masques you cut it. I remember, gentlemen,
Your fathers wore a kind of comely habite,
Comely, because it well became the reverend name of citizens;
But now let a knight walk with you in your shops,
(And I commend you for't, ye keep the fashion)
We know not which is which. How my tongue ranges,
And night grows old, mad times must have mad changes;
Come, come, a hall, a hall.

Queen. Believe me, you have done well.

Y. Bruce. Pox a' these cats' guts, how they squeak.
Methinks a rattling sheep-skin lustily boxt,
[*One of the torch bearers takes Matilda.*
Would thunder brave amongst them.

Mat. I can dance no more, indeed, sir.

Fitz. I am deceiv'd if that fellow did not carry
A torch e'en now;

Will you shame the gentleman?
Dance when I bid you.
Mat. Oh me, that graspe was like the king's.
O. Bruce. Dance, cuz.
Fitz. In good deed, dance,
Or you will make me angry. [*The king pulls her violently.*
Body of me, that's too much for a torch bearer,
You, sir Jack, sir Jack, she is no whit-leather,
She will not stretch, I assure you, if you come hither,
For love so 'tis.
K. John. For love.
Fitz. But if you and your company
Put on forgetfull rudenesse, pray take your Cupid yonder,
Your thing of feathers, and your barge stands ready
To bear ye all aboard the ship of fools,
I am plain Robin—passion of me!
Look if he do not threaten me; I will see thee,
Wert thou King John himselfe. [*Pulls off his vizard.*
Om. The king!
Mat. Oh which way shall I flie?"

The characters of the King and Fitzwater are strikingly exhibited in the following scene, which possesses great poetical as well as dramatic excellence.

" *Oxford.* O but my lord.
Fitz. Tut, tut, lord me no lords,
He broke, we powted, I tell plain truth, I,
Yet fell into no relapse of hostility.
But wot we what, he casts a covetous eye
Upon my daughter, passionately pursues her,
There had been other pledges but our oathes else,
(For heaven knows them he had) and (amongst the rest)
Matilda must be my pledge, for well he deem'd
They yielding theirs, shame would brand my denyall.
But catch craft, when we put truth to triall,
Kings should have shining souls, and white desires
Enflam'd with zeale, not parch'd by Paphian fires;
So shines the soul in which virtue doth shrowd,
As a serene skie bespotted with no cloud,
But a copper conscience whil'st the head wears gold,
Is but a plain down-right untruth well told.
Come, come, I cannot fawn.
K. John. But in the passion
Of a dog, sir, you can snarl; have you talk'd all your words?
Fitz. I have told truth, I.

K. John. Then we will fall to deeds.
Oxford, command a guard, and presently
Take them to th' Tower; we can now talk and do.
Away with them, and muzzle those fierce mastiffes,
That durst leap at the face of majestie,
And strike their killing fangs into honour's heart;
Are they not gone? we shall be passionate
In your delay.
O. Bruce. Come, Leister, let us wear
Our sufferings like garlands.
Leister. Tempest nor death
Could never outdo Leister, who dares dye
Laughing at time's poyson'd integrity.
Fitz. Now by my troth 'twas very nobly spoken.
Shall I turne tale; no, no, no, let's go.
But how things will be carried; ha! are these teares?
Body of me, they are; shall I go like a sheep
With this pair of lyons; ha, ha, ha.
I do laugh now, John, and I'll tell thee why;
Th' art yet in thy green May, twenty-seven summers
Set in our kalends; but when forty winters more
Shall round thy forehead with a field of snow,
And when thy comely veins shall cease to flow,
When those majestick eyes shall float in rhumes,
When giant Nature her own selfe consumes,
When thy swift pulses shall but slowly pant,
When thou art all a volum of my want,
(That like a tale-spent fire thou shalt sink,)
Then John upon this lesson thou wilt think;
He dyes a happy old man, whose sweet youth
Was a continued sacrifice to truth;
I must weep now, indeed.
K. John. Away with them." [*Exit.*

Act II. *scene* I.

Besides some other whole scenes which are well worthy of being selected if our limits would allow, there are many short pieces of eloquent writing, which occur among less interesting matter. This is an instance: King John is railing at the queen, who has just confessed to have treated Matilda with personal violence.

"*K. John.* Oh ye cruell one,
Crueller than the flame that turn'd to cinders
The fair Ephesian temple; wilde as a woolf,
The bear is not so bloody: teare her hairs!

Which, when they took their pastime with the winds,
Would charm the astonish'd gazer; teare that face!
Lovely as is the morning, in whose eyes
Stands writ the history of her heart, inticing
The ravish'd reader to runne on; 'pon whose eyelids
Discretion dwels, which, when a wilde thought
Would at those casements like a thiefe steale in,
Playes her heart's noble friend and shuts out sin."

Hubert, when pleading to Matilda for his master, says:

"*Hubert.* Virtue! pale poverty,
Reproach, disaster, shame sits on her forehead,
Despisings fill her sleeps, ill-favour'd injuries
Meet her at every turne, tears are her triumphs,
Her drink affliction, calumny attends her,
The unclean tongue of slaunder daily licks her
Out of her fashion; but if you be King John's friend,—
Mat. Oh, strong temptation.
Queen. Matilda—
Hubert. You may, like
A nimble wind, play on the ruffling bosome
Of that phantastick wood, the world; your sleep's a paradise
Hung round with glittering dreames, then your dissemblings
Will be call'd devotions, your rigid cold hypocrisie
Religious holy heats: mirth decks the court daies,
The wanton minutes glide just like a streame,
That clips the bosome of a wealthy meade,
Till't get it great with child; a sweet green blessing.
Consider, 'tis the king."

When the king imagines he has persuaded Fitzwater to give him his daughter on condition of procuring a divorce, in the joy of his heart he exclaims:

"*K. John.* Yet there is hope; now by my crown I will.
We shall be sonne and father; thou and I
Will walke upon our pallace battlements,
And thou shalt carry up a covetous eye,
And thou shalt cast that covetous eye about
The fair, delightful village-spotted valleyes;
Thou shalt stand still, and think, and recollect
The troubl'd longings of thy large desires,
And whatsoever thou shalt aske the king,
(Of all thou see'st) the king shall give it thee."

After Matilda has succeeded in procuring a secure retreat

in Dunmore Abbey, John has an interview with her in the presence of her father, and in vain attempts to make her bend to his wishes. Taking a solemn farewell of her father and the king, she leaves them. Fitzwater says, as she goes:

"*Fitz.* A father's blessing, like a welcome cloud
With child of friendly showers, hover o'er thy goodnesse,
And keep it ever green;—she is gone, sir.
K. John. Go thou and runne into the sea.
Fitz. Ha, ha, so the great Emperor of the Barrons,
As you call'd him,
May come out again i'th' guts of a poor John:
No, no, I will live and laugh; you would have made her
The mistresse of the king, and she is married
To the king's master, oh, to the noblest king
Poore supplicant ever kneel'd to; to your king
And her king, and to my king, she's married;
Oh married, married, let the satyrs dance it,
The sweet birds sing it, let the winds be wanton,
And as they softly, with an evening whisper,
Steal through the curl'd locks of the lofty woods,
Let them in their sweet language seem to say,
This, this, was chaste Matilda's marriage day."

We have not, however, space for more than Old Fitzwater's denial of the charge of being a rebel, which the king throws in his teeth while they are parleying on the walls of a castle, to which the barons refuse the king entrance. He exclaims, in great indignation:

"*K. John.* Barr'd out and brav'd,
You bate and chafe a lyon; bring Old Fitzwater;
Thou, Bruce and grumbling Leister, either speedily
Give up the castle, and upon your knees
Fall to the mercy you have scorn'd, or here
Before a paire of minutes passe, the sword
Of incens'd justice shall, even in your eyes,
Leave this old rebell headlesse.
Fitz. Now by the blood
I lost in holy Palestine with Richard,
Oh that right reall souldier! King John, I sweare,
That foul word rebel has unrivitted
The bars of reason, and made me very angry;
Is it to take truth's part, to be a rebel?
To ease my groaning country, is that rebellion?
To preserve the unstain'd honour of a maid,

(And that maid my daughter;) to preserve your glory,
That you stand not branded in our chronicles,
By the black name of wedlock-breaker; is this
(Good heaven!) is this rebellion? Come, come, the axe;
Oh! that wrong'd soul, to death so falsely given,
Flies, sweetly singing her own truth, to heaven."

Act V.

Immediately after this, a sudden conversion takes place in the king, on hearing of the landing of the Dauphin, and of an army under Young Bruce. However, not before he has remorselessly procured the death of Matilda, by means of a poisoned glove, because she had escaped entirely from his power. As he is repenting, her funeral passes; he relents with stronger marks of contrition, and a reconciliation is huddled up in a very short time among all the parties, and the play finishes with a dirge over the fate of the unfortunate Matilda.

Andrew Pennycuicke, for whom this play was printed, states in his dedication that it passed the stage with general applause, (he being the last that acted Matilda in it.) This is a late period for a man to perform the part of a woman. He also says, that it does not appear in its ancient and full glory; a piece of information for which we give him implicit credit. The text is in truth very corrupt. We have hazarded a few emendations, and are inclined to think that several defects still observable in the metre are to be ascribed to the said Andrew, and not to the author. Davenport is also the author of a comedy, called *A new Trick to cheat the Devil,* and a tragi-comedy, entitled *The City Night-Cap;* besides several plays which have never been printed. The first is a very agreeable facetious comedy, and the second possesses occasional energy both of feeling and writing.

ART. VII.—*The Political Works of* Andrew Fletcher, Esq. *London,* 1732.

Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun, was a steady and ardent, though not always a discreet, patriot; a forcible speaker, and an ingenious political speculator. His public life lasted through a long and very interesting period, both of Scotch and English history; and he was connected, in a greater or less degree, with most of the illustrious personages, arduous struggles, and important changes, of that period. These are claims for more attention than has been generally directed towards him, but not for more than this little volume is calculated amply to repay.

Although Fletcher was an active partizan from the time when he first became known, as an opponent of the Duke of Lauderdale's administration, in the reign of Charles II., to the extinction of the Scottish parliament by the Union, it was only during about five years, towards the close of his career, that he appeared as an author. The first article in this collection was printed in 1698, and the last very early in 1704. He was the same man in composition, as in debate and action. He battles as vigorously with pen and press, as he had been accustomed to do with sword and tongue. One could have wished, that he had taken to writing sooner; and that more of his own romantic history, (for such it seems to have been by the scanty notices in the Earl of Buchan's *Essays on the Lives of Fletcher and Thomson,* published in 1792,) and of the particulars of his intercourse with the great actors of his times, had been preserved: but still we take up with interest whatever was written by so extraordinary a man as he really was; by one who had studied so intently, and thought so freely, and felt so strongly; who was at once so accomplished a scholar, and so bustling a politician; whose family was so noble, and whose principles so levelling; for his mother was descended from the stock of Bruce, and every beating of his republican heart sent royal blood rushing through his veins;—who was one of the only two Scotchmen admitted to the confidence of Lord Russell's Council of Six; who accompanied the unfortunate Monmouth on his desperate undertaking; who was the associate of Sir Patrick Hume, and the other illustrious refugees at the Hague, by whom the revolution of 1688 was concerted; who never asked nor received any honour or emolument from the sovereign whom he had helped to raise to the throne, but regarded his measures with the same jealous patriotism as he had manifested towards others; and who, in the Scottish parliament, fought vigorously and splendidly the last battle of his country's independence. The relics of such a man must be regarded with reverence.

There is a cotemporary character of him prefixed to his works, which so well epitomizes his history, and is so good and true in itself, that we insert it. It is taken "from a MS. in the library of the late Thomas Rawlinson, Esq."

"Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun, is a gentleman of good estate in Scotland, attended with the improvement of a good education. He was knight of the shire for Lothian, to that parliament where the Duke of York was commissioner, in the reign of King Charles II., and openly opposed the designs of that prince, and the fatal bill of Accession, which obliged him to retire, first to England, and then to Holland.

"The Duke of York could not forgive his behaviour in that par-

liament; they summoned him to appear at Edinburgh, which he not daring to do, was declared traitor, and his estate confiscated: he retired to Hungary, and served several campaigns under the Duke of Lorrain: he returned to Holland, after the death of King Charles II., and came over to England with the Duke of Monmouth; had the misfortune to shoot the Mayor of Lime after his landing; and on it returned again to Holland; and came over at the revolution with the Prince of Orange.

"He is so zealous an assertor of the liberties of the people, that he is too jealous of the growing power of all princes; in whom he thinks ambition so natural, that he is not for trusting the best of princes with the power which ill ones may make use of against the people: believes all princes were made by, and for the good of, the people; and thinks princes should have no power but that of doing good. This made him oppose King Charles; invade King James; and oppose the giving so much power to King William, whom he never would serve; nor does he ever come into the administration of this Queen: but stands up a stout pillar for the constitution of the parliament of Scotland.

"He is a gentleman, steady in his principles, of nice honour, with abundance of learning: brave as the sword he wears, and bold as a lion: a sure friend and an irreconcileable enemy: would lose his life readily to serve his country; and would not do a base thing to save it. His thoughts are large as to religion, and could never be brought within the bounds of any particular sect. Nor will he be under the distinction of a whig or tory; saying, those names are used to cloak the knaves of both.

"His notions of government. however, are too fine spun, and can hardly be lived up to by men subject to the common frailties of nature; neither will he give allowance for extraordinary emergencies; witness the Duke of Shrewsbury, with whom he had always been very intimate; yet the duke coming to be Secretary of State a second time, purely to save his country, this gentleman would never be in common charity with him afterwards. And my Lord Spencer, now Lord Sunderland, for voting for the army, was used by that man much after the same manner.

"He hath wrote some very good things; but they are not published in his name: he hath a very good genius. A low, thin man, of a brown complexion; full of fire; with a stern, sour look; and fifty years old."

The publications here referred to are, we apprehend, those collected in this volume. The character is very accurately drawn, and the failings which it ascribes are fully certified by both the life and writings of Fletcher. He was, in truth, of a fiery, impetuous, and overbearing disposition; a thing not very uncommon with great reformers, or those who aspire to be, or to be thought so. So generally are they of this temperament, that it may almost be taken as an essential part of the character. It cleaves to them from Martin Luther down to William

Cobbett. Nature seems seldom to have bestowed the exact portion of irritability, which would make man a sturdy opponent to public wrong, and yet an amiable and unassuming companion, and gentle master of those whom he commands. The hatred of subordination, of the individual's own subordination to others; that is, not of theirs to him; is often mistaken for the love of liberty; but where there is every reason to believe the latter most sincere and fervent, it has too often been allayed by an impatience of any obstacle in the theories or conduct of others. We must very often take heroes and patriots, as well as horses, with all faults; glad at whatever good they may do in the world, admirers of the formidable energies they display, but not at all disposed to desire their daily companionship in place of the less daring, but more accommodating and gentle spirits who bless our quiet hours.

Another fault of Fletcher's, and as to the success of his political efforts a more serious one, is hinted at in the character just quoted, on which we must also suffer a verdict of guilty to be taken, and judgment to pass: and that is, his entertaining "fine spun notions of government," or, in plain terms, his republicanism. Not that it is any fault, whether it be folly is another question, to consider a republic the most perfect form of government; nor is such a speculation, if it be only a speculation, at all inconsistent with being a good and faithful subject under a monarchy, and even doing the state some service. Nor is it at all to be complained of, but rather to be praised, if in some great convulsion, when the foundations of society are broken up, and its elements mingled in chaotic confusion, such convictions should inspire an effort to re-arrange them in the supposed best of all possible modes. But for one born and living under a settled monarchy, professing allegiance to the government, and holding a public station of the highest importance, that of a legislator; and who, in virtue of that profession, is continually aiming to effect alterations in existing laws; for such an one to act and reason on principles peculiarly republican, and by argument or ridicule strive to bring monarchy into contempt, is something worse than injudicious, and must bring after it not only the failure of attempts at reform, which might otherwise have succeeded, but the disapprobation of every sound mind on the inconsistent reformer. Fletcher has exposed himself to this censure. Buchan tells the following anecdote of him: "Fletcher used to say, with Cromwell and Milton, that the trappings of a monarchy and a great aristocracy would patch up a very clever little commonwealth." Being in company one day with the witty Dr. Pitcairn, the conversation turned on a person of learning, whose history was not distinctly known. "I knew the man well," said Fletcher, "he

was hereditary professor of divinity at Hamburgh." "*Hereditary* professor!" said Pitcairn, with a laugh of astonishment and derision. "Yes, doctor," replied Fletcher, "hereditary professor of divinity. What think you of an hereditary king?" This is rather a specimen than evidence, of which the reader will find abundance, in some of the measures which he advocated; such as transferring the disposal of all offices, of the control of the army, &c. from the sovereign to the parliament; and in many of the reasonings by which these and other schemes were advocated, as in the "Conversation concerning a right regulation of governments for the common good of mankind," where he sarcastically demonstrates even limited hereditary monarchy to be "a mad kind of government."

We are, however, beginning at the wrong end, and commencing our sentence with the qualifying *but*, which should have come afterwards, when the laudatory clause had been fully expressed. This might not do in cotemporary criticism, but we retrospectives are privileged; and it may naturally happen, that in looking back we observe that first, at which the regular traveller by the road would arrive last. It is true, the journals of the day have an excuse for censure which we cannot plead, as it behoves them to notice whatever comes out, good, bad, or indifferent, while we can pick and cull from the stores of all ages. If an old book be not worth reading, it is not worth our while to tear it from its grave to review it: but still the best are not perfect, and our vituperations may afford a little consolation for the victims of modern critics, and pour balm in the wounds made by their lashes.

Fletcher's works consist of Speeches in the Scottish Parliament, in the years 1701 and 1703; Political Discourses on "Government, with relation to militias," on the affairs of Scotland, on those of Spain, and "an account of a conversation concerning a right regulation of governments for the common good of mankind."

So far as the claims of an orator to excellence in his art can be decided by printed speeches, those of Fletcher entitle him to considerable eminence. They are chiefly characterized by vehement reasoning. He was as argumentative as Fox, whose eloquence, it has been justly said, was his logic; and as fiery and impetuous as Lord Chatham. But he did not usually reason, like Fox, upon great principles; or, if he did, they were principles by no means universally received, and not less obnoxious to his opponents than the conclusions at which he aimed. Nor did he, like that illustrious man, breathe such a spirit of philanthropy into his opposition to power, as made hatred to the oppressor, if it appeared at all, only subordinate to, and necessarily flowing from, pity for the oppressed, and

benevolence to mankind in general. Fletcher seems rather to patronize the victim, because he hated the tyrant. His benevolence towards the many is more the effect than the cause of his animosity to the few. He is tremendously vituperative. Every sentence is an argument, and every argument an impeachment. His words are blows. Yet he was less formidable than Lord Chatham, for he wanted that continuous intensity of passion, and that regality of a domineering will, which clothed some of his effusions with the awful desolating splendour of a flood of burning lava. The one only attacks, the other commands and crushes. The one makes good hits at his antagonists, the other drives furiously over them. The whole of the "Speech on the state of the nation" is illustrative of Fletcher's power, and of the limits of that power; of his resemblance to our greatest orators, and of his distinctive inferiority. The following extract from his censure of the Partition-Treaty will shew as much of what we mean, as can well be done by so few sentences:

"The letter of this treaty tells us of preserving the peace of Europe by dismembering the Spanish monarchy; but the spirit throws it entire into the family of Bourbon, entails an endless war upon Christendom, breaks the balance which has preserved its liberty for two hundred years, and will consequently banish all remains of freedom, both civil and religious, from among men. This treaty, like an alarum bell, rung over all Europe: Pray God it may not prove to you a passing bell. Poor helpless Spain, rather than divide the child, chose to give it entire to the harlot, to whom it did not belong. And she has got it; for the Solomon who commanded to divide the child, did it not in order to do justice. Instead of the preservation of the peace of Europe, (for no great mischief was ever designed, but piety was still pretended) Europe must from this time be either in a posture of war, and so consumed by taxes; or in actual war, wasted by bloodshed and rapine, till she be forced to hold out her hands to the shackles, and submit to a worse condition. These are the glorious works of such governors as the world thinks they cannot be without; perhaps too truly: I mean those who are to execute God's judgement upon them."

There is more of allusion in this passage than Fletcher was accustomed to employ. We suppose it "laid in his way and he found it." What there is, however, is there for annoyance, not for ornament. If he stoops, 'tis not to gather flowers to adorn himself, but nettles to sting others. A better specimen of his usual style is the conclusion of his proposal for a general arming of the people, as a sequel to his favourite bill for offering the crown, on the death of Queen Anne, with such conditions as would fully secure the independence and liberty of Scotland:

"Other nations, if they think they can trust standing armies, may by their means defend themselves against foreign enemies. But we, who have not wealth sufficient to pay such forces, should not, of all nations under heaven, be unarmed. For us then to continue without arms is to be directly in the condition of slaves: to be found unarmed in the event of her majesty's death, would be to have no manner of security for our liberty, property, or the independence of this kingdom. By being unarmed, we every day run the risk of our all, since we know not how soon that event may overtake us: to continue still unarmed, when by this very act now under deliberation we have put a case which by happening may separate us from England, would be the grossest of all follies. And if we do not provide for arming the kingdom in such an exigency, we shall become a jest and a proverb to the world."

The peroration of his speech on the Limitation Bill itself is in a higher strain; it closes some energetic argument by this appeal:

"If therefore either reason, honour, or conscience, have any influence upon us; if we have any regard either to ourselves or posterity; if there be any such thing as virtue, happiness, or reputation, in this world, or felicity in a future state, let me adjure you by all these not to draw upon your heads everlasting infamy, attended with the eternal reproaches and anguish of an evil conscience, by making yourselves and your posterity miserable."

It is only with the two great men just mentioned, that Fletcher can be brought into comparison. He has little in common with the other distinguished parliamentary orators of the last reign, to whom we look as models; with that race of giants, now extinct, who had no predecessors, and seem likely to have no successors. He had nothing of the consummate art, exquisite arrangement, and sonorous periods of Pitt; nor of the argumentative metaphor which Grattan poured forth, like a torrent leaping from rock to rock, and not flowing, but bounding to the end of its career; nor of the subtle analysis, profound speculation, and mingled refinement of thought and homeliness of illustration, which give such a zest to Windham's speeches; nor could his genius kindle up, like Burke's, into a sun radiant alike with truth and fancy, its beams glancing over heaven and earth, here playing on a planet, and there glittering in a dew-drop. Yet the absence of these powers was often more than compensated by the tone of sincerity, earnestness, and determination, in which he spoke. He never played, or seemed to play, either with his subject or upon his hearers. He went steadily to his object, and used the most direct, honourable, and efficient, means for the accomplishment of his purpose. He came into the field apparelled for battle, and

not for tilt or tournament. His speeches teach not the tricks, or even the graces, of oratory, but the principles of freedom and the facts of history. There are no episodes in them. You can make no elegant extracts from them, which any body may read and enjoy who neither knows nor cares about the events of that time and country, or of any other time and country. You may commence fine-passage hunting, but that chace is soon abandoned for a more interesting one; you plunge into the deadly Union conflict, and, at last, feel defeated and disgraced by the triumph of imbecility, corruption, and servility; and shut the book with execrations on the Hamiltons, Queensburys, Montroses, and Banffs, of the day. This is much the same effect as is produced by the orations of the great master, Demosthenes, whom we read at school with no great pleasure; he was so very business-like, every thing was so much to the purpose, and a purpose in which we had little concern; and there was such a lack of the adventitious ornament, the beautiful painting, and the imposing description, to which we had been used in Cicero. The thing was too good for us. The reader who really enjoys the speeches of the Athenian demagogue will not be disappointed in those of the Scottish patriot.

The Political Treatises in this volume are quite as good, in their way, as the speeches, and display a mind thoroughly imbued with historical and classical literature, ardently attached to the cause of liberty, and honourably devoted to its promotion. Fletcher well deserves Thomson's praise of Sidney; he, too, was

> "By ancient learning, to the enlighten'd love
> Of ancient freedom, warm'd."

The philosopher of Malmsbury never made a greater blunder than when he translated *Thucydides*, in order to disgust the English people with the republican form of government. He was deceived as to the impression, by his own constitutional cowardice. He reckoned on blowing out the flame of faction, and actually gave undesigned aid towards fanning it into rebellion. To men of sterner stuff, the contests which terrified him were a scene of pleasurable excitement. Slaves, unless nature has formed them, and art trained them well, to be cowardly and contented slaves, should never read the Classics. Not the historians and orators of antiquity, at least; no, not even in castrated editions. They are full of dangerous matter. Nor is the love of liberty which they engender always exactly of that sort, which the rational friend of his country and of his species will regard with complacency. It is too apt to fix itself on forms, which, after all, are of comparatively little moment; to disregard the moral character of means; to attempt that by

violence, which to be really valuable and permanent must be accomplished by reason; and to sacrifice to the projected freedom of the whole, too much of the real liberty of the individuals or classes which make up that whole. Something of this in Fletcher often mixes a little pain and blame with our admiration of one, who was so immeasurably superior to the unprincipled sycophants and hypocrites to whom he was opposed, and who are fixed as the eternal shades of his picture, in the history of Scotland.

He was a great schemer: project after project rises upon us all through the volume. There is first a magnificent plan for superseding standing armies by universal training; then for relieving the dreadful distresses, which, at that time, prevailed in Scotland, by reviving domestic slavery, though in a very modified and mitigated form: next, a system of agricultural improvement; after that, his provision for the security of Scottish independence by annual parliaments, &c.; and finally, an Utopia on a larger scale, for the benefit of all Europe at least. The practical politician will laugh at all this, and deserve to be laughed at himself when he has done. Let him stick to his last, and cobble up matters as he can with his temporary expedients: no statesman was ever good for much who had not some propensity for theories; and he is most properly said to be guided by experience, who is familiar with history, which is the recorded experience of all nations and ages; and who thence derives wisdom and courage to employ extraordinary means for the accomplishment of extraordinary and benevolent purposes, either of reformation or improvement, of remedy for existing evil, or provision for future good.

The "Discourse of Government with relation to Militias" deserves an earnest recommendation to that timid race of men, who, in their apprehensions of danger to their persons or properties, from internal commotion or external assault, overlook the manifold mischiefs of a complete, or something approximating to a complete, separation of the characters of soldier and citizen. Fletcher has luminously shewn how essential their union is to the freedom of a state; how effective it is for defence; nay, how consistent it may be made with the grandest schemes of conquest. He has accurately marked the great change which took place in the governments of Europe, about the end of the fifteenth century, from limited to arbitrary monarchy; traced the circumstances which obstructed its progress in England and Scotland, and connected it with the transfer of the power of the sword from the aristocracy to the sovereign. So long as the feudal system remained, and royal armies were made up of the retainers of inferior chieftains, holding lands by the tenure of military service, the king and the barons were

mutually dependent, and essential to each other's security and consequence. The impoverishment of the nobility, the emancipation of vassals, the extension of commerce, and consequently increasing importance of the inferior orders in states, destroyed this equipoise. Lands were alienated, and military service ceased. Soldiers were hired, and war became a trade; and the sovereign who had once obtained money to purchase such instruments soon felt their power, to enable him to obtain more. Standing armies and despotism thus came in together. The manly remonstrances of the barons prevented this result in Scotland; and in England the Commons had previously possessed themselves of the purse-strings of the nation. We think Fletcher has greatly underrated the worth of this check on the encroachments of prerogative. The sole right of the Commons to levy taxes, sometimes so clearly recognized by the monarch, and at others so vainly and even fatally contested, has in fact preserved the power of the sword, in this country, to the subject. And if the Commons possess it not so completely as the barons, still we must remember that they hold it on behalf of the whole community, with which they are identified in interest, while the barons only limited the sovereign for their own advantage, and thought their own paternal care an ample provision for their vassals. Should the Commons cease to be what their name implies, the representatives of the people, all check on their behalf, of course, ceases too, and England loses her proud exemption from the general lot. But although the evil of a regular soldiery be thus materially diminished, there can be little doubt that Fletcher's plan is far more favourable to freedom. Generally, at least, the regular soldier is but ill qualified to act the part of a good citizen. His habits of implicit obedience and absolute command are fatal to those feelings which should be strongest in the bosoms of the subjects of a free state. A soldier for life, and one who only is called to bear arms on emergency, and for a limited period, and who then returns to mingle in the mass of citizens, are very different beings; and the military skill of the one is as friendly, as that of the other is hostile, to the liberties of a nation. In fact, necessity has always been pleaded for standing armies. Fletcher demonstrates the delusiveness of the plea by various cases, in which even a hastily raised and ill-formed militia, animated by that sense of right and justice, without which whoever bears arms is only a hired murderer, have beaten veteran troops and able officers. He also appeals to the history of the nations most celebrated for retaining their liberty:

"The militia of ancient Rome, the best that ever was in any government, made her mistress of the world: but standing armies

enslaved that great people, and their excellent militia and freedom perished together. The Lacedemonians continued eight hundred years free, and in great honour, because they had a good militia. The Swisses are at this day the freest, happiest, and the people of all Europe who can best defend themselves, because they have the best militia."

We have intimated, that one of Fletcher's schemes was the revival of domestic slavery, and it would be very unjust to leave this without a little explanation. We think he was decidedly wrong, but not *so* wrong as the bare mention of the plan may lead the reader to suppose. It is contained in his "Second Discourse on the affairs of Scotland," published in 1698, when three years of scarcity, almost amounting to famine, had produced the most frightful distress. There were, "besides a great many poor families very meanly provided for by the church-boxes, with others who by living upon bad food fell into various diseases, two hundred thousand people begging from door to door." The country was in a state of the greatest misery and consequent demoralization. "Now what I would propose," says our author, "upon the whole matter is, that for some present remedy of so great a mischief, every man of a certain estate in this nation should be obliged to take a proportionable number of those vagabonds, and either employ them in hedging and ditching his grounds, or any other sort of work in town and country; or, if they happen to be children and young, that he should educate them in the knowledge of some mechanical art, that so every man of estate might have a little manufacture at home, which might maintain those servants, and bring great profit to the master, as they did to the ancients, whose revenue, by the manufactures of such servants, was much more considerable than that of their lands." Abuses he thought would be sufficiently guarded against by the following regulations:

"First, then, their masters should not have power over their lives, but the life of the master should go for the life of the servant. The master should have no power to mutilate or torture him; that in such cases the servant should not only have his freedom, (which alone would make him burdensome to the public) but a sufficient yearly pension, so long as he should live, from his said master. That he, his wife and children, should be provided for in clothes, diet, and lodging. That they should be taught the principles of morality and religion; to read, and be allowed the use of certain books: that they should not work upon Sundays, and be allowed to go to church: that in every thing, except their duty as servants, they should not be under the will of their masters, but the protection of the law: that when these servants grow old, and are no more useful to their masters, (lest upon that account they should be ill used) hospitals should be pro-

vided for them by the public: that if, for their good and faithful service, any master give them their freedom, he should be obliged to give them likewise wherewithal to subsist, or put them in a way of living without being troublesome to the commonwealth: that they should wear no habit or mark to distinguish them from hired servants: that any man should be punished who gives them the opprobrious name of slave. So, except it were that they could possess nothing, and might be sold, which really would be but an alienation of their service without their consent, they would live in a much more comfortable condition (wanting nothing necessary for life) than those who having a power to possess all things, are very often in want of every thing, to such a degree that many thousands of them come to starve for hunger."

Now all this really is much more humane than the schemes which have recently sprung out of the Malthusian philosophy, for turning the poor absolutely adrift, and telling them that they may go hang or starve, for the poor rates have reached a maximum. And there must be thousands in the united kingdom for whom such a provision, slavery though it be, would, as to the supply of all animal wants, be incalculably more comfortable than any thing they can do for themselves. Still it *is* slavery. Fletcher shall reply:

"But they must pardon me if I tell them, that I regard not names, but things; and that the misapplication of names has confounded every thing. We are told, there is not a slave in France; that when a slave sets his foot upon French ground, he becomes immediately free: and I say, that there is not a freeman in France, because the king takes away any part of any man's property at his pleasure; and that let him do what he will to any man there is no remedy. The Turks tell us, there are no slaves among them, except Jews, Moors, or Christians; and who is there that knows not they are all slaves to the grand seignior, and have no remedy against his will? A slave properly is one, who is absolutely subjected to the will of another man without any remedy; and not one that is only subjected under certain limitations, and upon certain accounts necessary for the good of the commonwealth, though such an one may go under that name. And the confounding these two conditions of men by a name common to both has in my opinion been none of the least hardships put upon those who ought to be named servants. We are all subjected to the laws; and the easier or harder conditions imposed by them upon the several ranks of men in any society, make not the distinction that is between a freeman and a slave."

This distinction is good as far as it goes, but for its completion it is certainly necessary to inquire, Who makes the laws? for, unless they are "the state's collective will," submission to them is but slavery after all; though it is a species of slavery which many think very right and reasonable, who

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would start with horror from that which Fletcher proposed to establish. Such are they who maintain, that "the people have nothing to do with the laws, but to obey them."

The evils of his scheme, as relating to the condition of its objects, are, that it would be continually deteriorating into a system of intolerable oppression; the masters would make and execute the laws, with no other check on the dictates of cupidity and cruelty than the fear of an insurrection, which, as they would scarcely trust arms in other hands than their own, would not be very powerful; and also, that the great spur to industry, the prospect of bettering their condition, would be wanting; for a slave would scarcely think of obtaining freedom by exertions which would make him more valuable as a slave. The fact, that the poorest man may rise to opulence, with the conspicuous examples which occasionally happen of such elevation, has made thousands industrious, comfortable, and useful members of society, who yet have never emerged from the station in which they were born.

But religion has well taught us, that "man shall not live by bread alone." The consciousness of freedom is a source of dignity and enjoyment, for which no improvement in the quality of food or clothing is a compensation. Had not Fletcher been blinded for a moment by his reveries, he would have admired, instead of reprobating, the hatred of the very name of slave; from which he anticipated the chief obstacle to the execution of his plan.

"But these things, when once resolved, must be executed with great address, diligence, and severity; for that sort of people is so desperately wicked, such enemies of all work and labour, and, which is yet more amazing, so proud, in esteeming their own condition above that which they will be sure to call slavery, that, unless prevented by the utmost industry and diligence, upon the first publication of any orders necessary for putting in execution such a design, they will rather die with hunger in caves and dens, and murder their young children, than appear abroad to have them and themselves taken into such a kind of service."

And had they been but "vagabond" Greeks or Romans, instead of Scots, he would have applauded them "to the very echo" for such a determination. Or had his own scheme but been an English measure, how would he have thundered. Such is human nature. How differently he felt and reasoned as to the Union. Had he been convinced, that all the commercial advantages which the warmest supporters of that measure anticipated would infallibly have been realized, how little would his antipathy have abated. He well knew, that national independence and personal liberty were not mere words; but well

worth "riches fineless;" and perhaps only on this occasion, and on the latter subject, did he forget his principles in any thing which he deliberately advocated.

Passing over various speculations, we shall just notice that contained in the "Conversation concerning a right regulation of Governments for the common good of mankind:" an end for which it is pretty clear that they are not very uniformly regulated as things were then, or are now.

The project is to take about twelve of the principal cities of the three kingdoms, and having proportionally divided the land, to constitute each city the sovereign of the adjacent country, all the little states thus formed being federally united, under the authority of delegates, or of a monarch, as might be deemed most expedient; and a similar division and union, obtaining in Europe, or all the world over, according to the great boundaries which the hand of nature or similarity of language, manners, or religion, has prescribed. It is argued, that such an arrangement would annihilate many of the greatest evils by which the world has been afflicted.

First, the interests of distant or subordinate provinces would no longer be sacrificed to the pride or selfish policy of a dominant state, as were those of Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and the American colonies, to England. Each of these instances is adduced by Fletcher, and he thus states the effects of the union of the two crowns, on the condition of his own country:

"I desired to inform him, that the trade of Scotland was considerable before the union of the two crowns: that as the increase of the English trade had raised the value of their lands, so the loss of our trade had sunk the rents in Scotland, impoverished the tenant, and disabled him in most places from paying his landlord any otherwise than in corn; which practice has been attended with innumerable inconveniences and great loss: that our trade was formerly in so flourishing a condition, that the shire of Fife alone had as many ships as now belong to the whole kingdom: that ten or twelve towns, which lie on the south coast of that province, had, at that time, a very considerable trade, and in our days are little better than so many heaps of ruins: that our trade with France was very advantageous, by reason of the great privileges we enjoyed in that kingdom: that our commerce with Spain had been very considerable, and began during the wars between England and that nation; and that we drove a great trade in the Baltic with our fish, before the Dutch had wholly possessed themselves of that advantageous traffic. Upon the union of the crowns not only all this went to decay, but our money was spent in England, and not among ourselves; the furniture of our houses, and the best of our clothes and equipage, was bought at London: and though particular persons of the Scots' nation had many great and profitable places at court, to the high displeasure of the English, yet that was no advantage to our country, which was totally neglected,

like a farm managed by servants, and not under the eye of the master."

Notwithstanding the loss of America, all the lessons of experience, and all the increasing lights of the age on the subject of political economy, this evil is not yet worn out altogether, and in part it is evidently irremediable, unless by some such plan as this of Fletcher's. Even supposing the legislature of a large empire to make the wisest and most impartial laws, as to commerce; or, what is perhaps still better, to make no laws at all; still, if there be any good in the gradations of society, any advantage in the existence of a class of superior rank, wealth, and education, their general diffusion over the face of a country, the expenditure of their revenues in the neighbourhoods where those revenues are raised, and the influence of their acquirements and superiority on those who are condemned to toil, that they may be great and wise, is evidently more useful, as well as more just, than their collection into splendid masses to adorn a court.

Secondly.—As, under this arrangement, the capital of each state would be but of moderate size, an end would be put, or at least comparatively narrow limits would be fixed, to the vice and suffering inseparable from crowding together such immense multitudes as form the population of London, for instance; where the inducements to crime, from example, necessity, the chance of secrecy, the aid of combination, and the absence of that neighbourhood which makes every man feel that he has a character to support, are so very much greater than they could be if the same number of people were distributed into several cities or towns; and where, too, so much larger a quantity of wretchedness may exist without exciting the attention of the benevolent, or being, when noticed, so easily alleviated. By the moralist, at least, a great city has always been considered a great evil.

Thirdly.—In such a form of society, there would be little war; for while the confederated states were powerful for defence, they would be feeble for attack, and to hold conquests in common would be scarcely practicable.

Thus did

> " his ardent mind
> Shape goodliest plans of happiness on earth,
> And peace and liberty. Wild dreams! but such
> As Plato lov'd; such as with holy zeal
> Our Milton worshipped."

Even the reveries of great and original thinkers are not only worth preserving, but worth studying. However inade-

quate the means, or unattainable the end may be, in the Utopian speculations of such men, there is still this advantage, that we see their notions of the causes of the numerous evils which afflict society; and though the proposed remedy may be unavailing, it is still something to become acquainted with the origin of the disease. A great service would doubtless be rendered to the human race, by ascertaining how much of what we endure results from the constitution of our nature, and is essential to our condition; and how much, being merely the fruit of unwise institutions, or erroneous principles, may be removed by persevering and well-directed efforts. The various schemes of perfect governments, and new states of society, which have been offered to the world, may be advantageously used as aids in the prosecution of this important inquiry; nor can such men as Plato, More, Harrington, Fletcher, Wallace, Hume, and Godwin, have laboured, or even sported, on the subject, without contributing, and that largely, towards supplying materials for a rational conclusion. The last mentioned author called forth the most imposing attempt which has yet been made, to prove, that while man exists, oppression, vice, misery, and war, must exist also. But even this philosophy of despair has been gradually modified, in successive editions, by the introduction of moral restraint, as a check on that tendency of population to increase, which is represented as the source of "all our woe," and the enlarged sphere assigned to its operations. Our hope for man now appears to have been only drugged with opiates, not absolutely poisoned, and she begins to revive from her slumbers. So should it be; for there is nothing more deadly, than despair of man, to all honourable, patriotic, and philanthropic exertions. The "aliquid immensum infinitumque," floating before the mind, is as needful for the inspiration of the patriot, as of the orator. Christianity has directed him who would shine in moral worth to "go on unto perfection;" and Fletcher, and men like Fletcher, have done, and will do, not all they wish indeed, but more of good than without such glorious visions they would ever achieve, by striving to make an Utopia of their country.

ART. VIII. *Lucasta: Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, &c. &c.; to which is added Aramantha, a Pastoral. By* Richard Lovelace, Esq. *Lond.* 1649, *octavo.*

Lucasta: Posthume Poems of Richard Lovelace, Esq.

Those honours come too late,
That on our ashes waite. *Mart. lib.* 1. *Ep.* 26.

Lond. 1659.

There was a period in our literary history when a power of versifying was the fashionable distinction,—the last grace of an accomplished courtier; the most approved means of approach to a lady's favour in a lover; and the most elegant relaxation or resource of the occupied or idle gallant. In those times, a man would have had but small pretensions to the haughty charms of a reigning beauty, unless he could immortalize them in verse, or bestow the sanctifying grace of rhyme on her meanest decoration. Every lover was then poet-laureate to his mistress, and, by office, celebrated every accident of her immaculate person. His song of triumph was the glory of her resplendent beauty. The achievements which he sounded forth were broken hearts, fatal glances, routed resolution. And the homage which he paid with never failing perseverance, was the comparison of her particular graces with all the flowers that fade, and all the gems of enduring brilliancy. When such was the employment of so many high-born gallant cavaliers, of lofty spirits and good education, we cannot be surprised, that, amidst much forced and unnatural composition, it frequently happened that, in a happy mood, they struck out noble pieces of sentiment and imagery, which deserve to be rescued from the surrounding lumber; which, like mirrors in the midst of old fashioned furniture that has lost its original splendour and become dull and tawdry, still retain their brightness and their utility. Amidst all the poetical efforts of a long series of years, it would be strange indeed, if a noble race of gallant Englishmen, full of youth and wealth, and stimulated by the example of the court, had not, even when writing for an ephemeral purpose, given birth to much deserving of preservation. It is true, that the pernicious taste of the age directed them into an unnatural and artificial vein, but nature could not but break out at intervals, and shew itself by the freedom of the air and the ease of the versification. They could not always keep up that elaborate search after novel contrasts and unnatural composition, and when the impulse of their own feelings got the better of their

vitiated habits of writing, they sometimes gave themselves up to the effusion of those parts of their poems, which they perhaps thought of least value, but which alone we think worthy of being preserved. Among all the gay and sprightly courtiers of Charles I., none was more distinguished than Colonel Richard Lovelace; whether for the exquisite beauty of his person, the elegant endowments of his mind, or the witty and sparkling ingenuity of his conversation. Like numberless others of his rank and station, he was remarkable for his attachment to his sovereign, in whose misfortunes he soon became involved. In *his* service he spent great part of his property, the rest appears to have been consumed by the expenses of his family, and the exactions of the men in power. The calamities of the party, to which he adhered, his own loss of fortune, his imprisonments, and, indeed, the blighting of all the high raised views and expectations, which his brilliant entrance into life would doubtless cause to spring up in such a mind, at last brought on a state of despairing wretchedness, which, ending in a fatal consumption, soon terminated his life in a garret. The narrative of his life by Anthony Wood, in the *Athenæ Oxoniensis*, is exceedingly interesting, and, as described in his quaint and forcible language, becomes an instance of one of the most melancholy reverses of fortune, to be found in the annals of a set of men, the early poets of England, distinguished for the calamitous variety of their adventures. After recording his birth and parentage, &c., the Antiquary proceeds to his entry at Gloucester Hall, Oxford, in the "year 1634, and at the year of his age, sixteen, being then accounted the most amiable and beautiful person that eye ever beheld; a person also of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him then, but especially after, when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex. In 1636, when the king and queen were for some days at Oxon, he was, at the request of a great lady belonging to the queen, made to the Archbishop of Canterbury, then Chancellor of the University, actually created, among other persons of quality, Master of Arts, though but of two years' standing; at which time his conversation being made public, and consequently his ingenuity and generous soul discovered, he became as much admired by the male, as before by the female sex. After he had left the university, he retired in great splendour to the court, &c." Again, after speaking of his imprisonment by the parliament, for presenting the Kentish petition to the House of Commons, for the restoration of the king to his rights; Wood says, "during this time of confinement to London, he lived beyond the income of his estate, either to keep up the credit and reputation of the king's cause, by furnishing men with horses and

arms, or by relieving ingenious men in want, whether scholars, musicians, soldiers, &c."

In 1648 he was imprisoned a second time; but Wood relates, "after the murther of King Charles I., Lovelace was set at liberty, and having by that time consumed all his estate, grew very melancholy, (which brought him at length into a consumption;) became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged cloaths, (whereas when he was in his glory, he wore cloth of gold and silver) and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars and poorest of servants, &c. * * * * * * He died in a very mean lodging in Gunpowder Alley, near Shoe Lane, and was burried at the west end of St. Bride, &c. in 1658." Wood continues, "having been accounted, by all those that well knew him, to have been a person well versed in the Greek and Latin poets, in music, whether practical or theoretical, instrumental or vocal, and in other things befitting a gentleman. Some of the said persons have also added, in my hearing, that his common discourse was not only significant and witty, but incomparably graceful, which drew respect from all men and women. Many other things I could now say of him, relating either to his generous mind in his prosperity, or dejected estate in his worst part of poverty, but for brevity's sake I will now pass them by."*

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* In Mr. Bliss's new edition of the *Athenæ*, from which we quote, there is added in a note, *Aubrey's* account of Lovelace, printed from his papers; which is as follows: "Richard Lovelace, Esq., obiit in a cellar in Long Acre, a little before the restauration of his majestie. Mr. Edmund Wyld, &c, had made collections for him and given him money. He was of —— in Kent, £500. or more. He was an extraordinary handsome man, but proud. He wrote a poem called *Lucasta*, 8vo. 1649. He was of Gloucester-Hall, as I have been told. He had two younger brothers, viz. Colonel Fr. Lovelace, and another that died at Carmarthen. George Petty, haberdasher, in Fleet Street, carryed twenty shillings to him every Munday morning, from Sir —— Many and Charles Cotton, Esq. for months, but was never repayd." Aubrey is by no means esteemed very highly, and it is to be hoped that the accurate Anthony à Wood has, in this instance, somewhat exaggerated the misery of our unfortunate author, or been in some measure misinformed. For it appears that Lovelace's daughter, who married Lord ——'s (son or) nephew, brought her husband the family estates in Kent; though it is possible that during her father's lifetime, the rents may have been entirely in the hands of the creditors of Lovelace, or, if they had been previously sold, they may, at the restoration, have been returned to his family. Yet he left two, if not three, brothers behind him, who do not appear to have been in want, and who, it is hardly probable, would permit their brother to fall into the

But it is time to turn from the contemplation of the unhappy close of our author's life, to his poems, which were, doubtless, chiefly the production of the happier moments of it; when the absence of real distress allows the poet to amuse himself by inventing fictitious miseries; and the lover, perhaps, in the full enjoyment of his mistress's favour, will imagine himself now forsaken, and now rejected, out of the very wantonness of his joy. These poems, though consisting of numerous small pieces, had, it seems, the general name of *Lucasta* given them, from a lady to whom, says Wood, "sometime before, he had made his amours; a gentlewoman of great beauty and fortune, named Lucy Sacheverell, whom he usually called *Lux Casta*; but she, upon a strong report that Lovelace was dead of his wounds, received at Dunkirk, soon married." It was after his return from Dunkirk, when he, on his arrival in London, with his brother Dudley, was immediately committed to prison, that he beguiled the time of his confinement, by collecting and preparing these poems for the press. The collection, which he himself printed, the first *Lucasta*, is eminently superior to the posthumous publication; whether the first was a selection from the whole of his lucubrations, made by a discriminating taste, which we should scarcely be inclined to give the author credit for, or whether the second series *was* written at a later period than the former, when the author's spirit was broken, and his fire began to wax dim; certain it is, that, though nearly the whole may be said to be infected with the

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abject state above described. Especially as the greatest affection indubitably existed among them, and since Dudley Posthumus was indebted to his elder brother for his rank and education; for whose memory he appears to have had such a regard, that he, immediately after his death, collected and published his remains. Moreover, the numerous elegies upon his death, which are collected at the end of the posthumous *Lucasta*, are not in the strain which might have been expected, had Lovelace died in the friendless and wretched state described by Wood and Aubrey. Take for instance a few lines of his friend Charles Cotton's elegy.

> And though thy virtues many friends have bred,
> To love thee living and lament thee dead,
> In characters far better couch'd than these,
> Mine will not blot thy fame, nor their's increase.
> 'Twas by thine own great merits rais'd so high,
> That, maugre time and fate, it shall not die.

So that, perhaps, we may be allowed to indulge the pleasing hope, that he who once figured a noble specimen of humanity, did not die an example of abject poverty and misery.

poetical vices of the age, the latter contain the alloy in a much greater proportion, and possess very few redeeming qualifications. Indeed, the really good of Lovelace's remains may be collected in no great space, and we hope to make such extracts from them, as will render a reference to the works themselves unnecessary to all but the literary antiquary, or poetical student, who might, perhaps, contrive to disentangle thoughts too thickly interwoven with worthless rhyme for us to extract; or develope ideas for their own use, which, not unfrequently, shew but the rudiments of their formation, in the ingenious but perverted lines of our author. When Lovelace discloses his own natural feelings, his sentiments are sure to be noble, and his versification easy and spirited; but when he ransacks his brain for images and conceits, he is, commonly, harsh and obscure, though, sometimes, it must be confessed, new and ingenious. Specimens of both will appear in our extracts. The first that occurs, in the book, worthy of notice, is a most elegant little song, addressed to Lucasta, 'on his going to the wars.'

"Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast, and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True; a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And, with a stronger faith, embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more."

From a song of seven stanzas, to Amarantha, "that she would dishevel her hair," we can break off a few fragments, which present some pleasing versification, and not unfanciful imagery. What we leave behind, our readers may rest satisfied, would only mar any gratification to be derived from such as we can quote.

"Amarantha, sweet and fair,
Oh, braid, no more, that shining hair!
* * * * * *
Let it fly, as unconfin'd
As its calm ravisher, the wind;
Who hath left his darling th' east,
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.

Ev'ry tress, must be confest,
But neatly tangled, at the best:
Like a clue of golden thread,
Most excellently ravelled.

Do not then wind up that light,
In ribands, and o'er-cloud in night,
Like the sun, in's early ray;
But shake your head, and scatter day."

The stanzas on the Grasshopper are written with much fancy, spirit, and, what we do not often find in poets of Lovelace's time, a feeling and observation of nature. We quote the first part of it.

" Oh thou that swing'st upon the waving hair
Of some well-filled oaten beard,
Drunk ev'ry night with a delicious tear
Dropp'd thee from heav'n, where now thou'rt rear'd.

The joys of earth and air are thine entire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly;
And, when thy poppy works, thou dost retire
To thy carv'd acorn-bed to lie.

Up with the day, the sun thou welcom'st then,
Sport'st in the gilt-plats of his beams,
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,
Thyself, and melancholy streams.

But ah, the sickle! golden ears are cropp'd;
Ceres and Bacchus bid good night;
Sharp frosty fingers all your flow'rs have topp'd,
And what scythes spar'd, winds shave off quite.

Poor verdant fool! and now, green ice, thy joys
Large and as lasting as thy perch of grass,
Bid us lay in 'gainst winter, rain, and poise
Their floods with an o'erflowing glass."

The next extract, we shall make from what the author calls an epode from prison; a series of verses in a graver vein than is common with him. The scene of their composition, a prison, and the calamities of the times, appear to have abstracted his muse, for a while, from the contemplation of the charms of his Lucasta. After asking of Lucasta to grant him leave to try other loves, and " fancy all the world beside;" he thus commences, to " prove" the objects of his worthy of his devotion.

"First, I would be in love with peace,
And her rich swelling breasts' increase;
But how, alas! how can that be,
Despising earth, will she love me?

Fain would I be in love with war,
As my dear just avenging star;
But war is lov'd so ev'ry where,
Ev'n he disdains a lodging here.

Thee and thy wounds I would bemoan,
Fair thorough-shot religion;
But he lives only that kills thee,
And whoso binds thy hands, is free.

I would love a parliament
As a main prop from heav'n sent;
But ah! who's he that would be wedded
To th' fairest body that's beheaded?

Next would I court my liberty,
And then my birth-right, property;
But can that be, when it is known
There's nothing you can call your own?

A reformation I would have,
As for our griefs a sov'reign salve;
That is, a cleansing of each wheel
Of state, that yet some rust doth feel:

But not a reformation so,
As to reform were to o'erthrow;
Like watches by unskilful men
Disjointed, and set ill again.

The public faith I would adore,
But she is bankrupt of her store;
Nor how to trust her can I see,
For she, that cozens all, must me."

He concludes that nothing is worthy of his attachment but his sovereign, whose glories he celebrates to the end of the poem.

Lucasta is not the only object of his admiration. Whether, however, he woos the same lady under different names, or whether he had eyes for other charms than those of that pure,

but faithless 'light' of his love, we cannot tell. He thus celebrates the dancing and singing of Gratiana.

"See! with what constant motion,
Even and glorious as the sun,
Gratiana steers that noble frame,
Soft as her breast, sweet as her voice
That gave each winding law and poise,
And swifter than the wings of fame.
* * * * * *
Each step trod out a lover's thought
And the ambitious hopes he brought,
Chain'd to her brave feet with such arts;
Such sweet command, and gentle awe," &c.

In an epitaph on Mrs. Elizabeth Filmer, there are some fine lines, which shew that the vices of the court had not destroyed his relish for the beauty of virtue.

"You that shall live awhile before
Old time tires, and is no more;
When that this ambitious stone
Stoops low as what it tramples on;
Know that in that age, when sin
Gave the world law, and govern'd queen;
A virgin liv'd, that still put on
White thoughts, though out of fashion;
* * * * * *
Thus chaste as th' air whither she's fled,
She, making her celestial bed,
In her warm alabaster lay
As cold as in this house of clay;
Nor were the rooms unfit to feast,
Or circumscribe this angel-guest;
The radiant gem was brightly set,
In as divine a carcanet;
* * * * * *
Such an everlasting grace,
Such a beatific face
Incloisters here this narrow floor
That possessed all hearts before."

In the lines to his "worthy friend, Mr. Peter Lilly," on a picture of his majesty by that artist, we have a fine description of the expression of King Charles's face, admirably conveying that mixture of sweetness and sorrow, pride and goodnature, which *distinguish* all the portraits of that unfortunate monarch.

"See! what an humble bravery doth shine,
And grief triumphant breaking through each line,
How it commands the face! so sweet a scorn
Never did happy misery adorn!
So sacred a contempt! that others shew
To this, (o' th' height of all the wheel) below;
That mightiest monarchs by this shaded book
May copy out their proudest, richest look."

The poet, soon after, goes on to celebrate the improvement which the artist had made in the art of painting, in some bold lines, well worthy of a quotation.

"Not as of old, when a rough hand did speak
A strong aspect, and a fair face, a weak;
When only a black beard cried villain; and
By hieroglyphics we could understand;
When chrystal typified in a white spot,
And the bright ruby was but one red blot;
Thou dost the things orientally the same,
Not only paint'st its colour, but its flame;
Thou sorrow can'st design without a tear,
And, with the man, his very hope or fear;
So that th' amazed world shall henceforth find
None but my Lilly ever drew a mind."

One of these poems, the song of Althea, from prison, is well known, and has been long celebrated, both for its exquisite versification, and the beauty and nobleness of the thoughts. We cannot help thinking the second and third stanzas far inferior to the others; though, from the spirit of devoted loyalty, which the latter of the two breathes, they have doubtless contributed to the popularity of this little piece. As these verses are to be found in almost every collection of poetry, we shall content ourselves with quoting the first and last stanza, and omit the other two, which we cannot bring ourselves to admire.

"When love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates;
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd to her eye;
The birds that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

* * * * *

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free;
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty."

The song called the *Scrutiny* is a most delightful piece of male coquetry. It is written in the happiest vein of the times. A declaration of infidelity so impudent yet so ingenious, so cruel yet so easy and good humoured, so saucy and vain yet with such apparent good grounds for confidence, that even the deserted lady would instantly resign herself to the conviction that no chains however binding, no charms however powerful, could detain so inconstant a gallant.

"Why should you swear I am forsworn?
Since thine I vow'd to be;
Lady, it is already morn,
And 'twas last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

Have I not lov'd thee much and long,
A tedious twelve hours' space?
I must all other beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Could I still dote upon thy face.

Not but all joy in thy brown hair,
By others may be found;
But I must search the black and fair,
Like skilful mineralists that sound
For treasure in unplow'd-up ground.

Then, if when I have lov'd my round,
Thou prov'st the pleasant she;
With spoils of meaner beauties crown'd,
I laden will return to thee,
Ev'n sated with variety."

We extract the sonnet to "Elinda's Glove" as a very favorable specimen of the fanciful tributes in which the gallantry of Lovelace paid its homage to the fair sex. We cannot help being so heretical as to think the felicity of the verse and the happiness of some of the expressions too good even for the

"ten white nuns" of Elinda, as he elsewhere terms the fingers of a beauty.

"Thou snowy farm with thy five tenements!
Tell thy white mistress here was one
That call'd to pay his daily rents:
But she a gathering flow'rs and hearts is gone,
And thou left void to rude possession.

But grieve not, pretty Ermin cabinet,
Thy alabaster lady will come home;
If not, what tenant can there fit
The slender turnings of thy narrow room,
But must ejected be by his own doom.

Then give me leave to leave my rent with thee;
Five kisses, one unto a place:
For though the lute's too high for me,
Yet servants, knowing minikin nor base,
Are still allow'd to fiddle with the case."

Lovelace, whether he had experienced disappointment in his person or in that of some friend, writes with warm indignation against "the love of great ones." We quote some parts of rather a long poem on this subject, which are not without spirit and fire.

"The love of great ones! 'Tis a love
Gods are incapable to prove;
For where there is a joy uneven,
There never, never can be heaven:
'Tis such a love as is not sent
To fiends as yet for punishment;
Ixion willingly doth feel
The gyre of his eternal wheel;
Nor would he now exchange his pain
For clouds and goddesses again.
Would'st thou with tempests lie? Then bow
To the rougher furrows of her brow;
Or make a thunder-bolt thy choice?
Then catch at her more fatal voice;
Or 'gender with the lightning? try
The subtler flashes of her eye."

He thus represents the woman of quality addressing her humble wooer.

"But we (defend us!) are divine

Female, but madam-born, and come
From a right honourable womb:
Shall we then mingle with the base,
And bring a silver-tinsel race?
Whilst th' issue noble will not pass,
The gold allay'd, almost half brass,
And th' blood in each vein doth appear,
Part thick Boorein, part Lady Clear:
Like to the sordid insects sprung
From father sun, and mother dung;
Yet lose we not the hold we have,
But faster grasp the trembling slave;
Play at balloon with's heart, and wind
The strings like skeins; steal into his mind
Ten thousand hells, and feigned joys
Far worse than they; whilst, like whipp'd boys,
After this scourge he's hush with toys.
This heard, sir, play still in her eyes,
And be a dying; live like flies
Caught by their angle-legs, and whom
The torch laughs piecemeal to consume."

The concluding stanza of a song, supposed to be sung by Orpheus lamenting the death of his wife, is very beautiful.

"Oh could you view the melody
Of ev'ry grace,
And music of her face,
You'd drop a tear;
Seeing more harmony
In her bright eye,
Than now you hear."*

The following little ode, entitled *The Rose*, addressed to Lucasta, at least as much of it as we think worth extracting, possesses some elegance of diction, if nothing particularly new or beautiful in sentiment.

"Sweet, serene, sky-like flower,
Haste to adorn her bower:

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* "The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the *music* breathing from her face;
The heart, whose softness harmonized the whole, &c."
Bride of Abydos.

From thy long cloudy bed
Shoot forth thy damask head.

* * * * *

Vermillion ball that's given
From lip to lip in heaven:
Love's couch's coverlid:
Haste, haste, to make her bed.

* * * * *

See! rosy is her bower,
Her floor is all this flower;
Her bed a rosy nest,
By a bed of roses prest."

The posthumous poems, as we have already observed, are much inferior to those from which we have been quoting. We can, however, glean from them a small, though a very small, portion, which is worthy of being redeemed from oblivion.*

The first stanza of the song to the lover, representing the folly of his attempting to secure the affections of his mistress by gaudy dress, is worthy of the first *Lucasta*.

"Strive not, vain lover, to be fine,
Thy silk's the silk-worm's, and not thine;
You lessen to a fly your mistress' thought,
To think it may be in a cobweb caught.
What though her thin transparent lawn
Thy heart in a strong net hath drawn?
Not all the arms the god of fire ere made,
Can the soft bulwarks of naked love invade."

These lines taken from many others on "a snail," are fanciful and elegant.

"Now hast thou chang'd thee, saint, and made
Thyself a fane that's cupola'd;
And in thy wreathed cloister thou
Walkest thine own grey friar too;
Strict, and lock'd up, thou'rt hood all o'er,
And ne'er eliminat'st thy door.

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* This, however, has been already done, as far as a reprint can do it; in the very neat and elegant edition of the two *Lucastas* in Mr. Singer's early English poets. But the worthless too far overbalances the valuable in these poems to hope that general readers will have the patience to separate them.

On sallads thou dost feed severe,
And 'stead of beads thou drop'st a tear;
And when to rest, each calls the bell,
Thou sleep'st within thy marble cell;
Where, in dark contemplation plac'd,
The sweets of nature thou dost taste."

We can also extract the more modest praises of "Love made in the first age," addressed to Chloris.

"In the nativity of time,
Chloris! it was not thought a crime
In direct Hebrew for to woo;
Now we make love, as all on fire,
Ring retrograde our loud desire,
And court in English backward too.

* * * * *

A fragrant bank of strawberries,
Diaper'd with violet's eyes,
Was table, table-cloth, and fare;
No palace to the clouds did swell,
Each humble princess then did dwell
In the piazza of her hair.

Both broken faith, and th' cause of it,
All damning gold was damn'd to th' pit;
Their troth, seal'd with a clasp and kiss,
Lasted until that extreme day,
In which they smil'd their souls away,
And in each other breath'd new bliss."

We must, however, here close our extracts, which have certainly occupied as much space as we can afford to the merits of Lovelace; which, though they are far from being of the highest order, amply deserve the notice we have been able to give him. Such poems as they are, they rather shew what the author might have been, had he lived in other circumstances, and at a very different period, than give that full and satisfactory gratification to be derived from the efforts of more genuine inspiration. In the songs, and in the other happy offspring of Lovelace's muse, it will have been observed, that his verse is commonly smooth and harmonious. This character, however, by no means applies to the whole of his poems, the greater part of which are written in a very crabbed and obscure style. It is to be remarked, that the smoothness and felicity of his verse almost always accompanies a proportionate happiness

of imagery and thought. When writing in the fashion of the times his lines are cold and constrained, often forced and unnatural;—he appears hampered by confinement, and sings, to use his own phrase, though in a different application, "like a committed linnet;"—when he escapes from his thraldom, the gay air of a gallant high-thoughted cavalier graces every line. We will conclude this paper with a few scattered lines which we remarked in our perusal, but which, though worthy of notice, were not, for different reasons, of importance enough to be introduced into the body of our extracts.

In the duel of the toad and spider, he speaks of a description of punishment more horrible than any other we remember to have heard of.

> "Now as in witty torturing Spain,
> The brain is vex'd, to vex the brain;
> Where heretics' bare heads are arm'd
> In a close helm, and in it charm'd
> An overgrown and meagre rat,
> That piecemeal nibbles himself fat."

In the triumphs of Philamore and Amoret, he has this finely expressed comparison.

> ——————— "as at a coronation,
> When noise, the guard, and trumpets are o'er-blown,
> The silent commons mark their prince's way,
> And with still reverence both look and pray."

He compares a toad and a spider, about to engage with each other, in these terms.

> "Have you not seen a carrack lie
> A great cathedral in the sea,
> Under whose Babylonian walls
> A small thin frigate alms-house stalls;
> So in his slime the toad doth float,
> And th' spider by, but seems his boat."

Perhaps a black patch on a lady's cheek, covering a bee's sting, was never before mentioned in terms so exalted as the following.

> "And that black marble tablet there,
> So near her either sphere,
> Was plac'd; nor foil, nor ornament,
> But the sweet little bee's large monument."

ART. IX.—*The History of the Gwedir Family. By* Sir John Wynne, *the first Baronet of that name:*

Cui genus, a proavis ingens.—*Virg.*

8*vo. London,* 1773.

Sir John Wynne, the historian of the Gwedir family, was the representative of one of the wealthiest and most ancient families in North Wales. He was born in 1553, and married Sidney, daughter of Sir William Gerard, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, by whom he had nine sons and two daughters. In 1611, he was created a baronet, and died fifteen years afterwards, at the advanced and venerable age of seventy-three. The baronetcy terminated in his grandson, Sir John, in default of male issue; but some of the first houses in the principality claim an alliance with the family through the female branches,—as the Burrells, Lords Gwydyr;—(who are also representatives of the extinct dukedom of Ancaster,)—the Wynns of Wynnstay and Penniarth,—the Vaughans of Nannau and Hêngwrt, and the Mostyns of Mostyn and Gloddaeth.

But, in addition to these hereditary qualifications, Sir John Wynne possessed others more immediately obvious and endearing. Endowed with nearly every characteristic of the warm-hearted Cambro-Briton, he was, also, an elegant scholar, a kind and affectionate father, and an upright and benevolent man. Generous, patriotic, hospitable, and remarkably tenacious of the honour and antiquity of his family, he affords, in his character, an admirable specimen of a thorough-bred Welshman, whose genial virtues infinitely more than counterbalance his trifling and innocent eccentricities. To improve a mind naturally and powerfully imbued with a thirst for knowledge, he visited Italy in his youth,* and afterwards returned to Wales, where he passed his time in the midst of his dependants, cultivating their esteem, and alleviating the misery of the poor around him.

It was during this part of his life, that he compiled his "History;" the principal object of which appears to be the deduction of his pedigree from *Griffith ap Cynan,* who swayed the

* The celebrated Archbishop Williams, who was tutor to the Baronet's sons at St. John's College, Cambridge, characterizes him as a man,

Multorum mores hominum, qui vidit, et urbes.—

sceptre of North Wales, during the latter part of the eleventh and the commencement of the twelfth century; and the zeal and industry which the worthy baronet has evinced in a cause so very unimportant, when abstractedly considered, to any but himself and his friends, is admirably illustrative of his own indefatigable perseverance, and of that of his genealogy-loving countrymen.* He has spared neither pains nor expense in procuring all the old, neglected, and forgotten documents, which might in any way tend to elucidate his subject; and it must he confessed, that, after a good deal of toil and trouble, he has succeeded in most satisfactorily establishing the validity of his descent from one of the best and wisest monarchs that ever reigned in Wales. And this task he has accomplished in a very entertaining and masterly manner. Instead of merely confining himself to the genealogical tree, and its nearest and most conspicuous branches, —telling us, that *Griffith ap Cynan* had so many children, the eldest of whom was Owen Gwynedd, who had a son by his first wife Gwaladys, named Yorwerth Drwndwn, or Edward with the broken nose, and so forth;—he launches out collaterally, and diverges most amusingly, into the history of each particular period,—recapitulates the most remarkable events,—and fails not to relate as many of the heroic exploits of his ancestors, as he can possibly prove them to have performed.

In this manner he has collected and narrated many important and interesting historical facts, and made his "History" really worthy of its title: so much so, indeed, that nearly every subsequent historian has made frequent reference to it; and that amiable and accomplished antiquary, Bishop Percy, deemed it so excellent a work, that he enriched it with four copious and accurate genealogical tables, besides several learned and valuable notes. Well, indeed, may we apply to the baronet of Gwedir, the merited compliment which he himself paid to a contemporary antiquary; designating him as a man, "to whom his country is much beholden, preferring nothing more than the honour thereof, which he most carefully raketh out of the ashes of oblivion, in searching, quoting, and coppying, to his great chardge, all the ancient records he can come by."

The "amor patriæ," indeed, glowed brightly in the bosom of our author; and it was his ardent patriotism, added to a qua-

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* "Genealogiam quoque generis sui," writes Giraldus Cambrensis, who travelled through Wales in 1188, "etiam de populo quilibet observat, et non solum avos, atavos, sed usque ad sextam vel septimam, et *ultra procul* generationem memoriter et promptè genus enarrat." *Cambriæ Descriptio.—cap.* 17.

lity still more congenial to the mountaineer,*—namely, pride of ancestry,—that first prompted him to undertake the task, and afterwards stimulated him to industry in its execution; and however ridiculous this latter virtue—for pride of ancestry *is* a virtue—may appear, when exercised without discrimination by the illiterate and the vulgar; yet, in the genuine Welsh gentleman, it is an ornament which derives additional brilliancy from the very influence which it possesses over the mind and manners of the individual.—But we wander from the work before us.

The most valuable and interesting feature in the *History of the Gwedir Family,* is the clear and comprehensive view which it exhibits of the manners of the Welsh, at a time when they were little better than actual barbarians; and at a period when—"not having the fear of God before their eyes," they despised all manner of restraint, and all manner of moral and divine coercion. It is chiefly on this account, that we have undertaken a review of it; and as some one or other of the good baronet's progenitors were more or less interested in all the sanguinary feuds which we are about to detail,† we cannot have better authority, or a more amusing and circumstantial narrator.

Before we proceed, however, to transcribe any part of our author's narrative, we will take a cursory glance at the state of Wales, previous to the time when Sir John's ancestors became so conspicuous; and we willt hen select from the Gwedir History such extracts as will elucidate still more clearly, the "bloody and ireful quarrels" of that disastrous period, which immediately preceded the union of Wales with England.

The laws which passed in the English parliament, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, in consequence of the insur-

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* "The inhabitants of mountains form distinct races, and are careful to preserve their genealogies. Men in a small district necessarily mingle blood by intermarriage, and combine at last into one family, with a common interest in the honour and disgrace of every individual. Then begins that union of affections, and co-operation of endeavours, that constitute a clan. They who consider themselves as ennobled by their family, will think highly of their progenitors; and they, who, through successive generations, live always together in the same place, will preserve local stories, and hereditary prejudices. Thus every *mountaineer* can talk of his ancestors, and recount the outrages which they suffered from the wicked inhabitants of the next valley." *Dr. Johnson's Journey to the Western Isles.*

† "God hath shewed such mercy to our kind," says Sir John, "that ever since the time of Rodericke, the son of Owen Gwynedd, Lord of Anglesey, there lived in the common-wealth, in eminent sorte, one or other of our name, and many together at times."

rection of Owen Glyndwr, subjected the Welsh to a state of bondage, the most deep and severe.* While they were yet in arms, the provisions of these statutes could not be enforced; but no sooner was the rebellion quelled, than they were put into execution with the most relentless and oppressive vigilance. With Owen Glyndwr expired the last glimmer of the regal power of the principality; and the Welsh, no longer animated by the presence of their native princes, and actuated solely by their passions, degenerated into a state of gloomy and savage ferocity. Their keen and warlike disposition, no longer kept alive by the power of an hereditary enemy, sank into sanguinary feuds among themselves, or became actively engaged in the pleasures of the chace. The rude inhabitants of the mountain districts still retained an enthusiastic predilection for that boisterous mode of living, bequeathed to them by their ancestors, and, indignantly spurning the adoption of the more refined habits of their conquerors, it was long, very long, ere they began to imitate the more polished manners of the English.

The period which succeeded Glyndwr's abortive attempt to regain the liberties of his country,—was one of gloom and anarchy, and one which our regard for historical truth compels us to pronounce most barbarous and disgraceful. Its history, as Mr. Pennant truly observes, is the history of revenge, of perfidy, and of slaughter. As in the calamitous wars between the "Rival Roses,"—father rose against son, brother against brother, and kinsman against kinsman: and much as we may admire the noble and heroic struggles of the Welsh, in defence of their independence for so many years, we cannot but deeply lament and deprecate their want of unanimity,—the ferocity of their manners,—and the turbulence and cruelty, which at this particular period characterized their still undaunted spirit. In so disturbed a state was the principality at this time, that no gentleman dared to venture abroad unarmed, or unguarded. "Questioning with my uncle," says our author, "what should move him to demolish an old church, which stood in a great thickett, and build it in a plaine, stronger and greater than it was before; his answer was, he had good reason for the same, because the countrey was wild, and he might be oppressed by his enemies on the suddaine in that woodie countrey; it therefore stood him in a policie to have diverse places of retreat. Certaine it was, that he durst not goe to church on a Sunday, from his house of Penanmen, but he must leave the same guarded with men, and have the doores sure barred and boulted, and a watchman to stand at

* See particularly the second and fourth statutes of Henry IV. and the first of Henry V.

the Garreg big during divine service;—the Garreg was a rocke whence he might see both the church and the house, and raise the crie if the house was assaulted. He durst not, although he were guarded with twenty tall archers, make knowne when he went to church or elsewhere, or goe or come the same way through the woodes and narrowe places, lest he should be layed for: this was in the beginning of his time."

The disordered state of the principality during this unhappy period, afforded ample opportunity for the commission of illegal depredations; and "soe bloody and irefull were quarrells in those days," says our venerable Historian, "and the revenge of the sword at such libertie, as almost nothing was punished by law, whatsoever happened." We must not be surprised, therefore, at the existence of the numerous outlaws, who infested Wales at that time, and who gained their subsistence by robbery and rapine;—selecting, for the most part, as the objects of their prey, the English who dwelt on the confines of their country.

These outlaws, or brigands, were generally the descendants of petty chieftains, commanding vassals devotedly attached to their leader, and inheriting that deadly hatred towards the English, which had so conspicuously signalized their ancestors. They were by no means fastidious as to the manner in which they attacked or otherwise harrassed their foes; and from their intimate knowledge of the mountain passes, they proved a source of no trifling annoyance to their neighbours, for experience had taught the English the folly of pursuing their tormentors beyond the line of demarcation, and they very rarely succeeded in capturing them on their own ground; but when such a circumstance did occur, certain and immediate death was the consequence to the aggressor.*

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* To shew the extent of these licentious practices, it is only necessary to mention a few of the particulars of the statutes enacted for their suppression. "Whereas divers Welsh rebels, sometimes by night, and sometimes by day, have come into the counties of Salop, Hereford, and Gloucester, and the parts adjoining; and, hiding and lodging in the woods, have traiterously taken and carried off many of the king's liege subjects, and detained them in divers parts of the mountains of Wales, for half a year "ascun foitz pluis et ascun foitz meins," until they were ransomed, to the great damage and mischief of the people of the said counties;—The king has therefore enacted and ordained, that the Justices of the Peace of the English counties shall have power to enquire of, hear, and determine all such sort of treasons and felonies; and if the offenders will not appear, the Justices of the Peace shall cause them to be outlawed, and shall certify such their outlawry to the officers of the lordship, to which such outlaws may have retreated, or where they may be sojourning or resident; and that

One of the most celebrated, as well as most daring, of these marauders, was Reginald Meredith Griffith, or, in the language of his country, Reinallt ab Meredydd ab Gruffydd, who resided in the neighbourhood of Mold, in Flintshire, at a strong hold, called Tower, a castellated building of great strength, part of which is yet to be seen. Here, then, lived Reginald in the fifteenth century, exercising undisputed authority over his little clan, by whose willing assistance he continued to molest and plunder all who were obnoxious to him, with fearless and unceasing activity. The principal objects of his attention, in this respect, seem to have been the inhabitants of Chester,* with whom he was continually involved in dispute; nay, a regular system of warfare is said to have been carried on between the two parties, and many a dire and deadly conflict was the consequence. In 1465, a considerable number of the tradespeople of Chester repaired to Mold fair to dispose of their several commodities. This was an opportunity not to be resisted by the unconscionable free-booter, and he determined to avenge former grievances, by enriching himself at the expense of the "good men of Chester." He assembled his followers, therefore, and hastening to the town, a quarrel was soon generated, and a contest as quickly ensued, in which, after several lives lost on both sides, Reginald gained the victory. This was yet further enhanced by the capture of Robert Browne, or Bryne, the mayor of Chester, who had led on his fellow citizens, and had attended the fair for purposes connected with his trade, which was that of a draper. Browne was an inveterate enemy of Reginald, and his life paid the forfeit of his temerity in venturing so near the haunts of the outlaw. He was hurried up to the tower after the action, and hanged without ceremony on an iron staple†, fixed in the ceiling

thereupon the said officers do take their bodies, and do such execution upon them, as by law required, without fine or redemption." 2 Hen. V. Stat. ii. ch. 5. This offence was made high-treason by 20 Hen. VI. It appears, however, that none of these statutes had much effect, for in 1534, (26 Hen. VIII.) an act passed, forbidding the keepers of the ferries on the borders of Wales to take any passenger across the river Severn after sun-set, or before sun-rise, as "daily, divers felonies, robberies, and murders, have been many times committed in the counties of Gloucester and Somerset near the Severn, and the felons make their escape over the said river into South Wales, or the forest of Dean, by night, and when they are over the water, they are by divers privileges there kept."—

* Chester is about twelve or fifteen miles from Mold.

† This staple, the engine of so much cruelty, is still to be seen in its original position, and remains, a terrible memento of the lawless ferocity which distinguished Wales during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

of the great hall. Browne's fellow-townsmen attempted, a short time afterwards, to avenge his death by the seizure of Reginald, and his principal accomplices in the murder, on whom they doubtless intended to inflict the same severe and summary mode of punishment. For this purpose, therefore, two hundred stout and active men left Chester, and proceeded forthwith to the Tower. But the wily free-booter gained timely notice of their approach, and, quitting his house, retired with his men to a neighbouring wood, where he remained to watch the operations of his visitors, who, as he had anticipated, rushed eagerly into the house. No sooner had they all entered, than Reginald hastened from his ambush, surrounded the Tower with his men, and set it on fire, cutting down the Chester-men, as they hurried out, without mercy or remorse. Few escaped to relate the fate of their comrades, and the outlaw of Mold experienced no further molestation from the intimidated inhabitants of Chester. Notwithstanding his unjustifiable contempt of the laws, and his numerous atrocities, he procured a pardon from Thomas Lord Stanley, President of the Council of Wales, which was subsequently ratified under the great seal by Edward the Fourth. And he died,—as many other rogues have died—at a good old age, and no doubt grievously lamented by his lawless, but faithful followers.

We must now return to our author, from whose "History" we have two or three extracts to make, powerfully illustrative of that almost untameable ferocity, which influenced the conduct of the Cambro-Britons about the middle of the fifteenth century; first premising, that we have modernized, or rather *anglicized*, the orthography of the names, and that the events happened chiefly in the reign of the fourth Edward.

"The beginning of the quarrell and unkindness between Jevan ab Robert and Howel ab Rice ab Howel Vaughan, grew in this sort. Jevan ab Robert after his sister's death, upon some mis-like, left the company of Howel ab Rice, and accompanied John ab Meredith his nephew, and his children, who were at continuall bate with Howel ab Rice. The fashion was, in those days, that the gentlemen and their retainers met commonly every day to shoote matches and masteries; there was noe gentleman of worth in the countrey, but had a wine cellar of his owne, *which wine was sold to his profit;* thither came his friends to meete him, and there spent the day in shooting, wrestling, throwing the sledge, and other actes of activitie, and drinkeing very moderately withall, not according the *healthing** and gluttonous manner of our dayes.

* That is—*drinking of healths.*

"Howel ab Rice ab Howel did draw a draught* upon Jevan ab Robert ab Meredith, and sent a brother of his to lodge over night at his house of Keselgyfarch, to understand which way Jevan ab Robert ab Meredith meant to goe the next day, who was determined to shoote a match with John ab Meredith's children at Llanvihangel y Pennant, not farre from John ab Meredith's house. This being understood, the spie (Howel ab Rice's brother) slips away in the night to his brother, and lets him know where he should lay for him. Now had Howel ab Rice provided a butcher for the purpose, that should have murthered him; for he had direction by Howel to keepe himselfe free, and not to undertake any of the company untill he saw them in a medley, and every man fighting. Then was his chardge to come behinde the tallest man in the company, (for otherwise he knew him not, being a stranger) and to knocke him down; for Howel ab Rice sayd,—'Thou shalt soone discerne him from the rest by his stature, and he will make way before him. There is a foster-brother of his, one Robin ab Inko, a little fellow, that useth to watch him behind; take heed of him; for, be the encountre never soe hotte, his eye is ever on his foster-brother.' Jevan ab Robert, according as he was appointed, went that morning with his ordinary company towards Llanvihangel to meete John ab Meredith. You are to understand, that in those dayes, and in that wilde worlde, *every man stood upon his guard, and went not abroad but in sort and soe armed, as if he went to the field to encountre with his enemies.* Howel ab Rice ab Howel Vaughan's sister, being Jevan ab Robert's wife, went a mile, or thereabout, with her husband and the company, talking with them, and soe parted with them; and in her way homewards, she met her brother a horseback, with a great company of people armed, and rideing after her husband as fast as they could. On this, she cried out upon her brother, and desired him, for the love of God, not to harme her husband, that meant him noe harme; and withall steps to his horse, meaning to have caught him by the bridle, which he seeing, turned his horse about. She then caught the horse by the tail, hanging upon him soe long, and crying upon her brother, that, in the end, he drew out his short-sword, and strucke at her arme. Which she perceiving, was faine to lett slippe her hold, and running before him to a narrow passage, whereby he must pass through a brooke, where there was a foot-bridge, near the ford. She then steps to the foot-bridge, and takes away the *canllaw*, or handstay, of the bridge, and with the same letts flie at her brother, and, if he had not avoyded the blow, she had strucke him downe from his horse.

—Furor arma ministrat.—

Howel ab Rice and his company, within a while, overtooke Jevan ab Robert and his followers, who turned head upon him, though greatlie overmatched. The bickering grew very hotte, and many were knocked

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* This is a phrase frequently used by our author, and implies, *drawing a plan*, or *settling a scheme*.

downe on either side. In the end, when that should be performed which they came for, the murthering butcher haveing not strucke one stroake all day, but watching opportunity, and finding the company more scattered than at first from Jevan ab Robert, thrust himselfe among Jevan ab Robert's people behind, and makeing a blow at him, was prevented by Robin ab Inko, his foster brother, and knocked downe; God bringing upon his head the destruction that he meant for another: which Howel ab Rice perceiving, cryed to his people, 'Let us away and begone, for I had given chardge that Robin ab Inko should have been better looked unto.' And soe that bickering brake, with the hurt of many, and the death of that one man.

"It fortuned anon after, that the parson of Llanvrothen* took a child of Jevan ab Robert's to foster, which sore grieved Howel Vaughan's wife, her husband *haveing then more land in that parish than Jevan ab Robert had;* in revenge whereof she plotted the death of the said parson in this manner. She sent a woman to aske lodgeing of the parson, who used not to deny any. The woman being in bed, after midnight, began to strike and to rave; whereupon the parson, thinking that she had been distracted, awakeing out of his sleepe, and wondering at so suddaine a crie in the night, made towards her and his household also: then she sayd that he would have ravished her, and soe got out of doores, threatening revenge to the parson. This woman had for her brethren, three notable rogues of the damn'd crewe fit for any mischiefe, being followers of Howel ab Rice. In a morning, these brethren watched the parson, as he went to looke to his cattle, in a place in that parish called Gogo yr Llechwin, being now a tenement of mine, and there murthered him; and two of them fled to Chirkeland in Denbighshire, to some of the Trevors, who were friends or a-kinne to Howel ab Rice or his wife. It was the manner in those dayes, that the murtherer onely, and he that gave the death's wound should flye, and he was called in Wales a *Llawrudd*, which is a *red hand*, because he had blouded his hand: *the accessaries and abettors to the murtherers were never hearken'd after.*"

Now it happened, in those days, that two families, or clans, namely the Kyffins and the Trevors contended for the sovereignty of a district, denominated the Land of Chirke and Oswaldstre. "They had," says our author, "their alliance, partisans, and friends in all the countreys round thereabouts, to whome, as the manner of the time was, they sent such of their followers as committed murther or manslaughter, which were safely kept as very precious jewells; and they received the like from their friends. These kind of people were stowed in the day-time in chambers in their houses, and in the night they went to the next wine-house that belonged to the gentleman, or to his

* Llanvrothen is a small village near the sea-side in Merionethshire.

tenants' houses not farre off, to make merrie and to wench." To the latter of these families—as we have just seen—fled two of the parson's murderers, but they were not probably aware that our hero—Jevan ab Robert, to wit—was in league with the chieftain of the opposite faction. So, however, it was; and Jevan sent to inform Meredith ab Howel ab Moris, the chief of the Kyffins, that he should come privately into Chirkeland, "onely accompanied but with six," for the purpose of apprehending the assassins; at the same time desiring his ally to be on the alert, and to watch narrowly the movements of the murderers. He accordingly went, and "abode there many days, in secret and unseene, sleeping in the daye, and watching all night."

It was a long time, however, before he could apprehend the felons; and when at last, with the help of his friends, he did succeed in catching them, a complete "gathering" of the two clans was the consequence, with the war-cry of "the Trevors to their friends, and the Kyffins to their leaders!" But our author must relate the rest.—

"To the latter of these cries Meredith ab Howel ab Moris resorted; who told Jevan ab Robert that it was impossible for him to carry the murtherers out of the countrey to any place to have judiciall proceeding against them, by reason that the faction of the Trevors would lay the way and narrow passages of the countrey; and if they were brought to Chirke Castle gate, to receive the triall of the countrey laws, it was lawfull for the offender's friends, whosoever they were, to bring £5 for every man, for a fine to the lord, and to acquit them, soe it were not in cases of treason.* A damnable custom used in those dayes in the lordships' marches, which was used also in Mowddwy, untill the new Ordinance of Wales, made in the seven-and-twentieth yeare of Henry viij. Hereupon Jevan ab Robert ab Meredith commanded one of his men to strike off their heades; which the fellow doeing faintely, the offender told him, that if he had his necke under his sword, he would make his sword take better edge than he did;—so resolute were they in those dayes in contempt of death: whereupon Jevan ab Robert in a rage stepping up to them, strucke off their heads."

But his vengeance was yet incomplete. Two only of the murderers had been disposed of, and one still remained unpunished. Jevan, however, departed from Chirkeland, and determined to leave to time and chance the apprehension of the remaining villain. On his return home, he was detained till night by the tide at Traethmawr;† and talking carelessly with his

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* A custom not wholly unknown in England, and very common on the continent, during the middle ages.

† Traeth*mawr* signifies the *greater* tract of sand, to distinguish

men as he rode on, an arrow suddenly whistled by him from a thicket on the hill-side above the road. The party immediately halted, and shot altogether, towards the spot whence the shaft issued; and it so occurred, that one of their arrows killed the person who had interrupted them, and he happened to be the very murderer who had eluded their vigilance in Chirkeland. "Soe God revenged that wicked murder," says the historian, "by the death of every one of the three brethren."

But this did not end the quarrel,—it merely aggravated it; for a short time after this adventure, Jevan ab Robert had occasion to attend the assizes at Caernarvon, with the greater part of his retainers; leaving only in the house his wife and her domestics, with some desperate *red-hands*, who had sought his protection, "as the manner then was;"—and whom he probably found no unwelcome addition to his band. His old enemy, Howel ab Rice, resolved to hazard the apprehension of these criminals, and "bring them to Caernarvon to be hanged,—for there was none of them but was outlawed for murther;"—in return for the vengeance inflicted upon the three murderers by Jevan. For this purpose, he summoned his trustiest friends to his aid, and procured the assistance of a celebrated freebooter of the times, named David ab Jenkin, who was also a kinsman of Howel. These worthy confederates succeeded in reaching their enemy's house without being discovered, and immediately commenced the assault; but they were vigorously resisted by the inmates, who, on this occasion, as on many others, "bestirred themselves handsomely." It happened, moreover, that Jevan's wife—the same lady, be it remembered, who threw the handstay of the bridge at her brother's head—stood at the fire-side, "lookeing on her mayde boyling of worte to make metheglyn;" and, unlike the timid and tender ladies of these degenerate days, she bestowed the seething liquor so liberally among the assailants, that they were forced back, and ultimately compelled to raise the siege. David ab Jenkin, the freebooter, strenuously advised his kinsman ab Rice to take Jevan ab Robert for his brother-in-law, neighbour, and friend; "For," said he, "I will not be one with you to assault his house when he is at home, seeing I find such *hot* resistance in his absence."

This advice, however, was not followed, and "dayly bickerings, too long to be written, passed betweene soe neare and hatefull neighbours. In the end, the plague, which commonly

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it from Traeth*bach*, or the *lesser* tract, which is the road from Penmorfa in Caernarvonshire to Harlech in Merionethshire. These sands are not commonly passable till the tide has ebbed nearly three hours.

followeth warre and desolation, after the Earle of Pembroke's expedition, tooke away Jevan ab Robert, at his house of Keselgyfarch, in the flower of his age, being thirty-one yeares of age, —whose death ended the strife of these houses."

In this licentious and unworthy manner did the days of the Welshmen of yore glide on; and dark and dreary, indeed, must have been that period, when crimes of the deepest die were thus perpetrated in open and daring defiance of all laws human and divine. The union of Wales with England, however, was the first step towards the abolition of these gloomy and disgraceful practices; and the hitherto unruly mountaineers soon began to experience those benefits, which the judicious and salutary measures consequent on this union were so well calculated to confer.

It was by the wise and efficient policy of uniting Wales to England,—and by admitting the Welsh, at the same time, to a full participation in the laws and privileges of the English, that the English monarch effected the subversion of the turbulent contumacy of the natives of Cambria; and it was by the same policy that the Welsh secured to themselves that tranquility which they now so pre-eminently enjoy. And, in contrasting their present manners with those of their ungovernable forefathers, during the tempestuous times which we have noticed, may they not justly say with Robert Vaughan, the venerable antiquary of Hengwrt?—"We must confess that we have reason to bless God for his mercy to us, in our happy establishment under one monarch; and we may well say, we were conquered to our gain, and undone to our advantage."

ART. X. — *Tamburlaine the Great, who from a Scythian Shepheard by his rare and wonderful conquestes became a most puissant and mightie Monarch: And for his tyrannie and terrour in Warre, was tearmed The Scourge of God. The first part of the two tragical discourses, as they were sundrie times most stately shewed upon stages in the Citie of London. By the right honorable the Lord Admirall his servantes. Now newly published. Lond.* 1592. *Black letter.*

The second part of the bloody conquests of mightie Tamburlaine, with his impassioned fury for the death of his lady and love, faire Zenocrate: his forme of exhortation and discipline to his three Sons, and the maner of his owne death. 1593.

The Massacre at Paris, with the death of the Duke of Guise; as it was plaide by the right honorable the Lord high Admirall his servantes. Written by Christopher Marlow. *Lond.* [*no date.*]

The troublesome raigne and lamentable death of Edward the second King of England, with the tragical fall of proud Mortimer, and also the life and death of Piers Gaveston, the greate Earle of Cornewall, and mighty favorite of King Edward the second; as it was publickly acted by the Right Honorable the Earle of Pembroke his servantes. Written by Chri. Marlow, Gent. *Lond.* 1598.

The tragicall History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus. Written by Ch. Marlow. *Lond.* 1616.

The famous tragedy of the Rich Jew of Malta, as it was played before the King and Queene in his Majesty's theatre at White Hall, by her Majestie's servants at the Cock-pit. Written by Christopher Marlo. *Lond.* 1633.

Lust's Dominion, or the Lascivious Queen. A Tragedie. Written by Christofer Marloe, Gent. *London,* 1657.

Although that "pure elemental wit, Christopher Marlowe," has recently become better known than the writers whom we have considered in our preceding numbers, it is necessary, in order to complete the series of articles on the "*Early English Drama*," that we should devote a few pages to the consideration of his merits. He was born, as it is conjectured, about the year 1562, and came to a tragical and premature end before 1593. The manner of his death is differently related, and a degree of obscurity hangs over his life, as well as the termination of it. It has also been affirmed, that he was an atheist, and "not only in word blasphemed the Trinity, but also, as it was credibly reported, wrote divers discourses against it, affirming our Saviour to be a deceiver, and Moses to be a conjurer; the holy Bible to contain only idle stories, and all religion but a device of policy." Such is the nature of the accusation brought against Marlowe—an accusation which, when considered, rests on a very slender foundation. It appears to have originated with Beard, who states it in his *Theatre of God's Judgments,* from which it was transcribed by Anthony Wood, and has now become an accredited verity. Nay, some have not only received this assertion without examination, but in their laudable zeal for religion have denounced the unfortunate poet in still stronger terms of reprobation. Bishop Tanner calls him

atheista et blasphemus horrendus; and Hawkins, in a note to *The Return from Parnassus,* in which Marlowe's name occurs, says, that "he was an excellent poet, but of abandoned morals, and of the most impious principles; a complete libertine, and an avowed atheist." These are hard words, and one should like to see some authority for them. Neither the originator nor the propagator of these asseverations, however, pretend, that they have seen even one of these several discourses. The story rests entirely upon the authority of Beard, who goes no further than saying, that "it was credibly reported." If Marlowe had really written several discourses, it might reasonably be expected, that one of them would, by some chance or other, have been preserved, unless some puritanical croaker, like Beard, had adopted the same summary mode of extirpating his opinions, as Tamburlaine does with the *Koran* and other Mahometan books; or, at least that some extract from them would have survived. But we do not hear of a single individual who had read—not one who had ever seen them. So that the above quotation affords no proof whatever of Marlowe holding the opinions imputed to him.

Nor can any such conclusion be drawn from what Robert Greene says in his address to Marlowe, in the passage quoted in a preceding number,—"Wonder not that Greene, who hath said with thee (like the fool) in his heart, there is no God, should now give glory unto his greatnesse;"—all that can be collected from this passage is, that Marlowe, by a life of pleasure and indulgence, shewed, that his heart was not impressed with a proper sense of religion. Greene was his intimate friend, and must have known if he had promulged atheistical opinions, or written the discourses ascribed to him; and with such a knowledge it is not likely that he should have omitted to mention them, when he was sending his warning voice from a sick bed. But Greene says the same thing of himself as he does of Marlowe; and we are not aware that he was ever accused of being an atheist, although it has fallen to the lot of few to have such a rancorous enemy as he had—one who collected, with the most curious industry, every petty story that might blemish his character. Besides, he addresses Lodge and Peele in a not very dissimilar strain; and, indeed, he explains his meaning, when he conjures them all to "delight not as he had done in irreligious oaths, to despise drunkenness, flie lust, abhor those epicures, whose loose life hath made religion loathsome to your ears." It is true, Greene uses tolerably strong language, and it is said to have given offence to Marlowe. But that he was a free liver, given to the pleasurable enjoyments of life, perhaps in an inordinate degree, must be conceded; and that he

came to an unhappy death cannot be denied. Both these facts appear from the old play of *The Return from Parnassus;* which contains a very free censure of the poets of that period, and which was published only a few years after Marlowe's death.

> "Marlowe was happy in his buskin'd muse;
> Alas! unhappy in his life and end;
> Pity it is that wit so ill should dwell,
> Wit lent from heaven, but vices sent from hell."

His vicious indulgencies are sufficiently denounced, without holding him up to "grinning infamy" for vices which it cannot be proved he ever possessed. But

> "The evil, which men do, lives after them,
> The good is oft interred with their bones."

After all, might not the discourses referred to, be Marlowe's plays, in which religion and its professors are occasionally treated with great freedom? as in the lines spoken by Machiavel, the prologue to *The Rich Jew of Malta;* in *The Massacre of Paris;* and *Doctor Faustus.* These would be quite enough, exclusive of the circumstance of their being found in profane plays, to excite the wrath of the Precisians, who seem to have been more especially offended with Marlowe. The following lines in *Tamburlaine* might perhaps be considered as denying the Trinity; although they, at the same time, assert the existence of a Deity, and therefore do away with the imputation of atheism. But religious bigots are not very nice casuists, and this would serve as well as another text to convict him of being an atheist. It is what Tamburlaine says to the conquered Mahometans.—

> "Seek out another Godhead to adore;
> The God that sits in heaven, if any God,
> For he is God alone, and none but he."

In all his dramas, however, Marlowe does ample poetical justice on his criminal characters. He exterminates them, one and all, before the scene closes—and this one would think sufficient to appease the most outrageously virtuous. Indeed the moral tendency of his plays is always exemplary, and it would not be very consistent with the principles of justice to anathematise a man whose business it is to hold the mirror up to nature—for giving vice her own language, and painting her in all her naked deformity.

But we must now proceed from the character of Marlowe to that of his works; and in commencing this review, we can-

not but be struck with the high reputation which he acquired in the age in which he lived. He is the greatest name on the theatrical roll before Shakspeare. He rose above all his predecessors and contemporaries in vigor of imagination and originality of conception, and the meed of praise was bestowed upon him unsparingly. There was no other standard with which he could be compared, than the productions which had appeared before him; and the result could not, with those who had the faculty of discrimination, be otherwise than unqualified eulogium. If we put in an exception in favour of Peele, he was the first dramatic writer who sounded the depths of the human heart, and discovered the rocks and quicksands of passion beneath the surface; and in searching the great deep, he brought up a profusion of the pearls and precious gems of poetry which are found therein. He seems to have belonged to a different race, as if the giants of old were renewed upon the earth. The stars which twinkled before his rising "hid their diminished heads" as soon as he appeared above the horizon. But he was reckless on what he spent his strength, and sometimes condescended to fight with phantoms, or buffet the air. Even in these extravagancies, he displays his superior prowess. His chief characters are all rife with the busy stirring spirit of intellect. They command our respect, notwithstanding their crimes, "magnificent though in ruins." There is little of the romantic cast in them—little of what is gallant, and generous, and gay—few of those flowers of better feeling, which spring sometimes out of the darkest thickets of human passion, and shew the seeds of excellence sprinkled in our nature. With the exception of Maria in *Lust's Dominion*, we have none of the engaging pictures of the gentler sex with which the dramas of Shakspeare abound. Marlowe chose rather to pourtray the sterner passions of man; to mark out the more rugged projections of his character. *Edward the Second*, however, does not belong to this class. The weak and despicable character of that monarch is merged in the pity and terror excited by the scenes of his abdication and his death, which leave an impression on the mind not easily to be erased.

Edward's grief is altogether selfish. He was not, like Richard the Second, "doubly divorc'd" by his enemies; he had himself been the cause of one divorce—from his wife. We have therefore nothing of the tender interest which is diffused over the parting scene of Richard and his queen, about to return to France;

> "From whence, set forth in pomp,
> She came adorned hither like sweet May,
> Sent back like Hallowmas."

The spirit of Edward is entirely broken—his heart is worn threadbare by his sufferings—he has not the power to resist his murderers, and, if he had, he seems as if he would want the courage to do it. Richard, on the contrary, defends himself royally, and dies bravely. In the closing scene of *Edward the Second*, however, there is more heart-rending pathos than in that of *Richard*. If we have less respect for Edward, we have more compassion. If we feel a want of the chaster writing of Shakspeare, we must allow that Marlowe in this scene bears a noble comparison with him; and that alone speaks a volume of praise.

Marlowe, at the same time that he went beyond all preceding authors in the representation of genuine passion, carried "the full and heightened style" which distinguished the dramatists of the day to its highest pitch of extravagance. His *Tamburlaine*, which was probably his earliest production, is the *ne plus ultra* of this style of writing. We cannot conceive, that any thing could possibly go beyond it; and yet the printer tells us, that he has "purposelie omitted and left out some fond and frivolous jestures, digressing, and in his opinion, farre unmeete for the matter." With great deference to the printer, we do not know how this could well be. It is proper, however, to mention, that doubts have been entertained of its having been written by Marlowe. It is attributed to him on the authority of Thomas Heywood; and Langbaine remarks, that if it were not for such authority, he should not believe it to be his, "it being true what an ingenious author said, that whoever was the author, he might e'en keep it to himself secure from plagiary." Independent of the sanction of Heywood, we are of opinion, that the play affords intrinsic evidence of being written by the same hand as the *Jew of Malta*, the *Massacre of Paris*, and *Lust's Dominion*, whose genuineness have not been questioned. There is the same over-richness of imagery, the same amplitude and pomp of expression, the same fullness and stateliness of versification. It is exceeded, however, (as indeed all his plays are) in numerous harmony, by *Lust's Dominion*.

The mighty Tamburlaine, whose conquests and butcheries form the subject of the two parts of this drama, is a mighty tragical fellow—a right royal robber and most kingly murderer, as ever elevated himself in a red buskin above mere men. He is a sort of demi-god, whose mouth enounces thunder, whose right hand wields the destructive lightning, and on whose brow, death sits in ambush to destroy. He is one

> "Who holds the fates bound fast in iron chains,
> And with his hand turns fortune's wheels about."

He is both heathen and Christian, "the scourge of God," and

the minion of Jupiter, whose protecting arm he sometimes acknowledges; whom he occasionally condescends to imitate, and now and then dares to threaten. He marches on from battle to battle, from conquest to conquest, like the God of War or "thundering Jupiter;" from Scythia to Persia, from Persia to Turkey, and from Turkey to Egypt,—all in the first part. We find him in the second part subduing Natolia, Trebizon, Jerusalem, Syria; encaging the Emperor of the Turks; bridling and driving in his chariot the pampered jades of Asia,—to wit, the Kings of Trebizon and Syria; stabbing his son, because he is not so bloody-minded as his father; sacking towns; slaughtering men, women, and children, by thousands; until, at length, he is attacked by disease, the vanguard of the supreme conqueror, Death, at whose approach he becomes desperately enraged,—threatens to

> "march against the powers of Heaven,
> And set black streamers in the firmament,
> To signify the slaughter of the Gods;"

and bids a messenger

> "haste to the Court of Jove,
> Will him to send Apollo hither straight
> To cure me; or I'll fetch him down myself."

But all in vain; for after vaunting and scolding until he is exhausted, Great Tamburlaine, "the scourge of God and terror of the world," dies.

His followers and enemies all talk in the same elevated strain. Some of them, indeed, in due season,

> "Will batter turrets with their manly fists,
> And make whole cities caper in the air."

The offspring of the wit, it would appear, like its parent, is subject to disease; and after examining, with a little attention, the pathognomic symptoms which characterise the dramas of *Tamburlaine*, it may be pronounced, with certainty, that they are afflicted with mania or furious madness. Furious madness, for instance, is distinguished by a peculiar wildness of the countenance, rolling and glistening of the eyes, grinding of the teeth, loud roarings, violent exertions of strength, incoherent discourses, unaccountable malice to certain persons—all which will be found to correspond in a remarkable manner with the symptoms manifested in this offspring of Marlowe's brain. We could produce examples answering this description; but as they would extend this article beyond its proposed limits, those of

our readers, who have not read the play, must be content with the specimens quoted, and take our word for the rest.

This, bad as it is, is preferable to the melancholic madness of tragedy, with its ahs! and ohs! and all the interminable train of puling interjections which distinguish some more modern productions, or the *hallucinatio maniacalis*, or *rabies asinina*, caused by an imaginary or mistaken idea of the unfortunate victim being possessed of poetical genius;—an idea which demonstrates the opinion of medical writers, that persons of weak intellects are not subject to madness, to be erroneous. Tamburlaine, however, though a madman, is no fool; the distinction between which is well drawn by Locke, who says, "the difference between a madman and a fool is, that the former reasons justly from false data; and the latter erroneously from just data."

We shall now proceed with our extracts, premising that we have selected such as are uttered at comparatively lucid intervals, or, at least, when the disorder is not at its access.

The person of the hero is thus pourtrayed:

> "Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned,
> Like his desire lift upward and divine,
> So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,
> Such breadth of shoulders as might mainly bear
> Old Atlas' burthen;—twixt his manly brows,
> A pearl more worth than all the world is plac'd,
> Wherein by curious sovereignty of art
> Are fix'd his piercing instruments of sight,
> Whose fiery circles bear encompass'd
> A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres,
> That guides his steps and actions to the throne,
> Where honour sits invested royally:
> Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion,
> Thirsting with sovereignty and love of arms,
> His lofty brows in folds do figure death,
> And in their smoothness amity and life;
> About them hangs a knot of amber hair,
> Wrapped in curls, as fierce Achilles' was,
> On which the breath of Heaven delights to play,
> Making it dance with wanton majesty.—
> His arms and fingers, long, and snowy-white,
> Betokening valour and excess of strength;—
> In ev'ry part proportion'd like the man
> Should make the world subdued to Tamburlaine."

We are constrained to add his own description of the

daughter of the Soldan of Egypt, divine Zenocrate, whom he first captures, and then marries.

> " Zenocrate, the loveliest maid alive,
> Fairer than rocks of pearl and precious stone,
> The only paragon of Tamburlaine,
> Whose eyes are brighter than the lamps of heaven,
> And speech more pleasant than sweet harmony;
> That with thy looks canst clear the darken'd sky,
> And calm the rage of thund'ring Jupiter,
> Sit down by her, adorned with my crown,
> As if thou wert the empress of the world."

Tamburlaine's speech, wherein he assigns his reasons for aspiring to the throne of Persia, is written with some degree of force.

> "The thirst of reign and sweetness of a crown,
> That caus'd the eldest son of heav'nly Ops
> To thrust his doting father from his chair,
> And place himself in the imperial heaven,
> Mov'd me to manage arms against thy state.
> What better precedent than mighty Jove?
> Nature that form'd us of four elements,
> Warring within our breasts for regiment,
> Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds;—
> Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
> The wond'rous architecture of the world,
> And measure ev'ry wand'ring planet's course,
> Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
> And always moving as the restless spheres,
> Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest,
> Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,
> That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
> The sweet fruition of an earthly crown."

To this may be added, the intercession of the Egyptian virgins for the devoted city of Damascus, besieged by mighty Tamburlaine; which, though tainted with the common infirmity of the dramatis personæ, has yet a touch of feeling in it, and the only one that has, unless we except the succeeding quotation.

> " Most happy king and emp'ror of the earth,
> Image of honour and nobility,
> For whom the pow'rs divine have made the world,
> And on whose throne the holy graces sit;

In whose sweet person is compriz'd the sum
Of nature's skill, and heavenly majesty;
Pity our plights; O pity poor Damascus;
Pity old age, within whose silver hairs
Honour and rev'rence evermore have reign'd;
Pity the marriage bed, where many a lord,
In prime and glory of his loving joy,
Embraceth now, with tears of ruth and blood,
The jealous body of his fearful wife,
Whose cheeks and hearts so punish'd with conceit,
To think thy puissant, never-stayed arm,
Will part their bodies and prevent their souls
From heavens of comfort yet their age might bear,
Now wax all pale and wither'd to the death,
As well for grief our ruthless governor
Has thus refus'd the mercy of thy hand,
(Whose sceptre angels kiss and furies dread,)
As for their liberties, their loves, or lives;
Oh then for these, and such as we ourselves,
For us, for infants, and for all our bloods,
That never nourish'd thought against thy rule,
Pity, oh pity, sacred emperor,
The prostrate service of this wretched town."

The unrelenting Scythian, however, is not to be satisfied with other tears than those of blood; and the virgins are slaughtered by his high command, and hung upon the walls of Damascus.

Tamburlaine is besieging the father of Zenocrate, and attempts a slight expression of regret thereat.

" Ah, fair Zenocrate!—divine Zenocrate!—
(Fair is too foul an epithet for thee,)
That in thy passion for thy country's love,
And fear to see thy kingly father's harm,
With hair dishevell'd wip'st thy wat'ry cheeks;
And, like to Flora in her morning pride,
Shaking her silver tresses in the air,
Rain'st on the earth resolved pearl in showers,
And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face,
Where beauty, mother to the Muses, sits
And comments volumes, with her iv'ry pen,
Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes;
Eyes, when that Ebena steps to heaven
In silence, of thy solemn evening's walk,
Making the mantle of the richest night,

The moon, the planets, and the meteors, light;
These angels, in their chrystal armours fight
A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts
For Egypt's freedom, and the Soldan's life;
His life that so consumes Zenocrate,
Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul,
Than all my army to Damascus' walls:
And neither Persia's sovereign, nor the Turk,
Troubled my senses with conceit of foil,
So much by much as doth Zenocrate.
What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then?
If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their master's thoughts,
And ev'ry sweetness that inspir'd their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admired themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence they 'still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combin'd in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest."

We imagine, that this was not all pretence, as he deigns to give the Soldan his life.

The Massacre at Paris is, as one might expect, indeed a tragedy—a succession of assassinations and murders, without plot, interest, or invention. It is short, and not divided into acts. There is one, and, in our judgment, but one passage worth extracting. It is part of a soliloquy of the Duke of Guise, and is written with considerable energy.

" Now, Guise, begin those deep-engender'd thoughts
To burst abroad, those never-dying flames,
Which cannot be extinguish'd but by blood.
Oft have I levell'd, and at last have learn'd
That peril is the chiefest way to happiness;
And resolution, honour's fairest aim.
What glory is there in a common good,
That hangs for ev'ry peasant to achieve?
That like I best, that flies beyond my reach.
Set me to scale the high Pyramides,
And thereon set the diadem of France;
I'll either rend it with my nails to nought,

Or mount the top with my aspiring wings,
Although my downfall be the deepest hell.
For this, I wake, when others think I sleep;
For this, I wait, that scorn attendance else;
For this, my quenchless thirst, whereon I build,
Hath often pleaded kindred to the king;
For this, this head, this heart, this hand, and sword,
Contrives, imagines, and fully executes
Matters of import aimed at by many,
Yet understood by none.
For this, hath heaven engender'd me of earth;
For this, the earth sustains my body's weight;
And with this weight I'll counterpoise a crown,
Or with seditions weary all the world.
For this, from Spain the stately Catholic
Sends Indian gold to coin me French *ecus;*
For this, have I a largess from the Pope,
A pension, and a dispensation too;
And by that privilege to work upon,
My policy hath framed religion.
Religion! *O Diavolo!* Fie!
I am asham'd, however that I seem,
To think a word of such a simple sound,
Of so great matter should be made the ground."

The play of the *Rich Jew of Malta,* which was published by Thomas Heywood in 1633, was formerly held in great esteem, and it has been more recently thought worth while to revive it on the stage. We have sought in vain for any intrinsic merit, which could induce Heywood, himself an excellent dramatist, to become the editor of it. He probably assumed this character out of respect to Marlowe, whom he terms the best of poets, and to Edward Allen, who played Barabas the Jew, whom he calls the best of actors.

There are but a few grains of poetry sprinkled through it; no wit, no interest, nothing with which we can hold sympathy; nothing to please the imagination, or satisfy the judgment. It is the cater cousin of *Tamburlaine,* full of daggers, poisonings, and bloodshed. The prologue is spoken by Machiavel, and it seems to have been Marlowe's intention to represent a sound politician of his school, one who could commit the greatest number of atrocious crimes with a cunning dexterity, which should keep him on the windy side of the law for the longest space of time. Being a Jew, he must necessarily hate Christians; being an extortioner, he becomes the subject of extortion; and must therefore bend all his thoughts and actions to

revenge, not on the individuals who had aggrieved him, but on the whole species. After all, he is but a bungling Machiavel, who is guilty of the most undiscriminating manslaughters, and is, at last, caught in his own springe.

A Jew, and an idolatrous worshipper of Mammon, he sees a kingdom's treasure ravished from him with little more than a transient pang. His wealth, indeed, is boundless—he has a mine in his own house—a little El Dorado. He has no more regard for a Jew than a Christian—neither the affections of a father nor a man—he is a lump of hatred and malice—an impersonation of evil—a mere devil.

One or two of the passages shew the rich and overwrought enchasing of our author's hand, and sparkle like diamonds set in lead. Take the best, where he heaps treasure on treasure with most imaginative prodigality.

> "Fie; what a trouble 'tis to count this trash!
> Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay
> The things they traffic for with wedge of gold,
> Whereof a man may easily in a day
> Tell that which may maintain him all his life.
> The needy groom, that never fingered groat,
> Would make a miracle of thus much coin;
> But he whose steel-barr'd coffers are cramm'd full,
> And all his life-time hath been tired,
> Wearing his fingers' ends with telling it,
> Would in his age be loath to labour so,
> And for a pound to sweat himself to death.
> Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,
> That trade in metal of the purest mould;
> The wealthy Moor, that in the Eastern rocks
> Without controul can pick his riches up,
> And in his house heap pearl like pebble-stones;
> Receive them free, and sell them by the weight,
> Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
> Jacinths, hard topas, grass-green emeralds,
> Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
> And seld seen costly stones of so great price,
> As one of them, indifferently rated,
> And of a carrect of this quantity,
> May serve, in peril of calamity,
> To ransom great kings from captivity.
> This is the ware wherein consists my wealth;
> And thus methinks should men of judgment frame
> Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,
> And as their wealth increaseth, so inclose
> Infinite riches in a little room."

The house of Barabas having been seized by the Governor of Malta, and converted into a monastery, he persuades his daughter, Abigail, to pretend conversion to Christianity, and become a nun, that he may obtain the possession of part of his treasure which is hid there. She does so, and agrees to meet him at night.

> " Thus, like the sad presaging raven, that tolls
> The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
> And in the shadow of the silent night
> Doth shake contagion from her sable wings,
> Vex'd and tormented runs poor Barabas,
> With fatal curses, towards these Christians.
> The uncertain pleasures of swift-footed time
> Have ta'en their flight, and left me in despair,
> And of my former riches rests no more
> But bare remembrance, like a soldier's scar,
> That has no further comfort for his maim.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> Now I remember those old women's words,
> Who, in my wealth, would tell me winter's tales,
> And speak of spirits and ghosts that glide by night
> About the place where treasure hath been hid;
> And now methinks that I am one of those:
> For whilst I live, here lives my soul's sole hope,
> And when I die, here shall my spirit walk."

Although these plays of Marlowe are full of sound and fury, signifying nothing, they slide glibly off the tongue—they fill the ear, if they do not satisfy the mind, and might therefore pass current with many an honest and well meaning man for excellent good tragedies. It answered the object of the author in raising the wonderment of the groundlings,

> " Pleas'd with a rattle, tickl'd with a straw."

The mere naked reality, the consummation of an event, was what our early dramatic authors chiefly aimed to represent—they depended too much on this, and too little on the apprehension of evil, which, from its very vagueness and uncertainty, excites a thousand tremors which the plain fact destroys, and leaves nothing for us to regard but the bare and withered trunk of humanity, deprived of the pith and heart which supplied it with life and vigour. Hence we find the actual infliction of pain, the penalty of death, so frequently introduced as the only thing needful to produce a tragical effect. This is the

mere dried anatomy of tragedy, which may produce the loathing and disgust which accompany an hospital exhibition, but has nothing to do with our sympathies, and cannot extort from us the acknowledgment of a common nature. It is not the actual presence of suffering which excites the highest degree of feeling, or rouses the loftier passions of man. We must know the thoughts and motives of the sufferer, that we may ourselves judge of the justice or injustice of his inflictions. The same object which either in the drama or in story would, if pourtrayed by the hand of genius, excite the greatest emotion, if viewed in the street without the knowledge which the author communicates of the workings of the heart within, engages but a comparatively slight degree of interest or compassion.

The three plays of Marlowe, which we have yet to notice, are of a much higher order than the three preceding ones. It is in them that the genius of Marlowe shines with its proper lustre, and on them must his reputation, as an original poet, rest. They display great vigour of intellect, and are written in a chaster spirit of poetry; although the ore is more pure, it is obviously brought from the same mine.

The first in order of date is the historical play of *The Raigne of Edward the Second;* one of the first of that class of dramas which Shakspeare afterwards carried to such a degree of perfection. It embraces the whole period of his reign, and is not divided into acts. The most prominent characters are well supported,—the timid and irresolute Edward, and his arrogant and assuming favorites,—the fiery and impatient Mortimer, who, with the other turbulent lords, forms an excellent picture of baronial pride and power. The character of Isabella undergoes a complete change. She is in the early part of the play represented as doatingly fond of the king, bearing her sorrows meekly, ready to kiss the foot that spurns her, willing rather to lead a melancholic life, than that her "lord should be oppress'd with civil mutinies." Her regard for Mortimer goes little beyond calling him "gentle Mortimer." In answer to his inquiries, whither she is walking, she replies:

> "Unto the forest, gentle Mortimer,
> To live in grief and baleful discontent;
> For now, my lord the king regards me not,
> But doats upon the love of Gaveston.
> He claps his cheeks, and hangs about his neck,
> Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears,
> And when I come he frowns, as who would say,
> Go whither thou wilt, seeing I have Gaveston."

When Edward, as he leaves her, insinuates her attachment to that baron, she exclaims:

> " Heavens can witness, I love none but you.
> From my embracements thus he breaks away:
> O that mine arms could close this isle about,
> That I might pull him to me where I would;
> Or that these tears, that drissel from mine eyes,
> Had power to mollify his stony heart,
> That when I had him we might never part."

But, alas! queens are but women, and women cannot be expected to be kind and constant, and true, when the hand that ought to cherish and support them is lavishing its favours on others, much less when they are contemned, reviled, and spurned. Accordingly, the same scene exhibits her just as the tide of affection is turning—the point at which it rests for a moment, as if uncertain whether to go forward or backward. The king's sending her off to France decides it; the tide ebbs, the alienation is completed, the connection with Mortimer becomes unequivocal; hatred and revenge roll it furiously back, and Edward perishes beneath the waves.

Marlowe has, in this piece, conformed, with tolerable accuracy, to historical facts, though not in chronological succession. It is hardly to be expected, however, that a dramatic writer, whose object is to produce a given effect by a series of actions, should confine himself to a rigid adherence to fact. He may be pardoned for not regarding chronology, without doing any great wrong to history. He deduces the required results from the proper cause, without respect to the lapse of time, or the intervention of unimportant particulars. On the contrary, he condenses into a comprehensible space, circumstance and consequence; and in concentrating their interest, strengthens their influence, and adds to their moral utility. In truth, he gives us the philosophy of historical action,—the pith of historical example. He moulds events in his imagination, and forms them into groups, at once pleasing and striking. If he overleap the boundaries of space and time, it is merely for the purpose of exhibiting them in nearer and more admirable perspective.

We shall now proceed to make a few extracts, in confirmation of our remarks on this play.

The barons having consented to Gaveston's recall from banishment, the king immediately despatches a messenger to him with the intelligence. The following scene is meritorious.

> " *Edward.* The wind is good, I wonder why he stays;
> I fear me, he is wrack'd upon the sea.

Queen. Look, Lancaster, how passionate he is,
And still his mind runs on his minion!
Lan. My lord!
Edw. How now, what news? is Gaveston arriv'd?
Mort. jun. Nothing but Gaveston! what means your grace?
You have matters of more weight to think upon;
The king of France sets foot in Normandy.
Edw. A trifle, we'll expel him when we please.
But tell me, Mortimer, what's thy device,
Against the stately triumph we decreed?
Mort. A homely one, my lord, not worth the telling.
Edw. Pray thee, let me know it.
Mort. jun. But seeing you are so desirous, thus it is:
A lofty cedar-tree fair flourishing,
On whose top-branches kingly eagles perch,
And by the bark a canker creeps me up,
And gets unto the highest bough of all:
The motto, *Æque tandem.*
Edw. And what is yours, my lord of Lancaster?
Lan. My lord, mine's more obscure than Mortimer's.
Pliny reports, there is a flying fish,
Which all the other fishes deadly hate,
And therefore being pursued, it takes the air:
No sooner is it up, but there's a fowl
That seizeth it: this fish, my lord, I bear,
The motto this: *Undique mors est.*
Edmund. Proud Mortimer! ungentle Lancaster!
Is this the love you bear your sovereign?
Is this the fruit your reconcilement bears:
Can you in words make show of amity,
And in your shields display your rancorous minds?
What call you this but private libelling,
Against the earl of Cornwal and my brother?
Queen. Sweet husband, be content, they all love you.
Edw. They love me not that hate my Gaveston.
I am that cedar, shake me not too much;
And you the eagles, soar ye ne'er so high,
I have the gresses that will pull you down,
And *Æque tandem* shall that canker cry,
Unto the proudest peer of Britainy.
Though thou compar'st him to a flying fish,
And threat'nest death whether he rise or fall;
'Tis not the hugest monster of the sea,
Nor foulest harpy, that shall swallow him.

Mort. jun. If in his absence thus he favours him,
What will he do when as he shall be present?
Lan. That shall we see: look, where his lordship comes.

Enter Gaveston.

Edw. My Gaveston! welcome to Tinmouth! welcome
to thy friend!
Thy absence made me droop, and pine away;
For as the lovers of fair Danaë,
When she was lock'd up in a brazen tower,
Desir'd her more, and wax'd outragious,
So did it fare with me: and now thy sight
Is sweeter far, than was thy parting hence
Bitter and irksome to my sobbing heart.
Gav. Sweet lord and king, your speech preventeth mine.
Yet have I words left to express my joy:
The shepherd nipt with biting winter's rage,
Frolicks not more to see the painted spring,
Than I do to behold your majesty."

The scene in which Edward resigns his crown, and that in which he is murdered, would have been sufficient to immortalize Marlowe, if he had not written another line. Few things grander or more touching in tragedy can be conceived, than those splendid scenes, from his being told that he must go to Killingworth; and his exclamation—

"*Must!* 'tis somewhat hard when kings *must* go"—

to the close of his existence.

The circumstances are wrought up with great skill. His musing, on being required to resign his crown, that kings, when power is gone, are

"But perfect shadowes in a sunshine day;"

his identity of life itself, with the fruition of an earthly crown; his wish to be king till night; his adjuration,

"Stand still, you watches of the elements,"

that he may still be England's king; his alternate grief and rage; his little bootless revenge; and his sad conviction, that death ends all, and he can die but once; could only have been produced by a first-rate genius.

The king, being vanquished by the forces of the queen, seeks refuge in a monastery. He addresses the abbot:

" *Edw.* Father, thy face should harbour no deceit.
O hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart,
Pierc'd deeply with a sense of my distress,
Could not but take compassion of my state.
Stately and proud, in riches and in train,
Whilom I was, powerful, and full of pomp:
But what is he, whom rule and empire
Have not in life or death made miserable?
Come Spencer, Baldock, come sit down by me;
Make trial now of that philosophy,
That in our famous nurseries of arts
Thou suck'st from Plato and from Aristotle.
Father, this life contemplative is heaven.
O that I might this life in quiet lead!
But we, alas! are chas'd; and you, my friends,
Your lives and my dishonour they pursue.
Yet, gentle monks, for treasure, gold nor fee,
Do you betray us and our company."

* * * * * *

Mortimer! who talks of Mortimer?
Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer?
That bloody man! Good father, on thy lap
Lay I this head, laden with mickle care.
O might I never ope these eyes again!
Never again lift up this drooping head!
O never more lift up this dying heart!"

The king's retreat is discovered, and a warrant for the apprehension of his favorites Spencer and Baldock, produced by the Earl of Leicester.

" *Edw.* O day! the last of all my bliss on earth!
Center of all misfortune! O my stars!
Why do you low'r unkindly on a king?
Comes Leister then in Isabella's name,
To take my life, my company from me?
Here, man, rip up this panting breast of mine,
And take my heart, in rescue of my friends.
Rice. Away with them!
Spen. jun. It may become thee yet,
To let us take our farewell of his grace.
Abbot. My heart with pity yearns to see this sight,
A king to bear these words and proud commands.
Edw. Spencer, sweet Spencer, thus then must we part?
Spen. jun. We must, my lord, so will the angry heav'ns.

Edw. Nay, so will hell and cruel Mortimer;
The gentle heav'ns have not to do in this.
Bald. My lord, it is in vain to grieve or storm.
Here, humbly of your grace, we take our leaves;
Our lots are cast: I fear me, so is thine.
Edw. In heav'n we may, in earth ne'er shall we meet:
And Leister say, what shall become of us?
Leist. Your majesty must go to Killingworth.
Edw. Must! 'tis somewhat hard, when kings must go.
Leist. Here is a litter ready for your grace,
That waits your pleasure, and the day grows old.
Rice. As good be gone, as stay and be benighted.
Edw. A litter hast thou? lay me in a hearse,
And to the gates of hell convey me hence;
Let Pluto's bells ring out my fatal knell,
And hags howl for my death at Charon's shoar.
For friends hath Edward none, but these; and these
Must die under a tyrant's sword.
Rice. My lord, be going, care not for these,
For we shall see them shorter by the heads.
Edw. Well, what shall be, shall be: part we must!
Sweet Spencer, gentle Baldock, part we must!
Hence, feigned weeds, unfeigned are my woes;
Father, farewell! Lei'ster, thou stay'st for me,
And go I must. Life, farewell, with my friends.
[*Exeunt* Edward *and* Leicester.
Spen. jun. O is he gone! is noble Edward gone!
Parted from hence! never to see us more!
Rend, sphere of heav'n! and fire, forsake thy orb!
Earth, melt to air! gone is my sovereign,
Gone, gone, alas! never to make return.
Bald. Spencer, I see our souls are fleeting hence;
We are depriv'd the sunshine of our life:
Make for a new life, man; throw up thy eyes,
And heart and hand, to heav'n's immortal throne,
Pay nature's debt with cheerful countenance;
Reduce we all our lessons unto this,
To die, sweet Spencer, therefore live we all;
Spencer, all live to die, and rise to fall.

Enter the King, Leicester, *with a* Bishop, *for the crown.*

Leic. Be patient, good my lord, cease to lament,
Imagine Killingworth castle were your court,
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not of compulsion or necessity.

Edw. Leister, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long ago had eas'd my sorrows;
For kind and loving hast thou always been.
The griefs of private men are soon allay'd,
But not of kings. The forest deer being struck,
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds;
But when the imperial lion's flesh is gor'd,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
And highly scorning, that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to th' air:
And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind
Th' ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb,
And that unnatural queen, false Isabel,
That thus hath pent and mew'd me in a prison:
For such outragious passions claw my soul,
As with the wings of rancour and disdain,
Full oft am I soaring up to high heav'n,
To plain me to the gods against them both.
But when I call to mind I am a king,
Methinks I should revenge me of the wrongs,
That Mortimer and Isabel have done.
But what are kings, when regiment is gone,
But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?
My nobles rule, I bear the name of king;
I wear the crown, but am controul'd by them,
By Mortimer, and my unconstant queen,
Who spots my nuptial bed with infamy;
Whilst I am lodg'd within this cave of care,
Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,
To company my heart with sad laments,
That bleeds within me for this strange exchange.
But tell me, must I now resign my crown,
To make usurping Mortimer a king?

Bish. Your grace mistakes, it is for England's good,
And princely Edward's right, we crave the crown.

Edw. No, 'tis for Mortimer, not Edward's head;
For he's a lamb, encompassed by wolves,
Which in a moment will abridge his life.
But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
Heav'ns turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire,
Or like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon,
Engirt the temples of his hateful head;
So shall not England's vines be perished,
But Edward's name survive, though Edward dies.

Leic. My lord, why waste you thus the time away?

They stay your answer, will you yield your crown?
Edw. Ah, Leister, weigh how hardly I can brook
To lose my crown and kingdom without cause;
To give ambitious Mortimer my right,
That like a mountain overwhelms my bliss,
In which extream my mind here murther'd is.
But what the heav'ns appoint, I must obey!
Here, take my crown; the life of Edward too;
Two kings in England cannot reign at once.
But stay a while, let me be king till night,
That I may gaze upon this glittering crown;
So shall my eyes receive their last content,
My head, the latest honour due to it,
And jointly both yield up their wished right.
Continue ever, thou celestial sun;
Let never silent night possess this clime;
Stand still, you watches of the element;
All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,
That Edward may be still fair England's king.
But day's bright beam doth vanish fast away,
And needs I must resign my wished crown;
Inhuman creatures! nurs'd with tiger's milk!
Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow?
My diadem, I mean, and guiltless life.
See, monsters, see, I'll wear my crown again.
What, fear you not the fury of your king?
But, hapless Edward, thou art fondly led,
They pass not for thy frowns as late they did,
But seek to make a new-elected king;
Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,
Which thoughts are martyred with endless torments,
And in this torment, comfort find I none,
But that I feel the crown upon my head,
And therefore let me wear it yet a while.
Trusty. My lord, the parliament must have present news,
And therefore say, will you resign or no?
Edw. I'll not resign! but whilst I live, be king!
Traitors, be gone, and join with Mortimer.
Elect, conspire, install, do what you will:
Their blood and yours shall seal these treacheries.
Bish. This answer we'll return, and so farewell.
Leic. Call them again, my lord, and speak them fair;
For if they go, the prince shall lose his right.
Edw. Call thou them back, I have no power to speak.
Leic. My lord, the king is willing to resign.

Bish. If he be not, let him choose.
Edw. O would I might! but heav'n and earth conspire
To make me miserable! here, receive my crown;
Receive it? no, these innocent hands of mine
Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime.
He of you all that most desires my blood,
And will be call'd the murtherer of a king,
Take it. What, are you mov'd? pity you me?
Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,
And Isabel, whose eyes being turn'd to steel,
Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear.
Yet stay, for rather than I will look on them,
Here, here: now, sweet God of heav'n,
Make me despise this transitory pomp,
And sit for ever inthroniz'd in heav'n!
Come, Death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,
Or if I live, let me forget myself.

Enter Bartley.

Bart. My lord.
Edw. Call me not lord;
Away, out of my sight—ah, pardon me,
Grief makes me lunatick!
Let not that Mortimer protect my son;
More safety there is in a tiger's jaws,
Than his imbracements—Bear this to the queen,
Wet with my tears, and dry'd again with sighs;
If with the sight thereof she be not mov'd,
Return it back and dip it in my blood.
Commend me to my son, and bid him rule
Better than I. Yet how have I transgrest,
Unless it be with too much clemency?
Trusty. And thus, most humbly do we take our leave.
Edw. Farewell; I know the next news that they bring,
Will be my death; and welcome shall it be,
To wretched men, death is felicity.
Leic. Another post! what news brings he?
Edw. Such news as I expect—come, Bartley, come,
And tell thy message to my naked breast.
Bart. My lord, think not a thought so villanous
Can harbour in a man of noble birth.
To do your highness service and devoir,
And save you from your foes, Bartley would die.
Leic. My lord, the counsel of the queen commands
That I resign my charge.

Edw. And who must keep me now? must you, my lord?
Bart. I, my most gracious lord, so 'tis decreed.
Edw. By Mortimer, whose name is written here.
Well, may I rend his name that rends my heart;
This poor revenge hath something eas'd my mind.
So may his limbs be torn, as is this paper;
Hear me, immortal Jove, and grant it too!
Bart. Your grace must hence with me to Bartley straight.
Edw. Whither you will, all places are alike,
And every earth is fit for burial.
Leic. Favour him, my lord, as much as lieth in you.
Bart. Even so betide my soul as I use him.
Edw. Mine enemy hath pitied my estate,
And that's the cause that I am now remov'd.
Bart. And thinks your grace that Bartley will be cruel?
Edw. I know not, but of this am I assur'd,
That death ends all, and I can die but once.
Leicester, farewell."

Lightborn is employed to murder the king.

Edw. Who's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou?
Light. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.
Edw. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks.
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.
Light. To murder you, my most gracious lord!
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The queen sent me to see how you were us'd,
For she relents at this your misery:
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state?
Edw. Weep'st thou already? list a-while to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevis, hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, e'er I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me, is the sink,
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.
Light. O villains!
Edw. And there, in mire and puddle, have I stood
This ten days' space; and, lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum.
They give me bread and water, being a king;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distemper'd, and my body's numb'd,

And whether I have limbs or no, I know not.
O, would my blood drop out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tatter'd robes.
Tell Isabel, the queen, I look'd not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhors'd the duke of Cleremont.
Light. O speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile.
Edw. These looks of thine can harbour nought but death:
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay a-while, forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more stedfast on my God.
Light. What means your highness to mistrust me thus?
Edw. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?
Light. These hands were never stain'd with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.
Edw. Forgive my thought, for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left, receive thou this.
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
O if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart!
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul.
Know, that I am a king: Oh! at that name
I feel a hell of grief; where is my crown?
Gone, gone, and do I still remain alive?
Light. You're overwatch'd, my lord, lie down and rest.
Edw. But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;
For not these ten days have these eye-lids clos'd.
Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear
Open again. O wherefore sit'st thou here?
Light. If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.
Edw. No, no, for if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again, and therefore stay.
Light. He sleeps.
Edw. O let me not die; yet stay, O stay a-while.
Light. How now, my lord?
Edw. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me, if I sleep I never wake;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?
Light. To rid thee of thy life; Matrevis, come.

Edw. I am too weak and feeble to resist:
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul.
Light. Run for the table.
Edw. O spare me, or despatch me in a trice.
Light. So, lay the table down, and stamp on it,
But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body.
Matr. I fear me that this cry will raise the town,
And therefore let us take horse and away.
Light. Tell me, sirs, was it not bravely done?
Gurn. Excellent well, take this for thy reward.
[Gurney *stabs* Lightborn.
Come, let us cast the body in the mote,
And bear the king's to Mortimer, our lord: away."

In the tragedy of *Doctor Faustus*, the sole interest centers in the learned person who gives the title to it; and who, having travelled round the circle of all sciences,

"And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,"

addicts himself to the practice of magic. For a reign of twenty-four years on earth, he barters an immortality of happiness in heaven. The play embraces the whole of this period—his unholy compact—his various enjoyments, and the termination of his mundane glory.

Faustus anticipates the glories and delights of his magical pursuits.

"O what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, and omnipotence,
Is promised to the studious artizan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command. Emperors and kings
Are but obeyed in their several provinces;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man:
A sound Magician is a Demigod.
Here tire my brains to get a deity.
* * * * *
How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please?
Resolve me of all ambiguities?
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world,

For pleasant fruits and princely delicates.
I'll have them read me strange philosophy;
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings:
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg:
I'll have them fill the public schools with skill,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad:
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land;
And reign sole king of all the provinces:
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp bridge,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent."

Faustus's object in seeking for the acquisition of this stupendous power is out of mere vanity and ambition, and, in truth, he exercises it in a very harmless way, and not for the gratification of envy, hatred, or malice. He must be famous and honored—talked of and wondered at.

"Say he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four and twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;
Having thee ever to attend on me;
To give me whatsoever I shall ask;
To tell me whatsoever I demand;
To slay mine enemies, and to aid my friends."

He punctures his arm, that he may, with his own blood, write a bill for his soul, payable at twenty-four years' date. Before he has finished the scroll, the blood ceases to flow.

"What might the staying of my blood portend?
It is unwilling I should write this bill.
Why streams it not that I may write afresh?
Faustus gives to thee his soul: O there it stay'd!
Why should'st thou not? Is not thy soul thine own?
Then write again, Faustus gives to thee his soul."

He desires to have Helen of Greece for his paramour; and Mephostophilis, his familiar spirit, in obedience to his wish, raises up that celebrated beauty.

"Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
Her lips suck forth my soul! see where it flies;

Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heav'n is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy shall Wittenberg be sack'd;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumed crest:
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
Oh! thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter,
When he appear'd to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the Monarch of the sky,
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour!"

In answer to the inquiry of his proselyte, where hell is, he gives this forcible description of it, distinguished equally by poetical force and moral truth.

"Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
In one self place; but where we are is hell;
And where hell is, there must we ever be:
And, to be short, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven."

After surveying all the kingdoms of the world—enjoying his supernal power as fancy pointed the way—prodigally lavishing his four and twenty years of liberty in pleasure and merriment, he becomes bankrupt of time. The last fatal day arrives—the night treads on its heels with unwelcome haste, and the portentous compact must soon be fulfilled. The clock strikes eleven. In one hour all will be over—in his agony, he calls upon time to stand still, but time runs on—if it were but for a year, a month, a week, a natural day, that he may repent, and save his soul. The clock strikes again—and again, and the dreadful catastrophe concludes a scene as awful and sublime as can well be imagined.

"*Faust.* Gramercy, Wagner! welcome, gentlemen.
1 *Scho.* Now, worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are changed.
Faust. Oh! gentlemen.
2 *Scho.* What ails Faustus?
Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow! had I liv'd with thee,

Then had I lived still, but now must die eternally.
Look, sirs, comes he not? Comes he not?

1 *Scho.* O, my dear Faustus, what imports this fear?

2 *Scho.* Is all our pleasure turned to melancholy?

3 *Scho.* He is not well with being over solitary.

2 *Scho.* If it be so, we'll have physicians, and Faustus shall be cured.

3 *Scho.* 'Tis but a surfeit, sir; fear nothing.

Faust. A surfeit of a deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

2 *Scho.* Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven, and remember mercy is infinite.

Faust. But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned; the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Oh, gentlemen! hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches. Though my heart pant and quiver to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years; oh! would I had never seen Wittenberg, never read book! And what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world: for which, Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world; yea, heaven itself; heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy, and must remain in hell for ever. Hell! O hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

2 *Scho.* Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured? On God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed? Oh, my God, I would weep, but the devil draws in my tears! Gush forth blood instead of tears! yea, life and soul.—Oh! he stays my tongue!—I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold 'em! they hold 'em!

All. Who, Faustus?

Faust. Why, Lucifer and Mephostophilis. Oh, gentlemen! I gave them my soul for my cunning.

All. Oh! God forbid!

Faust. God forbad it, indeed; but Faustus hath done it; for the vain pleasure of four-and-twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood; the date is expired; this is the time, and he will fetch me.

1 *Scho.* Why did not Faustus tell of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God; to fetch me body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity; and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away! lest you perish with me.

2 *Scho.* Oh! what may we do to save Faustus?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves and depart.

3 *Scho.* God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

1 *Scho.* Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next room and pray for him.

Faust. Aye, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

2 *Scho.* Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell; if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus, farewell.

[*Exeunt* Scholars.

* * * * *

(The clock strikes eleven.)

" *Faust.* Oh, Faustus!
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heav'n,
That time may cease, and midnight never come.
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but a year,
A month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent, and save his soul.
O lente lente currite noctis equi!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
Oh, I'll leap up to heav'n!—Who pulls me down?
See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament:
One drop of blood will save me: oh, my Christ!
Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ;
Yet will I call on him. Oh, spare me, Lucifer!—
Where is it now?—'tis gone!
And see, a threatening arm, an angry brow.
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of heav'n!
No! Then will I headlong run into the earth:
Gape, earth!—O no, it will not harbour me.
You stars, that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud;
That when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths;
But let my soul mount and ascend to heav'n.

(The watch strikes.)

Oh! half the hour is past: 'twill all be past anon.
Oh! if my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pain.
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,

A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd:
No end is limited to damned souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Oh! Pythagoras' Metemsycosis! were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Into some brutish beast.
All beasts are happy, for when they die
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heav'n.

(The clock strikes twelve.)

It strikes, it strikes! now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.
O soul! be chang'd into small water-drops,
And fall into the ocean; ne'er be found.

(Thunder.) *Enter the* Devils.

Oh! mercy, heav'n, look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!—
Ugly hell, gape not!—Come not, Lucifer!—
I'll burn my books!—Oh, Mephostophilis! [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Scholars.

"1 *Scho.* Come, gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,
For such a dreadful night was never seen
Since first the world's creation did begin;
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard;
Pray heaven the doctor have escap'd the danger.
2 *Scho.* Oh, help us, heavens! see, here are Faustus' limbs,
All torn asunder by the hand of death.
3 *Scho.* The devils whom Faustus serv'd have torn him thus;
For 'twixt the hours of twelve and one, methought
I heard him shriek and cry aloud for help;
At which self-time the house seem'd all on fire,
With dreadful horror of these damned fiends."

This play appears to have been a favorite with our ancestors. The histories of Bacon and Bungey—Vandermast and

Faustus—were the sibylline leaves they delighted to spell. Witchcraft and magic were causes of infinite evils. Ignorance invested them with mystery, and credulity ascribed to them despotic power. Lines, and circles, and characters, were the levers by which admiration and wonder, awe and terror, were raised up in their minds.

The scene above quoted is the only one of any merit in the play, and is of such tremendous interest as to compensate for the mediocrity of the rest. It is, indeed, fearful to look upon.

The communion of Faustus with the evil principle and his architects of mischief, loses its effect by being participated, although, in an inferior degree, by his servant; and is rendered perfectly grotesque and ludicrous by the introduction of such a subordinate conjuror as the clown. The influence which Faustus had acquired over the world of evil spirits, by his dreadful covenant, is exercised by those persons without any sacrifice at all—but these might perhaps be interpolations to please the rabble, as it was altered previous to the first edition.* But even with these omissions, there would still be a great deal of jejune dialogue and buffoonery. Had the whole play been executed with the same genius in which some parts of it are conceived, it might have ranked with any drama of this class, ancient or modern.

Faustus is the only character;—his learning,—his vain ambition,—his rashness,—his weakness in yielding to the charms of promised power,—his misgivings and compunctuous visitings,—the flattering unction which he lays to his soul to hush them,—his thick-coming horrors, and the maddening intensity of his mental suffering as his fate approaches, are laid open with consummate skill and power. There is an apparent want of policy in the forcible representations which his familiar makes of the sufferings of the condemned; but it seems he knew his subject,—they only serve to sharpen the inordinate appetite, to call forth the desperate bravery, of Faustus, who, in scorning them, chuckles over his vain and imaginary superiority. To him, in sooth, they are but old wives' fables, and he exultingly tells the spirit to learn manly fortitude of Faustus.

Lust's Dominion was not published until more than half a century after the author's death, and although in the main of a revolting description, is not without considerable merit. Its

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* This appears from the Henslowe MS. "Lent unto the Company, 22 Nov. 1602, to pay unto Wm. Bride and Samuel Rowley, for their adycions in Doctor Faustus, the sum of £4."—*Old Plays, vol.* 1. The first edition was in 1604.

construction is much more classical than the preceding, and the unities of time and action are tolerably well preserved. There is no intricacy, and but little interest, in the plot. Tragedy, seated " in rich cothurnal pomp," sways the sceptre and the sword with a too despotic hand, and her attendants are too uniformly clad in her crimson livery. She exhibits a picture, which one who had " supped full of horrors" might imagine. A tragedy, says the author,

Ought to be grave, graves this shall beautify.

It is indeed a common sepulchre for all the actors, into which tragedy, like the plague, casts its victims to fester and pulverize by the score.—Strange, but not pitiful ; tragical, but most painful. Most of the scenes tend rather to ossify, than to soften the heart, yet are there one or two of redeeming tenderness, which shed a gentle and placid lustre upon their sterner brethren, like the moon tinging and softening with her beams the dark edges of a thick forest.

The play represents the progress of Eleazar, a captive Moorish prince, through a series of crimes, to the throne of Spain.

Distinguished as a warrior in the service of Spain, revenge for the loss of crown and country was stimulated by contempt and contumely. 'Tis true, he was a villain, and he thanks nature for having stamped him one, but still with reference to the truth of character; this furnishes a motive for actions, in which revenge and ambition guide his steps to that bad eminence which he achieved : whereas, in the mighty Tamburlaine, we look in vain for the motives of most of his cruelties.

When the infatuated Queen, enamoured of the Moor,—

Of the proud complexion of his cheeks
Taken from the kisses of the amorous sun,"

calls out to the musicians,

" Chime out your softest strains of harmony,
And, on delicious music's silken wing,
Send ravishing delight to my love's ears,
That he may be enamour'd of your tunes ;"

he replies with bitter scorn to all her caresses.—Aware of his power and h r weakness, his natural fierceness breaks out into taunts and mockery, which, on her threats of discovery, are converted into instant placability and amorous dalliance.

This ferocious compound of every villainy under heaven, can seem gentle and humble, can fawn and flatter ; but it is a distressing constraint for one, whose blood shoots through his veins

like lightning along a metallic conductor. He is, as the author of *The Revenge* says, one of those

> " Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
> With whom revenge is virtue."

In this passion he is steeped to the lips.—There is but one faint, a very faint, glimmering of feeling through the clouds which darken his heart, when he speaks of his Maria—his wife,—a beautiful and innocent flower blossoming on corruption. She seems so sweet, so gentle a being, that Satan himself could hardly find it in his heart to hate or harm her.—She looks like " the moon upon a midnight murder." It is, however, but a passing gleam. The queen, in murdering her, that she might have no let to her intercourse with the Moor, only anticipated what her fell husband would have made no scruple to do himself to forward his scheme of sovereignty and revenge. There is also something generous in his disdain to fight with Philip of Spain, unless on equal terms. The poet has invested him too with a quickness and depth of intellect, a commanding superiority of talent, which mitigates the horror we should otherwise feel at his crimes, and prevents us from being entirely disgusted. Alvero has some character, and Hortenso and Isabella are a fair couple. Upon the whole, this is not a bad play; it is at an immeasurable height above *Tamburlaine*, and vastly superior to the *Jew of Malta*. In general interest, it surpasses *Doctor Faustus*, though inferior in terrible effect.—It is also distinguished by a greater chasteness and propriety of imagery, and a more exquisite melody in the versification than any of his other productions.

The following soliloquy of Eleazar is written with considerable force of expression.

> " Now, purple villany,
> Sit like a robe imperial on my back,
> That under thee I closelier may contrive
> My vengeance; foul deeds hid, do sweetly thrive.
> Mischief, erect thy throne and sit in state,
> Here, here upon this head; let fools fear fate,
> Thus I defy my stars: I care not, I,
> How low I tumble down, so I mount high:
> Old Time, I'll wait bare-headed at thy heels,
> And be a foot-boy to thy winged hours;
> They shall not tell one minute out in sands,
> But I'll set down the number; I'll still wake
> And waste these balls of sight, by tossing them
> In busy observations upon thee,

Sweet opportunity! I'll bind myself
To thee in base apprenticehood so long,
Till on thy naked scalp grow hair as thick
As mine, and all hands shall lay hold on thee,
If thou wilt lend me but thy rusty scythe,
To cut down all that stand within my wrongs
And my revenge."

The best scene is between the King Fernando and Maria, which is both beautiful and pathetic.

The King sends the Moor in pursuit of Prince Philip and Mendoza, to favor his designs upon his wife, who, to prevent them, administers a narcotic potion to him.

"*Maria.* Oh! kill me ere you stain my chastity.
King. My hand holds death, but love sits in mine eye.
Exclaim not, dear Maria, do but hear me:
Though thus in dead of night, as I do now,
The lustful Tarquin stole to the chaste bed
Of Collatine's fair wife, yet shalt thou be
No Lucrece, nor thy king a Roman slave,
To make rude villany thine honour's grave.
Maria. Why from my bed have you thus frighted me?
King. To let thee view a bloody horrid tragedy.
Maria. Begin it then; I'll gladly lose my life,
Rather than be an emperor's concubine.
King. By my high birth, I swear thou shalt be none;
The tragedy I'll write with my own hand,
A king shall act it, and a king shall die,
Except sweet mercy's beam shine from thine eye.
If this affright thee, it shall sleep for ever.
If still thou hate me, thus this noble blade,
This royal purple temple shall invade.
Maria. My husband is from hence, for his sake spare me.
King. Thy husband is no Spaniard; thou art one,
So is Fernando; then, for country's sake,
Let me not spare thee: on thy husband's face,
Eternal night in gloomy shades doth dwell;
But I'll look on thee like the gilded sun,
When to the west his fiery horses run.
Maria. True, here you look on me with sun-set eyes,
For by beholding you my glory dies.
King. Call me thy morning then, for like the morn,
In pride Maria shall through Spain be borne.
[*Music plays within.*

This music was prepar'd to please thine ears:
Love me, and thou shalt hear no other sounds.
[*A banquet brought in.*
Lo, here's a banquet set with my own hands;
Love me, and thus I'll feast thee like a queen.
I might command thee, being thy sovereign;
But love me, and I'll kneel and sue to thee,
And circle this white forehead with the crown
Of Castile, Portugal, and Arragon,
And all those petty kingdoms which do bow
Their tributary knees to Philip's heir.
Maria. I cannot love you whilst my husband lives.
King. I'll send him to the wars, and in the front
Of some main army shall he nobly die.
Maria. I cannot love you if you murder him.
King. For thy sake then I'll call a Parliament,
And banish, by a law, all Moors from Spain.
Maria. I'll wander with him into banishment.
King. It shall be death for any Negro's hand
To touch the beauty of a Spanish dame.
Come, come, what needs such cavils with a king?
Night blinds all jealous eyes, and we may play;
Carouse that bowl to me, I'll pledge all this;
Being down, we'll make it more sweet with a kiss.
Begin, I'll lock all doors; begin, Spain's queen,
[*Locks the doors.*
Love's banquet is most sweet when 'tis least seen.
Maria. Oh! thou conserver of my honour's life,
Instead of poisoning him, drown him in sleep;
Because I'll quench the flames of wild desire,
I'll drink this off, let fire conquer love's fire.
King. Were love himself in real substance here,
Thus would I drink him down; let your sweet strings
Speak louder, pleasure is but a slave to kings,
In which love swims. Maria, kiss thy king:
Circle me in this ring of ivory;
Oh! I grow dull, and the cold hand of sleep
Hath thrust his icy fingers in my breast,
And made a frost within me: sweet, one kiss,
To thaw this deadness that congeals my soul.
Maria. Your majesty hath over-watch'd yourself.
He sleeps already, not the sleep of death,
But a sweet slumber which the powerful drug
Instill'd through all the spirits. Oh! bright day,

Bring home my dear lord ere his king awake,
Else of his unstain'd bed he'll shipwreck make.
[*Offers to go.*

Enter the Queen, Alvero, *and* Roderigo.

* * * * *

Queen. I murder but the murd'ress of my son.
All. We murder the murd'ress of our king.
Alv. Ah, me! my child! oh! oh, cease your torturing!
Maria. Heaven, ope your windows, that my spotless soul,
Riding upon the wings of innocence,
May enter Paradise.
[*She dies. King wakes.*
King. Who calls Fernando? Love, Maria, speak;
Oh! whither art thou fled? Whence flow these waters,
That fall like winter storms from the drown'd eyes?
Alv. From my Maria's death.
King. My Maria dead!
Damn'd be the soul to hell that stopp'd her breath.
Maria! oh, me! who durst murder her?
Qu. Mo. I thought my dear Fernando had been dead,
And in my indignation murder'd her.
King. I was not dead until you murder'd me,
By killing fair Maria.
Qu. Mo. Gentle son—
King. Ungentle mother, you a deed have done
Of so much ruth, that no succeeding age
Can ever clear you off. Oh! my dear love!
Yet heavens can witness thou wert never mine.
Spain's wonder was Maria.
Qu. Mo. Sweet, have done.
King. Have done! for what? For shedding zealous tears
Over the tomb of virtuous chastity?
You cry, have done, now I am doing good;
But cry'd, do on, when you were shedding blood.
Have you done, mother? Yes, yes, you have done
That which will undo your unhappy son.
Rod. These words become you not, my gracious lord.
King. These words become not me! no more it did
Become you lords to be mute standers by,
When lustful fury ravish'd chastity;
It ill becomes me to lament her death:
But it became you well to stop her breath.

Had she been fair, and not so virtuous,
This deed had not been half so impious.
Alv. But she was fair in virtue, virtuous fair. Oh, me!
King. Oh, me! she was true honour's heir.
Hence, beldams, from my presence! all fly hence;
You are all murderers. Come, poor innocent,
Clasp thy cold hand in mine; for here I'll lie,
And since I liv'd for her, for her I'll die."

Eleazar describes the manner in which he quelled an insurrection of the people.

"I rush'd amongst the thickest of their crowds,
And with a countenance majestical,
Like the imperious sun, dispers'd their clouds;
I have perfum'd the rankness of their breath,
And by the magic of true eloquence
Transform'd this many-headed Cerberus,
This py'd Camelion, this beast multitude,
Whose power consists in number, pride in threats,
Yet melts like snow when majesty shines forth,
This heap of fools, who, crowding in huge swarms,
Stood at our court gates like a heap of dung,
Reeking and shouting out contagious breath,
Of power to poison all the elements;
This wolf I held by th' ears, and made him tame,
And made him tremble at the Moor's great name:"

and, having persuaded the Cardinal Mendoza to desert from Prince Philip, by offering to resign the crown in his favour, that he may marry the Queen, for whom he has a passion, he is revolving in his mind how to turn this scheme to the best advantage, when the Queen interrupts him.

"*Eleaz.* Well, so; you turn my brains; you mar the face
Of my attempts i' the making; for this chaos,
This lump of projects, ere it be lick'd over,
'Tis like a bear's conception; stratagems
Being but begot, and not got out, are like
Charg'd cannons not discharg'd, they do no harm,
Nor good; true policy breeding in the brain,
Is like a bar of iron, whose ribs being broken
And soften'd in the fire, you then may forge it
Into a sword to kill, or to a helmet to defend life:

'Tis therefore wit to try all fashions,
Ere you apparel villany."

The Moor now offers to resign the crown.

" *Eleaz.* Princes of Spain, if in this royal court
There sit a man, that having laid his hold
So fast on such a jewel, and dare wear it
In the contempt of envy, as I dare,
Yet uncompell'd (as freely as poor pilgrims
Bestow their prayers) would give such wealth away;
Let such a man step forth;—what, do none rise?
No, no, for kings indeed are deities;
And who'd not (as the sun) in brightness shine?
To be the greatest is to be divine.
Who, among millions, would not be the mightiest?
To sit in godlike state; to have all eyes
Dazzled with admiration, and all tongues
Shouting loud prayers; to rob every heart
Of love; to have the strength of every arm:
A sovereign's name, why 'tis a sovereign charm.
This glory round about me hath thrown beams:
I have stood upon the top of fortune's wheel,
And backward turn'd the iron screw of fate;
The destinies have spun a silken thread
About my life; yet, noble Spaniards, see
Hoc tantum tanti, thus I cast aside
The shape of majesty, and on my knee,
To this imperial state lowly resign
This usurpation; wiping off your fears
Which stuck so hard upon me; let a hand,
A right and royal hand, take up this wreath
And guard it: right is of itself most strong;
No kingdom got by cunning can stand long."

It is said, of the Princess Isabella, who grieves for the imprisonment of her brother Philip,

——— " In the sandy heap
That wait upon an hour, there are not found
So many little bodies, as those sighs
And tears which she hath every minute spent,
Since her lov'd brother felt imprisonment."

To the genius of Marlowe, the English Drama is considerably indebted. Even amidst the outrageous extravagance of his earliest productions there is an exuberance and fervour of imagination which gives an earnest of better things. But considered as wholes, his plays are very simple and inartificial in their construction—their excellence consists rather in detached scenes than in general effect. There is a want of coherence in them—they are rather a collection of separate parts which have little dependancy upon each other, than a series of actions which bear a near relation to and assist in the developement of the main event. We do not observe in them that skilful intertexture of parts and that integrity of purpose which is necessary to produce a powerful effect. The most dramatic of his plays, considered as a whole, notwithstanding its occasional extravagance, is *Lust's Dominion.* It possesses a greater variety of character, a more skilful subordination of parts—is more complete in its conduct, and more entire in its effect. It abounds with poetical images, and is written with "a sweet and curious harmony" of versification which is perfectly delicious. It has not, however, any single scene at all equal in grandeur to the concluding one in *Doctor Faustus,* or in pathetic effect to that in *Edward the Second.* Our extracts have swelled this article to such an unexpected length, that we must forbear enlarging further upon the merits of Marlowe, at least for the present. Before we conclude, however, it will be proper to mention, that besides the plays we have already noticed, he assisted Nash in the tragedy of *Dido, Queen of Carthage,* and Day in the comedy of *The Maiden's Holiday,* which was never printed. He was also the author of the first and second, and part of the third sestiads of the poem of *Hero and Leander,* written with great freedom, spirit, and poetry. Speaking of this poem, Ben Jonson said it was fitter for admiration than parallel. It was afterwards completed by Chapman. Marlowe also translated the first Lucan's *Pharsalia* into English blank verse, and the Elegies of Ovid, the licentiousness of which he rendered with such fidelity, that his book was condemned and burnt at Stationers' Hall in 1599, by order of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Maurice, Printer, Fenchurch Street.

XUM

THE

Retrospective Review.

Vol. IV. Part II.

Art. I.—*Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ: Familiar Letters, domestic and foreign, divided into four Books, partly Historical, Political, Philosophical, upon emergent occasions. By* James Howell, 1688.

There is no mode more pleasant, and, perhaps, none more profitable, of acquiring historical knowledge, than by carefully gleaning those loose notices of the passing transactions of the day, which lie scattered over the letters of contemporary correspondents. These indirect bye-paths to the Temple of History may be somewhat more circuitous, but they often furnish us incidentally with a succession of picturesque peeps, that are infinitely more interesting than the bald naked view of the same objects, which is usually presented to the eye of the traveller who journies along the plain straight road of narrative. When shall we find so entertaining and so instructive an account of the most important period of the Roman history as in the *Familiar Epistles* of Cicero? The historian of the times may exhibit the actors upon the stage, but the letters of the parties themselves admit us, as it were, behind the scenes, and shew us the individuals as they really were, stripped of all their tinsel disguises of parade and pretension. In the pages of the one we see the mere spectacle of the puppet-shew; in the other we discover the secret strings which regulate the movements of the personages of the scene. In the one we behold nothing but the dial plate; in the other we are initiated into

the mysteries of that machinery by which the hands are constrained to point to a particular hour.

The charm which belongs to this sort of reading has led to the publication of whole libraries of letters, some of which have been too evidently composed rather for the press than the post, and have thereby lost much of their interest. There is a principle of inquisitiveness in our nature which excites us to pry into that which was not intended for our perusal; while the very idea of its being got up and prepared for our inspection would do much towards extinguishing all our curiosity. Thus we can run through the letters of Cowper, even in the voluminous quartos of Mr. Hayley, without any feeling of weariness, because we feel assured that we are reading the careless effusions of tenderness and friendship, poured out from the overflowings of his heart and his fancy, in the unsuspecting confidence of private correspondence; but we turn away with disgust from the laboured compositions of Anna Seward, who, intent upon posthumous publication, sits down with malice prepense, not to say what she thinks, but to think what she shall say; and, carefully taking copies of every epistle she indites, leaves six enormous folios for the edification of posterity.

If there be any exception to the general rule that letters *prepared* for the press are the most sickening and tiresome of all compositions, it will certainly be found in the familiar letters of James Howell, commonly called *Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ*, which compose one of the most curious volumes in English literature. Still we doubt whether this is an *exception;* for though some of them might have been (as Wood insinuates) compiled from memory during his confinement in the Fleet, there is, we think, sufficient internal evidence to prove that the greater part were written at the times, and from the places of their respective dates. They comprise one of the most interesting periods of the English history,—the reigns of James the First and Charles the First; and he seems to have been well acquainted with the leading characters of his time. He tells us that he came tumbling out into the world a pure *cadet*, a true *cosmopolite*, not born to land, lease, house, or office. We collect from his correspondence that he carried a calf-leather satchel to school in Hereford; and that he afterwards obtained a Fellowship in Jesus College, Oxford, which, he says, he "will reserve and lay by as a good warm garment against rough weather, if any fall on him." He was, besides, a great traveller, and few men before or since have given better descriptions of the countries he visited. His volume embraces the greatest variety of subjects, and he discusses all of them with the vigour and vivacity of a full and well-informed mind. His style, though somewhat infected with the quaintness peculiar to the age in which he lived, is a

favorable specimen of that strong nervous idiomatic English which prevailed before the period of the Restoration. Dr. Paley used to say, "that the true epistolary style was to speak directly to the point." Howell seems to have been much of the same opinion. "We should," says he, "write as we speak; and that is a true familiar letter which expresseth his mind as if he were discoursing with the party to whom he writes in short and succinct terms." The motto of his book—*Ut clavis portum, sic pandit Epistola pectus*—is well illustrated by its contents; for his hand always seems to be the secretary of his heart. His language might, perhaps, be described as a species of *cordiloquism;* for he dips his pen, as it were, into his heart's blood, and pours out his whole soul upon his paper. We think we cannot employ our pages better than in making them the vehicle of copious extracts from this delightful but neglected writer.

We will begin with a little of the gossip of the court of James the First.

"Touching the news of the time: Sir George Villiers, the new favorite, tapers up apace, and grows strong at court: his predecessor, the Earl of Somerset, hath got a lease of ninety years for his life, and so hath his *articulate* lady; called so for articling against the frigidity and impotence of her former lord. She was afraid that Coke, the Lord Chief Justice, (who had used such extraordinary art and industry in discovering all the circumstances of the poisoning of Overbury) would have made *white Broth* of them, but that the prerogative kept them from the pot: yet the subservient instruments, the lesser flies, could not break through, but lay entangled in the cobweb; amongst others Mistress Turner, the first inventress of *yellow starch*, was executed in a cobweb lawn ruff of that colour, at Tyburn; and with her, I believe, that *yellow starch*, which so much disfigured our nation and rendered them so ridiculous and fantastic, will receive its funeral. Sir Gervas Elways, Lieutenant of the Tower, was made a notable example of justice and terror to all officers of trust, for being accessary, and that in a passive way only, to the murder, yet he was hanged on Tower-hill; and the *Caveat* is very remarkable which he gave upon the gallows, that people should be very cautious how they make vows to heaven, for the breach of them seldom passes without a judgement, whereof he was a most ruthful example; for being in the Low Countries, and much given to gaming, he once made a solemn vow, (which he brake afterwards) that if he played above such a sum *he might be hanged.*"

A little farther on we catch a glimpse of Sir Walter Raleigh.

"The news that keeps greatest noise here now, is the return of Sir Walter Raleigh from his mine of gold in Guiana, which, at first, was like to be such a hopeful boon voyage, but it seems that that golden mine is proved a mere chimera, an imaginary airy mine; and, indeed, his majesty had never any other conceit of it: but what will

not one in captivity (as Sir Walter was) promise, to regain his freedom? who would not promise not only mines, but mountains of gold, for liberty? And it is pity such a knowing well-weighed knight had not had a better fortune; for the *Destiny*, (I mean that brave ship, which he built himself, of that name, that carried him thither,) will prove a fatal destiny to him. Sir Walter landed at Plymouth, whence he thought to make an escape; and some say he hath tampered with his body by physic to make him look sickly, that he may be the more pitied, and permitted to lie in his own house. Count Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, speaks high language; and sending lately to desire audience of his majesty, he said, he had but one word to tell him: his majesty wondering what might be delivered in one word; when he came before him, he said only, *Pirates! Pirates! Pirates!* and so departed."

In the year 1619, Howell was employed by a large glass manufactory to travel abroad as their agent, and in this capacity he visited the principal places in Holland, France, Italy, and Spain. His descriptions of Amsterdam and Paris are particularly spirited and picturesque. He found France still grieving for the loss of Henry the Fourth, who had been assassinated about ten years before his visit to that country.

"Never was king so much lamented as this; there are a world not only of his pictures, but statues up and down France; and there is scarce a market town but hath him erected in the market place, or over some gate, not upon sign posts, as our Henry the Eighth. And by a public act of parliament, which was confirmed in the Consistory at Rome, he was entitled Henry the Great, and so placed in the Temple of Immortality. A notable prince he was, and of an admirable temper of body and mind; he had a graceful facetious way to gain both love and awe: he would never be transported beyond himself with choler, but he would pass by any thing with some repartee, some witty strain, wherein he was excellent. I will instance a few which were told me by a good hand. One day he was charged by the Duke of Bouillon to have changed his religion: he answered, *no, cousin, I have changed no religion, but an opinion:* and the Cardinal Perron being by, he enjoined him to write a treatise in his vindication; the cardinal was long about the work, and when the king asked from time to time where his book was, he would still answer him, *that he expected some manuscripts from Rome before he could finish it.* It happened one day that the king took the cardinal along with him to look on his new workmen and new buildings at the Louvre; and passing by one corner, which had been a long time begun but left unfinished, the king asked the chief mason why that corner was not all this while perfected? Sir, it is because I want some choice stones: *no, no,* said the king, looking upon the cardinal, *it is because thou wantest manuscripts from Rome.* * * * * * * *

Another time, when at the siege of Amiens, he having sent for the Count of Soissons (who had one hundred thousand francs a year pen-

sion from the crown) to assist him in those wars, and that the Count excused himself by reason of his years and poverty, and all that he could do now was to pray for his majesty, which he would do heartily: this answer being brought to the king, he replied, *will my cousin, the Count of Soissons, do nothing else but pray for me? Tell him that prayer without fasting is not available; therefore I will make my cousin fast also from his pension of one hundred thousand per annum.*"

The following letter from Venice to Mr. Richard Altham at Gray's Inn, presents a lively picture of the author's impressions upon surveying that celebrated city,—now so lamentably fallen from its ancient greatness.

"I have now, a good while since, taken footing in Venice, this admired maiden city, so called, because she was never deflowered by any enemy since she had a being; not since her Rialto was first erected, which is now about twelve ages ago.

I protest to you, at my first landing I was for some days ravished with the beauties of this maid, with her lovely countenance. I admired her magnificent buildings, her marvellous situation, her dainty smooth neat streets, whereon you may walk most days in the year in a silk stocking and satten slippers without soiling them; nor can the streets of Paris be so foul as these are fair. This beauteous maid hath been often attempted to be vitiated; some have courted her, some bribed her, some would have forced her, yet she has still preserved her chastity entire; and though she hath lived so many ages, and passed so many shrewd brunts, yet she continueth fresh to this very day, without the least wrinkle of old age, or any symptoms of decay, whereunto political bodies, as well as natural, used to be liable. Besides, she hath wrestled with the greatest potentates upon earth: the emperor, the king of France, and most of the other princes of Christendom, in that famous league of Cambray, would have sank her; but she bore up still within her lakes, and broke that league in pieces by her wit. The Grand Turk hath been often at her, and though he could not have his will of her, yet he took away the richest jewel she wore in her coronet, and put it in his turban; I mean the kingdom of Cyprus, the only royal gem she had: he hath set upon her skirts often since, and though she closed with him sometimes, yet she came off still with her honour, &c.

I would I had you here with a wish, and you would not desire in haste to be at Gray's Inn; though I hold your walks to be the pleasantest place about London, and that you have there the choicest society. I pray present my kind commendations to all there, and service at Bishopsgate-street, and let me hear from you by the next post."

Two years afterwards, we find him at Madrid, upon mercantile business, at the period of Lord Bristol's embassy, and during the negociation for the proposed marriage between Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain. It is interesting to read an

account of the effect produced at Madrid, by the romantic expedition of Charles, from the pen of an eye-witness.

"The great business of the match was tending to a period, the articles reflecting both upon church and state being capitulated and interchangeably accorded on both sides, and there wanted nothing to consummate all things, when, to the wonderment of the world, the Prince and the Marquis of Buckingham arrived at the court on Friday last, upon the close of the evening. They alighted at my Lord of Bristol's house, and the Marquis (Mr Thomas Smith) came in first with a portmanteau under his arm; then the Prince (Mr. John Smith) was sent for, who staid awhile on t' other side of the street in the dark. My Lord of Bristol, in a kind of astonishment, brought him up to his bedchamber, where he presently called for pen and ink, and dispatched a post that night to England, to acquaint his Majesty how in less than sixteen days he was come safely to the coast of Spain;—that post went lightly laden, for he carried but three letters.

* * * * * *

I know the eyes of all England are earnestly fixed now upon Spain, her best jewel being here; but his journey was like to be spoiled in France, for if he had staid but a little longer at Bayonne, the last town of that kingdom hitherwards, he had been discovered; for Mons. Gramond, the governor, had notice of him not long after he had taken post. The people here do mightily magnify the gallantry of the journey, and cry out that he deserved to have the Infanta thrown into his arms the first night he came: he hath been entertained with all the magnificence that possibly could be devised. On Sunday last, in the morning betimes he went to St. Hierom's Monastery, whence the Kings of Spain used to be fetched the day they are crowned; and thither the king came in person with his two brothers, his eight counsels, and the flower of the nobility; he rid upon the king's right hand thro' the heart of the town under a great canopy, and was brought so into his lodgings in the king's palace, and the king himself accompanied him to his very bed-chamber. It was a very glorious sight to behold; for the custom of the Spaniard is, tho' he go plain in his ordinary habit, yet, upon some festival or cause of triumph, there is none goes beyond him in gaudiness."

The following description is very characteristic; and shews that the *nil admirari* spirit which our modern travellers carry about with them is lineally inherited from their ancestors.

"For outward usage, there is all industry used to give the Prince and his servants all possible contentment; and some of the king's own servants wait upon them at table in the palace, where I am sorry to hear some of them jeer at the Spanish fare, and use other slighting speeches and demeanour. There are many excellent poems made here since the Prince's arrival, which are too long to couch in a letter; yet I will venture to send you this one stanza of Lope de Vega's.

Carlos Estrardo Soy
Que siendo *amor* mi guia,
Al cielo d' Espana voy
Por ver mi Estrella *Maria.*

There are comedians once a week come to the palace, where, under a great canopy, the Queen and the Infanta sit in the middle, our Prince and Don Carlos on the Queen's right-hand, the King and the little Cardinal on the Infanta's left-hand. I have seen the Prince have his eyes immoveably fixed upon the Infanta half an hour together, in a thoughtful speculative posture, which sure would needs be tedious, unless affection did sweeten it: it was no handsome comparison of Olivares, that he watched her as a cat does a mouse. Not long since, the Prince, understanding that the Infanta was used to go some mornings to the Casa de Campo, a summer-house the King hath on t' other side of the river, to gather May-dew, he rose betimes and went thither, taking your brother with him; they were let into the house and into the garden, but the Infanta was in the orchard; and there being a high partition-wall between, and the door doubly bolted, the Prince got on the top of the wall, and sprung down a great height, and so made towards her; but she, spying him first of all the rest, gave a shriek, and ran back: the old marquis, that was then her guardian, came towards the Prince and fell on his knees, conjuring his highness to retire, in regard he hazarded his head if he admitted any to her company; so the door was opened, and he came out under that wall over which he had got in. I have seen him watch a long hour together in a close coach in the open street, to see her as she went abroad: I cannot say that the Prince did ever talk with her privately, but publicly often, my Lord of Bristol being interpreter; but the King always sat hard-by to overhear all. Our cousin Archy hath more privilege than any, for he always goes with his fool's coat where the Infanta is with her Meninas and ladies of honour, and keeps a blowing and blustering among them, and blurts out what he lists.

One day they were discoursing what a marvellous thing it was that the Duke of Bavaria, with less than fifteen thousand men, should dare to encounter the Palsgrave's army, consisting of above twenty-five thousand, and to give them an utter discomfiture, and take Prague presently after: whereunto Archy answered, that he would tell them a stranger thing than that; was it not a strange thing, quoth he, that in the year eighty-eight there should come a fleet of one hundred and forty sail from Spain to invade England, and that ten of these could not go back to tell what became of the rest?"

Detached sketches, like these, of particular scenes, enable us to form as correct a notion of Spanish manners and customs, as we can perhaps collect from the more elaborate picture which he afterwards draws of the general character of the people.

"Touching the people, the Spaniard looks as high, tho' not so big, as a German; his excess is in too much gravity, which some, who

know him not well, hold to be pride; he cares not how little he labours, for poor Gascons and Morisco slaves do most of his work in field and vineyard: he can endure much in the war, yet he loves not to fight in the dark, but in open day or upon a stage, that all the world might be witnesses of his valour; so that you shall seldom hear of Spaniards employed in night-service, nor shall one hear of a duel here in an age. He hath one good quality, that he is wonderfully obedient to government; for the proudest Don of Spain, when he is prancing upon his ginnet in the street, if an Alguazil shew him his *Vare*, that is, a little white staff he carrieth as a badge of his office, my Don will down presently off his horse, and yield himself his prisoner. He hath another commendable quality, that when he giveth alms, he pulls off his hat and puts it in the beggar's hand with a great deal of humility. His gravity is much lessened since the late proclamation came out against ruffs, and the king himself shewed the first example; they were come to that height of excess herein, that twenty shillings were used to be paid for starching of a ruff: and some, tho' perhaps he had never a shirt to his back, yet he would have a toting huge swelling ruff about his neck. He is sparing in his ordinary diet, but when he makes a feast he is free and bountiful. He is a great servant of the ladies, nor can he be blamed, for, as I said before, he comes of a goatish race; yet he never brags of, nor blazes abroad, his doings that way, but is exceedingly careful of the repute of any woman, (a civility that we much want in England.) * * * * * * *

The Spaniard is generally given to gaming, and that in excess; he will say his prayers before, and if he win, he will thank God for his good fortune after. He is very devout in his way, for I have seen him kneel down in the very dirt when the Ave-Mary bell rings; and some, if they spy two straws or sticks lie cross-wise in the street, they will take them up and kiss them, and lay them down again. He walks as if he marched, and seldom looks on the ground, as if he contemned it. I was told of a Spaniard who having got a fall by a stumble, and broke his nose, rose up, and in a disdainful manner said, *Voto a tal esto es caminar por la tierra*;—this it is to walk upon the earth.

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Touching their women, nature hath made a more visible division 'twixt the two sexes here than elsewhere; for the men, for the most part, are swarthy and rough, but the women are of a far finer mould, and are commonly little: and whereas there is a saying that makes a complete woman, let her be English to the neck, French to the waist, and Dutch below; I may add for hands and feet let her be Spanish, for they have the least of any. They have another saying, a French-woman in a dance, a Dutch-woman in the kitchen, an Italian in a window, an England-woman at board, and the Spanish a-bed. When they are married, they have a privilege to wear high shoes, and to paint, which is generally practised here; and the Queen useth it herself. They are coy enough, but not so froward as our English; for if a lady go along the street, (and all women going here veiled, and their habit so generally alike, one can hardly distinguish a Countess from a cobler's wife,) if one should cast out an odd ill-sounding word and ask

her a favour, she will not take it ill, but put it off and answer you with some witty retort."

But enough of Spain. The business which carried him to that country, went on prosperously as long as the Spanish match was on foot; but the departure of the Prince and the subsequent rupture of the treaty, destroyed all his hopes of obtaining his suit. The king of Spain indeed still answered him graciously, but Olivares gave him, as he says, a churlish reply; "That when the Spaniards had justice in England, we should have justice here." This rebuff leads to his own return home, and we soon meet with a long and minute account of the death of King James the First.

"As soon as he expired, the Privy Council sat, and in less than a quarter of an hour, King Charles was proclaimed at Theobald's Court Gate, by Sir Edward Zouch, Knight Marshal. Mr. Secretary Conway dictating to him, *That whereas it had pleased God to take to his mercy, our most gracious Sovereign, King James, of famous memory; We proclaim Prince Charles, his rightful and indubitable heir, to be King, &c.* The Knight Marshal mistook, saying, *his rightful and dubitable heir*, but he was rectified by the Secretary. This being done, I took my horse instantly, and came to London, first, except one, who was come a little before me, insomuch that I found the gates shut. His Majesty now took coach, and the D. of Buckingham with him, and came to St. James's; and in the evening he was proclaimed at Whitehall-Gate, Cheapside, and other places, in a sad shower of rain: and the weather was suitable to the condition wherein he finds the kingdom, which is cloudy; for he is left engaged in a war with a potent Prince, the people by long desuetude unapt for arms, the fleet-royal in quarter repair, himself without a queen, his sister without a country, the crown pitifully laden with debts, and the purse of the state lightly ballasted, though it never had better opportunity to be rich, than it had these last twenty years.

There are great preparations for the funeral, and there is a design to buy all the cloth for mourning, white, and then put it to the dyers in gross, which is like to save the crown a good deal of money; the drapers murmur extremely at the Lord Cranfield for it."

We cannot pass over the notice of Lord Bacon's death, because it tends to clear his character from the imputation of a sordid passion for money, for its own sake.

"My Lord Chancellor Bacon is lately dead of a long languishing weakness; he died so poor, that he scarce left money to bury him, which, though he had a great wit, did argue no great wisdom; it being one of the essential properties of a wise man, to provide for the main chance. I have read that it had been the fortune of all poets commonly to die beggars; but for an orator, a lawyer, and philosopher, as he was, to die so, it is rare. It seems the same fate befel him that

attended Demosthenes, Seneca, and Cicero, of whom the two first fell by corruption. The fairest diamond may have a flaw in it, but I believe he died poor out of a contempt of the help of fortune, as also out of an excess of generosity, which appeared, as in divers other passages; so once, when the King had sent him a stag, he sent up for the under-keeper, and having drunk the king's health to him in a great silver-gilt bowl, he gave it to him for his fee.

He wrote a pitiful letter to King James, not long before his death, and concludes, 'Help me, dear Sovereign, Lord and Master, and pity me so far, that I who have been born to a *Bag*, be not now in my age forced in effect to bear a *Wallet;* nor that I who desire to live to study, may be driven to study to live.' Which words, in my opinion, argued a little abjection of spirit, as his former letter to the Prince did of profaneness; wherein he hoped, 'that as the father was his Creator, the son will be his Redeemer.' I write not this to derogate from the worth of the Lord Viscount Verulam, who was a rare man; a man *reconditæ scientiæ, et ad salutem literarum natus*, and I think the eloquentest that was born in this isle."

He gives a very circumstantial account of the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham, in which however, there is little to be found beyond the common story of that event, except, perhaps, the manner in which he describes Charles to have received the intelligence of his favourite's murder. "Capt. Price went post presently to the king four miles off, who being at prayers on his knees when it was told him, yet never stirred, nor was he disturbed a whit, till all divine service was done."

The account of the Attorney-General Noy's death and will is most entertainingly given. He had before noticed this man's appointment, in the following manner. "Our greatest news here, now is, that we have a new Attorney-General, which is news indeed, considering the humour of the man, how he hath been always ready to entertain any cause whereby he might clash with the prerogative; but now as Judge Richardson's head is full of proclamations, and devices how to bring money into the exchequer, he hath lately found out among the old records of the Tower, some precedents for raising a tax called ship-money." It is in a letter to Lord Savage, that he says,—

"Master Attorney-General Noy is lately dead, nor could Tunbridge waters do him any good: though he had good matter in his brain, he had it seems ill materials in his body; for his heart was shrivelled like a leather penny-purse, when he was dissected, nor were his lungs sound.

Being such a clerk in the law, all the world wonders he left such an odd will, which is short and in Latin: the substance of it is, that he having bequeathed a few legacies, and left his second son one hundred marks a year, and five hundred pounds in money, enough to bring him up in his father's profession, he concludes, *Reliqua meorum omnia pri-*

mogenito meo Edvardo, dissipanda, nec melius unquam speravi ego:—I leave the rest of all my goods to my first born Edward, to be consumed or scattered, for I never hoped better. A strange and scarce a Christian will in my opinion, for it argues uncharitableness.

The Vintners drink carouses of joy that he is gone, for now they are in hope to dress meat again, and sell tobacco, beer, sugar, and faggots; which by a sullen *capricio* of his, he would have restrained them from. He had his humour as other men, but certainly he was a solid rational man; and though no great orator, yet a profound lawyer, and no man better versed in the records of the Tower. I heard your Lordship often say, with what infinite pains and indefatigable study he came to this knowledge: and I never heard a more pertinent anagram than was made of his name; *William Noy,—I moyl in law.*"

We shall give the next letter entire, in spite of its length, because it presents a curious and interesting picture of that habitually serious and religious turn of thinking, which was so distinguishing a feature of the days that are passed. In the earlier times of the reformation, the Protestants seem to have been scarcely behind the Romanists in their attention to all those outward observances connected with prayer and fasting, so well calculated, under due regulation, to maintain and keep alive the internal feeling of religion, which, without the aid of such appliances, is but too apt to die away of itself, or to be smothered and extinguished by the various avocations of the world.

"To Sir Ed. B. Knight.

Sir,

I received yours this Maundy-Thursday; and whereas, among other passages and high endearments of love, you desire to know what method I observe in the exercise of my devotions; I thank you for your request, which I have reason to believe doth proceed from an extraordinary respect to me, and I will deal with you herein as one should do with his confessor.

'Tis true tho' there be rules and rubrics in our Liturgy sufficient to guide every one in the performance of all holy duties, yet I believe every one hath some mode and model or formulary of his own, especially for his private cubicular devotions.

I will begin with the last day of the week, and with the latter end of that day, I mean Saturday evening, on which I have fasted ever since I was a youth in Venice, for being delivered from a very great danger. This year I use some extraordinary acts of devotions to usher in the ensuing Sunday, in hymns and various prayers of my own penning, before I go to bed. On Sunday morning I rise earlier than upon other days, to prepare myself for the sanctifying of it; nor do I use barber, taylor, shoe-maker, or any other mechanic that morning; and whatsoever diversions or lets may hinder me the week before, I never miss, but in case of sickness, to repair to God's holy house that day, where I come before prayers begin, to make myself fitter for the work

by some previous meditations, and to take the whole service along with me; nor do I love to mingle speech with any in the interim about news or worldly negotiations in God's holy house. I prostrate myself in the humblest and decentest way of genuflection I can imagine; nor do I believe there can be any excess of exterior humility in that place; therefore, I do not like those squatting unseemly bold postures upon one's tail, or muffling the face in the hat, or thrusting it in some hole, or covering it with one's hand; but with bended knee, and in open confident face, I fix my eyes on the east part of the church and heaven. I endeavour to apply every tittle of the service to my own conscience and occasions; and I believe the want of this, with the huddling up and careless reading of some ministers, with the commonness of it, is the greatest cause that many do undervalue and take a surfeit of our public service.

For the reading and singing psalms, whereas most of them are either petitions or Eucharistical ejaculations, I listen to them more attentively and make them my own. When I stand at the *Creed*, I think upon the custom they have in Poland and elsewhere, for gentlemen to draw their swords all the while, intimating thereby that they will defend it with their lives and blood. And for the *Decalogue*, whereas others use to rise and sit, I ever kneel at it in the humblest and trembling'st posture of all, to crave remission for the breaches passed of any of God's holy commandments, (especially the week before) and future grace to observe them.

I love a holy devout sermon, that first checks, and then cheers the conscience, that begins with the law and ends with the gospel: but I never prejudicate or censure any preacher, taking him as I find him.

And now that we are not only adulted but ancient Christians, I believe the most acceptable sacrifice we can send up to Heaven is *prayer* and *praise;* and that *sermons* are not so essential as either of them to the true practice of devotion. The rest of the holy Sabbath I sequester my body and mind as much as I can from worldly affairs.

Upon Monday morn, as soon as the *Cinque-Ports* are open, I have a particular prayer of thanks, that I am reprieved to the beginning of that week; and every day following I knock thrice at Heaven's gate, in the morning, in the evening, and at night; besides prayers at meals and some other occasional ejaculations, as upon the putting on a clean shirt, washing my hands, and at lighting of candles; which, because they are sudden, I do in the third person. Tuesday morning I rise winter and summer as soon as I awake, and send up a more particular sacrifice for some reasons; and as I am disposed, or have business, I go to bed again. Upon Wednesday night I always fast and perform also some extraordinary acts of devotion, as also upon Friday night; and Saturday morning, as soon as my senses are unlocked, I get up. And in the summer time, I am oftentimes abroad in some private field, to attend the sun-rising: and as I pray thrice every day, so I fast thrice every week; at least I eat but one meal upon Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, in regard I am jealous with myself to have more infirmities to answer for than others.

Before I go to bed, I make a scrutiny what peccant humors have reigned in me that day; and so I reconcile myself to my Creator, and strike a *tally* in the Exchequer of Heaven for my *quietus est*, ere I close my eyes, and leave no burden upon my conscience. Before I presume to take the holy sacrament, I use some extraordinary acts of humiliation to prepare myself some days before, and by doing some deeds of charity; and commonly I compose some new prayers, and divers of them written in my own blood. I use not to rush rashly into prayer, without a trembling precedent meditation; and if any odd thoughts intervene and grow upon me, I check myself, and re-commence: and this is incident to long prayers, which are more subject to man's weakness and the Devil's malice. I thank God I have this fruit of my foreign travels, that I can pray to him every day in the week in several languages, and upon Sunday in seven, which, in oraisons of my own, I punctually perform in my private post-meridian devotions.

Et sic æternam contendo attingere vitam.

By these steps I strive to climb up to Heaven, and my soul prompts me I shall go thither; for there is no object in the world delights me more than to cast up my eyes that way, especially in a star-light night; and if my mind be overcast with any odd clouds of melancholy, when I look up and behold that glorious fabric, which I hope shall be my country hereafter, there are new spirits begot in me presently, which make me scorn the world and the pleasures thereof, considering the vanity of the one and the inanity of the other.

Thus my soul still moves eastward, as all the heavenly bodies do; but I must tell you, as those bodies are overmastered and snatched away to the west, *raptu primi mobilis*, by the general motion of the tenth sphere, so by those epidemical infirmities which are incident to man, I am often snatched away a clean contrary course, yet my soul persists still in her own proper motion. I am often at variance and angry with myself (nor do I hold this anger to be any breach of charity) when I consider, that whereas my Creator intended this body of mine, though a lump of clay, to be a temple of his Holy Spirit, my affections should turn it often to a brothel-house, my passions to a bedlam, and my excesses to a hospital. Being of a lay profession, I humbly conform to the constitutions of the church and my spiritual superiors; and I hold this obedience to be an acceptable sacrifice to God.

Difference in opinion may work a disaffection in me, but not a detestation; I rather pity than hate a Turk and Infidel, for they are of the same metal and bear the same stamp as I do, though the inscriptions differ: if I hate any, it is those schismatics that puzzle the sweet peace of our church, so that I could be content to see an Anabaptist go to hell on a Brownist's back.

Noble knight, now that I have thus eviscerated myself and dealt so clearly with you, I desire, by way of correspondence, that you would tell me what way you take in your journey to Heaven: for if my breast lie so open to you, it is not fitting yours should be shut up to me; therefore, I pray let me hear from you when it may stand with your

convenience. So I wish you your heart's desire here and Heaven hereafter, because I am,

In no vulgar way of friendship,

Lond. 25 July, 1635. J. H."

Amongst the various personages incidentally introduced to our acquaintance, is Ben Jonson, of whom there are occasional notices, which only make us wish for more. Howell seems to have been upon terms of great intimacy with the venerable laureate, whom he addresses as his "*Honoured friend and father.*"

A supper scene is thus described in a letter to Sir Thomas Hawk.

"I was invited yesternight to a solemn supper by B. J., where you were deeply remembered; there was good company, excellent cheer, choice wines, and jovial welcome: one thing intervened which almost spoiled the relish of the rest, that B. began to engross all the discourse, to vapour extremely of himself, and by vilifying others to magnify his own muse. T. Ca: buzzed me in the ear, that though Ben had barrelled up a great deal of knowledge, yet it seems he had not read the ethics, which, among other precepts of morality, forbid self commendation, declaring it to be an ill-favored solecism in good manners. For my part I am content to dispense with this Roman infirmity of B., now that time hath snowed upon his pericranium. You know Ovid and Horace were subject to this humour; the one bursting out into

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis, &c.

The other into

Exegi monumentum ære perennius."

Ben Jonson, it seems, had written a severe satire upon Inigo Jones, which had given offence at court, upon which occasion Howell thus writes to him.

"Father Ben,

The fangs of a bear and the tusks of a wild boar do not bite worse and make deeper gashes than a goose quill sometimes; no, not the badger himself, who is said to be so tenacious of his bite, that he will not give over his hold till he feels his teeth meet and the bone crack. Your quill hath proved so to Mr. Jones; but the pen, with which you have so gashed him, it seems, was made rather of a porcupine than a goose-quill, it is so keen and firm. You know

—Anser, apis, vitulus, populos et regna gubernant—

The goose, the bee, and the calf, (meaning wax, parchment, and pen,) rule the world; but of the three, the pen is the most predominant. I know you have a commanding one, but you must not let it tyrranise in

that manner as you have done lately. Some give out there was a hair in it, or that your ink was too thick with gall, else it would not have so bespattered and shaken the reputation of a royal architect; for reputation, you know, is like a fair structure, long time a rearing, but quickly ruined. If your spirit will not let you retract, you shall do well to repress any more copies of the satire; for, to deal plainly with you, you have lost some ground at court by it, and, as I hear from a good hand, the king, who hath so great a judgement in poetry, (as in all other things else) is not well pleased therewith.

Dispense with this freedom of

Your respectful Son and Servitor,

Westminster, July, 1635. J. H."

It does not appear that Howell took any decided part in the political divisions of the time. He was elected to serve in parliament, for the borough of Richmond, in the year 1627; but though his connections led him to lean to the side of the King, and though he served under Strafford in Ireland, and was, after Strafford's death, appointed Clerk of the Council, it does not appear that he was at all an ultra royalist. In 1643 he writes, "I was lately come to London upon some occasions of my own, and I had been divers times in Westminster Hall, when I conversed with many parliament men of my acquaintance; but one morning betimes there rushed into my chamber five men, armed with swords, pistols, and bills, and told me, they had a warrant from the parliament for me: I desired to see their warrant, they denied it: I desired to see the date of it, they denied it: I desired to see my name in the warrant, they denied all. At last one of them pulled a greasy paper out of his pocket and shewed me three or four names subscribed and no more." He was carried to the Fleet, where he remained till after the King's death; and it was here that he was obliged to have recourse to his pen as a means of support, and in the course of a few years he wrote and translated a variety of works. He does not seem to have much liked the latter of these occupations.

"I must confess my genius hath often prompted me that I never was cut out for a translator, there being a kind of servility therein: for it must needs be somewhat tedious to one that hath any free born thoughts within him, and genuine conceptions of his own, (whereof I have some, though shallow ones) to enchain himself to a verbal servitude, and the sense of another. Moreover, translations are but as turncoated things at best, especially among languages that have advantages one of the other, as the Italian hath of the English, which may be said to differ one from the other as silk doth from cloth; the common wear of both countries where they are spoken. And as cloth is the more substantial, so the English tongue, by reason 'tis so knotted

with consonants, is the stronger and more sinewy of the two. But silk is more smooth and slick, and so is the Italian tongue compared to the English: or, I may say, translations are like the wrong side of a Turkey carpet, which useth to be full of thrums and knots, and nothing so even as the right side: or, one may say, (as I spake elsewhere) that translations are like wines taken off the lees and poured into other vessels, that must lose somewhat of their first strength and briskness, which, in the pouring, or passage rather, evaporates into air.

Moreover, touching transactions, it is to be observed, that every language hath certain idioms, proverbs, and peculiar expressions of its own, which are not rendible any other way but paraphrastically; therefore he overacts the office of an interpreter who doth enslave himself too strictly to words and phrases. I have heard of an excess among limners, called too much of the life, which happens when one aims at similitude more than skill: so in version of languages, one may be so overpunctual in words that he may mar the matter."

Though Howell was not an ultra royalist, yet he was too much a man of sense not to be disgusted with the outrageous pitch of extravagance to which the opposite party carried their principles.

"Who would have thought poor England had been brought to this pass? Could it ever have entered into the imagination of man, that the scheme and whole frame of so ancient and well moulded a government should be so suddenly struck off the hinges, quite out of joint, and tumbled into such horrid confusion? Who would have held it possible, that to fly from Babylon we should fall into such a Babel? That to avoid superstition some people should be brought to belch out such a horrid profaneness, as to call the temples of God the tabernacles of Satan; the Lord's supper a twopenny ordinary; to make the communion-table a manger, and the font a trough to water their horses in; to term the white decent robe of the presbyter the whore's smock; the pipes through which nothing came but anthems and holy hymns the devil's bagpipes; the Liturgy of the church, though extracted most of it out of the sacred text, called by some another kind of Alcoran, by others raw porridge, by some, a piece forged in hell? Who would have thought to have seen in England the churches shut and the shops open on Christmas day? Who would have dreamt ten years since, when Archbishop Laud did ride in state through London street, accompanying my Lord of London to be sworn Lord High Treasurer of England, that the mitre should have now come to such a scorn, to such a national kind of hatred, as to put the whole island into a combustion? Which makes me call to memory a saying of the Earl of Kildare, in Ireland, in the reign of Henry the Eighth; which earl, having a deadly feud with the Bishop of Cassilis, burnt a church belonging to that diocese; and being asked, upon his examination before the Lord Deputy, at the Castle of Dublin, why he had committed such a horrid sacrilege as to burn God's church, he answered, *I had never burnt the church, unless I had thought the bishop had been in't.*

Lastly, who would have imagined that the Excise would have taken footing here? A word, I remember, in the last parliament save one, so odious, that when Sir D. Carleton, then Secretary of State, did but name it in the House of Commons, he was like to be sent to the Tower; although he named it to no ill sense, but to shew what advantage of happiness the people of England had over other nations, having neither the *Gabels* of Italy, the *Tailles* of France, or the *Excise* of Holland laid upon them; yet upon this he was suddenly interrupted and called to the bar. Such a strange metamorphosis poor England is now come to; and, I am afraid, our miseries are not come to their height, but the longest shadows stay till the evening."

There is a mixture of levity in the conclusion of his account of the king's execution, which accords ill with the serious tone of the commencement, and which it is difficult to reconcile with the feelings of grief and horror, with which one must suppose every friend of the unfortunate monarch to have been overwhelmed.

"That black tragedy which was lately acted here, as it has filled most hearts among us with consternation and horror, so, I believe, it hath been no less resented abroad. For my own particular, the more I ruminate upon it, the more it astonisheth my imagination, and shaketh all the cells of my brain; so that, sometimes, I struggle with my faith, and have much ado to believe it yet. I shall give over wondering hereafter, nothing shall seem strange to me; only I will attend with patience how England will thrive, now that she is let blood in the *Basilical* vein, and cured, as they say, of the *King's-Evil*."

He seems to have borne his imprisonment with patience and even cheerfulness, and there is throughout a tone of pious resignation, which impresses the reader with the most favorable opinion of his disposition and character.

"You know better than I, that all events, good or bad, come from the all-disposing high Deity of Heaven: *if good, he produceth them; if bad, he permits them.* He is the pilot that sits at the stern, and steers the great vessel of the world, and we must not presume to direct him in his course, for he understands the use of the compass better than we. He commands also the winds and the weather, and after a storm he never fails to send us a calm, and to recompense ill times with better, if we can live to see them, which I pray you may do, whatever becomes of

Your still most faithful

Humble Servitor,

J. H."

But it is time to conclude. We have given a sufficient sample of this entertaining book to shew the quality of its con-

tents, which will well repay the trouble of a more comprehensive perusal. It is refreshing to turn from the cobweb compositions of the present day, in which there is no strength of matter, to the sterling sense and lively wit of these *Familiar Letters*, which, as the author himself says, are "the keys of the mind, opening all the boxes of the breast, all the cells of the brain, and truly setting forth the inward man; nor can the pencil so lively represent the face, as the pen can do the fancy."

Nor is it entertainment alone, as we have endeavoured to shew, that we shall derive from the pages of Howell. There are few books better entitled to take *utile dulci* for their motto, for, as a companion and commentary upon the regular history of the time, the volume is invaluable. We will close our remarks by quoting the concluding sentence of the author's Epistle Dedicatory to Charles the First, the position contained in which is abundantly illustrated in his own work.

"Nor would these *Letters* be so *Familiar* as to presume upon so high a patronage, were not many of them records of your own royal actions. And 'tis well known, that letters can treasure up and transmit matters of state to posterity with as much faith, and be as authentic registers and safe repositaries of truth, as any story whatsoever."

ART. II.—*The* Sháh-Námeh *of Ferdusi, a Heroic Poem on the History of Persia, from the earliest times, to the conquest of that Kingdom by the Arabs.* PERSIAN MS.

We have promised our readers to present them from time to time with notices of works, which from different causes have never been printed, but are lying in public or private collections unseen and unheard of by the world. From these we of course mean to select such only, as are interesting from their matter, as well as their rarity; for we could not hope, nor shall we try, to draw general attention to compositions, the neglect of which is both the effect and evidence of their worthlessness. But there are in many libraries, manuscripts of great value, which reasons not at all discreditable to the authors have prevented from passing through the press, and it is our design to make some of them more known than they have hitherto been. Since our countrymen in India have so vigorously pushed their inquiries into the literature of Asia, the mines of poetry which they have laid open, have been nearly monopolized by the discoverers, while European scholars have held back from the par-

ticipation of the treasures which have been offered to their view. The expectations that were fondly indulged by the early orientalists, that the Persian poets would share the palm with those of Greece and Rome, have not yet been realized, and there seems no probability that the reputation of the latter should ever be equalled by their eastern rivals. The extravagant irregularity of their genius shocks the more refined taste which we have imbibed from the Greeks and Romans, and may be considered as one great cause of their unpopularity.

In their pages the greatest blemishes may be found in close conjunction with the greatest beauties, and in the same sentence will often be seen the purest philosophy dashed with the most childish puerilities, and the soundest morality, tainted by the neighbourhood of the grossest licentiousness. To Europeans, also, the scenes and manners they describe are so far removed from observation, as to diminish the interest we might otherwise feel, and above all, the scarcity of the manuscripts in which they are locked up, presents an obstacle which is no longer felt in the case of the classical writers of antiquity. There have been, it is true, some attempts to remedy the last mentioned difficulty. The press established at the college of Fort William, has during the last few years produced, under the auspices of the East India company, printed editions of many of the most popular of the Persian authors, but the paper and type are so bad, and the copies so rare in Europe, that there is no danger at present of their superseding the manuscripts written in the beautifully flowing hand of Persia. The names of some of their poets must be tolerably familiar to the English reader, from the continual notice that is taken of them in books of travels in the east, and his curiosity will be roused to learn something of the men, whose names are revered through the whole of Asia, and whose writings are composed in a language that is the adopted tongue of so many Englishmen.

The first of Persian poets, both in age and rank, is Ferdusi. He flourished at a time when the purity of his language had only begun to be contaminated by the conquerors of Arabia, and made it his pride and boast to exclude from his great work every possible trace of the subjection of his country. His style is simple, and its antiquity testified by the absence of that profusion of ornament, which the fancy and learning of the Persians have since heaped unsparingly on their national literature. All these peculiarities he has in common with the great poet of the western world, to whom he is generally and with great justice compared. Each wrote on the heroic age of his country, and each knew how, by the alternate pictures of battle and banquet, by mixing dramatic dialogue with narration, and by

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the occasional introduction of episode, to diversify the monotony of scenes of war. But with this similarity, there is all the variety that the difference of country and climate could create, and while we find Homer distinguished for the exquisite correctness of his judgement, we must in Ferdusi continually regret that imperfect taste, which, though fine and chaste when contrasted with that of his poetical successors, renders him incapable of rising to the rank which he might have otherwise attained. It may, however, be truly said of these two great men, that they are the only original writers of heroic poetry that the world has produced. The epic poems of Europe have all been formed on the model of Homer, and by the rules that have been drawn from his example. In Persia none had gone before Ferdusi, and with all his faults, he must be allowed to have employed with great discretion the marvels which the fabulous history of his country supplied. The wonder is not, that he should have fallen short of perfection, but that Homer, under disadvantages so similar, should at once have taken a station among the poets of the whole world, which no succeeding writer has been able to dispute.

Abu'l Cassem Ferdusi Al Tousi was a native of Tous, in the province of Khorassan. At the period of his birth, his father saw the child in a dream, standing with his face towards the west, and elevating his voice, the echo of which reverberated from every quarter of the surrounding scenes. When he awoke, he applied to a famous interpreter for the solution of his vision, and from him learnt the following explanation —that the fame of his son and his poetical talents would be the theme of the universe. Such is the tale of his biographers, either recalled to memory when the poet had reached the height of distinction, or, what is as probable, invented from a sense of poetical justice, which required that so eminent a character should be ushered into the world with some presage of his future greatness. As a boy, his desire of knowledge and his application to study were ardent, and his turn of mind even at that time inclined him to give particular attention to the ancient history of Persia, a taste that directly led him to the accomplishment of his great work. The productions of his early years, when he subsisted by his poetical talents, are all lost—a surprising fact when we consider that his fame spread far and wide during his life-time. The public attention seems to have been so wholly absorbed with the *Sháh-námeh,* that even his own minor poems were entirely neglected. It is a remarkable circumstance in the history of this noble poem, that it was the immediate production of royal patronage, and the composition of a poet laureate.

The court of Sultan Mahmúd of Ghaznah was the seat of the muses. He was one of the most accomplished sovereigns that ever sat on an Asiatic throne, and his own taste prompted him to grant an extensive patronage to men of literature. Poetry and history were his favorite pursuits, and it was, perhaps, a design of combining both in one immortal work, that first made him plan the task which Ferdusi executed. His library was furnished with the most authentic annals of the Persian empire, and among them was a complete history compiled in the reign and by the order of Yezdejerd, the last of the Sassanian dynasty, by the most judicious historians in Persia. This precious manuscript narrowly escaped destruction, when it was, after the conquest of the kingdom, presented as a valuable part of the plunder to the Khalif Omar, the well-known destroyer of the Alexandrian library. He ordered a translation to be made into the Arabic language, and when his commands were obeyed, severely criticized the book for treating of those worldly affairs that were forbidden by the prophet. Happily he did not proceed to wreak his vengeance on the idle tale, but left it to its chance amongst the spoil, when it fell into the hands of a private soldier. Its history for some centuries is obscure, but it at length came into the possession of Mahmúd, who treated the refugee, who presented it to him, with great magnificence. It seems that the Sultan, in the midst of his literary treasures, and the poet at his private studies, had, unknown to each other, planned the execution of a mighty work on the history of Persia under its ancient kings; but each wanted that which was possessed by the other; Mahmúd had in abundance the materials, but no hand able to rear the structure, while the poet, conscious of his ability to perform the task which he had schemed, was deterred by the scantiness of his stores. In the ardour of genius, he had, however, determined to hazard the attempt with the aid of a friend's library; and his essay on the wars between the usurper Zohak and Feridún, the rightful heir of the throne, introduced him first to the notice of the governor of the province, and through his influence to that of the Sultan himself. As the fame of the young man so exactly accorded with the idea formed of the qualifications necessary to complete the proposed history of the Persian kings, he ordered his attendance at court.

We are told that in a dream, the imagination of Ferdusi had pictured to him a young monarch seated on a throne, illuminating the universe, and particularly smiling on himself; and that a friend to whom the dream was communicated, interpreted it to mean, that he had thus seen Mahmúd, the encourager of learning. Anxious at his approaching competition with all the poets that thronged the royal presence, but encouraged by his

friends, and especially by his dream, which in that age and country it would have been madness to neglect, the poet at length obeyed the repeated summons. He was well received, and even won over (a rare instance of the candour of courtiers) three of the royal poets, who, jealous of a rival, had resolved to exclude him from their society. His dream was verified. The triumph of Ferdusi was complete. When he presented a part of his poem to the king, accompanying the present with the recital of some complimentary verses, Mahmúd, in the face of his whole court, turned to the poet, and said, "It is you that have shed a lustre on the court of Ghaznah." The royal bards themselves acknowledged that he was the only man capable of writing the projected *Sháh-námeh*, and this favorite scheme he was accordingly commanded to fulfil. He was promised a golden dinar from the treasury for every line, which would amount to a sum sufficient almost to satisfy the poets of our days. To gratify his thirst for reputation, which was much more ardent than his desire for wealth, he was honored with the united praise of all who hoped for favour in the eyes of their sovereign, and by eulogies and invitations from all the surrounding courts. The intrigues, however, of his secret enemies, for none dared openly avow himself as such, were directed to an attempt to make Ferdusi be considered as the participator in the intended insult, which they said was offered to Mahmúd, by the expressed wish of the neighbouring princes, to draw the poet from his patronage. But while the great work was in progress, which none but himself could complete, the cabals of the envious had no effect on the royal mind. At length the important day arrived, and so rightly did his countrymen judge that the composition of the *Sháh-námeh* would form an era in their literary history, that they have perpetuated the memory of the very day of its completion. On the 25th day of the month Isfendarmuz, which answers to our February, and in the three hundred and seventy-fourth year of the Hegirah, (A.D. 985,) when the author had reached the age of seventy years, the great work was finished. The poet brought it to the monarch, who, delighted at the accomplishment of his wishes, ordered the immediate payment of a golden dinar for each of its one hundred and twenty thousand lines; and there are a set of panegyrical verses, which, it is said, the poet, in answer, poured forth at the moment in a tide of grateful song.

The sunshine of royal favour is always sooner or later overclouded, and Ferdusi was destined to experience the lot of all who put their trust in princes. The machinations of his enemies, which Mahmúd had so long rendered vain, were at length successful. The visier Hussein Meimendi, who was charged to

transmit the promised bounty to the poet, sent it in silver dinars instead of gold, thus diminishing the value of the present in proportion to the relative value of the two metals. This seems to have been contrived, in order to rouse the indignation of the injured poet, in the hope, that they might take advantage of his indiscretion, and thus find in himself an ally in their schemes to displace him from the monarch's confidence. The plot succeeded, for the messenger who was despatched with the money, on his return, reported that he had found Ferdusi in the bath, who, on discovering that the present was sent in coin of less value than had been stipulated, and supposing that none but the Sultan could have ordered the change, had given a third of the whole sum to the keeper of the bath, a third to an attendant, and a third to the messenger himself; exclaiming, " I wrote not for such a remuneration, but for immortal fame." The first report of this circumstance that reached the King, exasperated him against the minister who had dared to disobey his commands. The Visier, perceiving his danger, and the certainty that if he could not irritate Mahmúd against the poet, that his own disgrace was inevitable, artfully insinuated, that nothing could excuse the disrespect that Ferdusi had shewn on the receipt of the royal bounty; that he ought to have received the slightest mark of his favour with humility; and that nothing but an intention personally to insult his sovereign could explain his conduct. Still the calumnies of the Visier would have been insufficient to ruin Ferdusi's fortunes, had he not called in as an auxiliary the religious bigotry, which, ever since the days of the prophet, has raged so virulently in the Mahometan world. Mahmúd was a furious Sunnite or stickler for the legitimacy of the three first Khalifs; Ferdusi was of the sect of Ali, the lieutenant and son in law of Mahomet. The Visier insisted that the sectarian poet had again shewn his rancorous hostility to the faith of the Sultan, as he had before taken a sly opportunity of doing, in the following lines of the *Sháh-námeh*, which he quoted in the hope of condemning the poet from his own mouth.

> " Born in the pure faith, in that faith I'll die;
> True to the Prophet, and his son am I.
> Choose thou, Oh man! the prophet for thy guide,
> And seek in heav'n, a seat by Ali's side;
> If any curse thee, mine be all the blame,
> Our fate is equal, for our faith's the same."

The favour that Ferdusi had found in his sight, had withstood all former attacks, but this was irresistible. His heresy was before known, and it now appeared in its most odious colours,

defiling the very pages that were written by the king's command. His last offence of refusing the present, was immediately deduced in some way or other from his religious obstinacy, and from that instant he was disgraced. He retired from Ghaznah, where he would dread more unequivocal tokens of the displeasure of an Asiatic despot, and wandered from court to court; but the princes, who would have been proud of the presence of such a man, had they dared to patronize him, feared that the vengeance of the mighty Sultan would seek both the poet and all who should countenance him. At length he retired to his native place, where, after spending his last days in obscurity, he died at an advanced age unnoticed by Mahmúd; but while his friends were in the act of accompanying his body to the grave, they were met by a messenger, the bearer of the monarch's tardy acknowledgement of his own injustice. He had at last forwarded the stipulated reward for the composition of the *Sháh-námeh* in golden coin, but the only daughter of the poet, to whom it was offered, inheriting the proud spirit of her father, indignantly rejected it, declaring that she would not accept what had been refused to him. The money was therefore laid out on the erection of some public buildings at Tous, which remained for many ages the monuments of Ferdusi's ill fate, and the fickleness of his patron's favour.

The *Sháh-námeh* is the oldest poem of the best period of Persian literature, and as the principal national work, has been a frequent subject of partial notice both with philologists and travellers. In two instances, a considerable portion of Ferdusi has been presented to the English reader; first by Mr. Champion, who, many years ago, published the first part of an intended translation which was never completed; and in the year 1814, by Mr. Atkinson, who printed at Calcutta the episode of *Sohráb* in the original, with an English metrical version. The conductors of the press at Fort William undertook to print the whole work under the superintendence of one of the professors, from a copy that had been carefully collated with twenty-seven manuscripts. This edition would have occupied eight folio volumes of text alone, but the first volume dated 1811 is the only one that has appeared. It has the same want of typographical beauty, which is to be lamented in all East Indian books, but if completed, it would have the merit of rescuing Ferdusi from the hands of inaccurate scribes, who have been employed in disfiguring him ever since his first appearance. Those who are only acquainted with the various readings of Greek and Latin manuscripts, will be able to form but a very faint idea of the perpetual confusion arising from this source in the Persian and Arabic authors. For in these languages, a great many letters are only distinguishable by the different position and number of diacritical points, which are often entirely omitted by transcribers.

The work of Ferdusi, says Sir William Jones, remains entire, a glorious monument of Eastern genius and learning, which, if ever it should be generally understood in its original language, will contest the merit of *invention* with Homer himself, whatever be thought of its subject or the arrangement of its incidents. It is not to be maintained, adds the same distinguished writer in another place, that the Persian poet is the equal of the Greek, but there certainly is a very strong resemblance between the works of these extraordinary men. Both sought their images in nature herself, and did not catch them by reflection, by painting like modern poets the likeness of a likeness; and each possessed in the highest degree that fruitful invention, that creative genius, which is the soul of poetry.

The *Sháh-námeh* opens with an address to the Deity. But to feel the full force of the noble invocations at the head of this and other oriental poems, we must forget, if possible, that they share this species of dedication with the dullest prose works, as well as with the most immoral poetry; and that such is the constant habit of making these appeals on beginning to write a book among the eastern nations, that they seem quite blind to its utter unsuitableness in the one case, and to its blasphemous mockery in the other.—The poet then proceeds to the history of Persia, which he deduces from the earliest period to its subjugation by the Arabs. During this period, the Persian throne was occupied by four dynasties, the Pishdadian, Caianian, Ashcanian, and Sassanian. Of the history of the third, Ferdusi found so few materials, that he has entirely omitted any account of its kings, having, perhaps, an additional motive in the facts, that the Ashcanians were not native sovereigns, but Parthian intruders. The first dynasty ruled during the fabulous age of Persian history; and, though some attempts have been made to reconcile their wild chronicles to the events of authentic tradition, yet they have been so unsuccessful, that we are justified in considering this period as obscure as that which preceded the Trojan war. The darker ages are however very favorable to poetry. The imagination of a poet is never so vigorous as when it is allowed to indulge in its own dreams, and his most successful attempts have accordingly been those in which he has had a license to fill up, at his own pleasure, a mere outline furnished by some traditional story. The very early history of Persia would have given Ferdusi a favorable opportunity of this kind, had it not been pre-occupied by the old writers, from whom he drew his materials, and who had added to the sketches which had reached them, fables invented without judgement by themselves, and implicitly followed by the poet. For instance, Tahmuras, the third monarch of the Pishdadian family, had acquired, from his continued successes over the bar-

XUM

barous nations around him, the surname of Divbend, or *Tamer of Giants:* upon this name was founded the tale, that the regions of Tartary were infested, in his reign, with legions of monsters, who were endued with super-human powers; and Ferdusi has unfortunately adopted the invention with all the minute additions of his tasteless annalist, as the machinery of a considerable part of his poem. Had the idea been his own, it would have been worked up in a more fanciful way, and would not have left these auxiliaries with such attributes as disgust the reader, while they so much resemble mankind, as hardly to be called a new order of beings. There is, perhaps, an historical fact contained in the account of the usurpation of Zohak the Arabian; for the Persians would not have introduced an event so disgraceful to the throne, and to their celebrated monarch, Gemshéd, had there not been strong grounds to establish its truth. This usurper is one of the blackest characters in the Persian chronicles, and had already seized the crown of Arabia, by an act of treason and parricide. He was the son of the Arabian King, Merdaz, and had been distinguished as a youth by the love of virtue and the desire of knowledge. Eblis, the oriental Satan, appeared to him in the disguise of a sage, and offered him unlimited knowledge and power, if he would solemnly bind himself by an oath to a prompt obedience in all that he should command. We will extract the relation of what followed from Champion's version of this part of the *Sháh-náméh*, which will serve as a specimen of his translation.

> "The unwary Zohak swore; deluded youth!
> To whom, unconscious, do you pledge your truth?
> He swore, that silence should the tale conceal!
> 'Twas then that Eblis broke the fatal seal:
> A son like you with every talent blest,
> With godlike virtues in unwarlike rest,
> Thus doom'd, depriv'd of empire and of power,
> To wait, inactive, for an old man's hour,
> Argues a grov'ling soul—while thy aged Sire
> Lives glimm'ring on, suppress thy active fire—
> Long will he rule; a slave thou must remain;
> Seize on his sceptre and assert thy reign.
> His throne is thine—obedient to thy guide,
> The world will own thee with a conscious pride."

The prince is seduced to commit a most unpoetical murder, and thereby to attain his father's throne. The poet then proceeds:

" Zohak whose soul was in the Infernal's power,
No fear or sorrow knew.—' Let the fates lower!
The throne is mine.' So ancient annals tell,
And Eblis smil'd to view the pow'r of hell.
The Infernal now a beauteous shape assum'd.
And words more gracious all his thoughts illum'd.
Each pow'r was granted him: till then the earth
Yielded all fruit, and simple was its mirth;
No luxury it knew; the fowl, the sheep,
With various birds, fish from the watery deep,
Were dress'd by Eblis for the wond'ring king;
The winter, autumn, summer, and the spring,
Were ransack'd all, to catch th' inglorious mind
Whose senses were to luxury resign'd.
Zohak from Eblis, wond'ring, seeks to know
From whence such knowledge, such improvements flow,
Whether of mortal or immortal race;
' Say, what rewards can such achievements grace?'
To whom, ' Oh monarch of Arabia, plain
My schemes, my labours shall not prove in vain,
Your kindness warms the slave of your desire;
One sole request I crave—one only boon require:
On thy immortal shoulders let me place
My faithful head, and bow my bending face.'
Zohak, not conscious of impending ill,
Bids him his wishes and his boon fulfil;
Eblis the moment seiz'd with proud delight,
Touch'd either arm, and vanish'd from his sight.
Instant, two serpents spring from either arm,
All gaze, all wonder, trembling with alarm;
Erect they rose and all around them view'd,
Their open mouths demand immediate food;
All skill'd in medicine, try their art in vain,
All herbs prove fruitless to relieve the pain.
Eblis, in habit of a seer unknown,
Appear'd, and thus address'd the royal throne.
' With trains of men alone these serpents feed;
For this, no herb, no medicine is decreed;
This will destroy them.' Hell could do no more;
The Infernal revell'd, pleas'd with human gore."

Champion's Ferdusi.

The translation from which this extract is taken, claims great indulgence as the first attempt to introduce the great poet of Persia to the English reader; and as being the pro-

duction of one, who, like many who have distinguished themselves in the East, left his native country without those advantages which would have prepared him to execute his plan with better success. It is greatly to be lamented, that on account of the very early age at which the public life of the Company's servants begins, they have rarely brought to the study of oriental literature, minds previously well trained in a course of classical education at home. We are most willing to allow, that they have applied themselves, with a zeal that can never be surpassed, to extend our knowledge of the extraordinary nations that people the Asiatic continent; but theirs has sometimes been a zeal without judgement, the want of which useful quality has occasionally marred their most promising efforts. It is true, that they suffer under the disadvantage of being perpetually and necessarily compared and contrasted with one of the most eminent men of any age or country. Sir William Jones had a combination of talents that has been scarcely ever equalled by any scholar since time began. Other men have raised to themselves great reputations by a critical acquaintance with a single language, while his genius led him to add to the language of Greece and Rome, of ancient and modern Europe, the neglected tongues of the eastern world. His knowledge of classical literature would, of itself, have been sufficient to stamp his character as a distinguished scholar, and this was the acquisition of his early youth. He was still young when the Muses of Asia allured him into a path, that brought him to the eminent station which his name will ever maintain; and even then, though delighted with the brilliancy of the oriental authors, his judgement was too well formed by his previous education, to allow him to be blind to the wanderings of their luxuriant imaginations. At the same time, with the candour of a sound critic, he made every allowance for the licence claimed for the difference of climate and manners. His judgement is no where more conspicuous than in his translations, where he seizes with promptitude the spirit of his originals without exposing their weaknesses; and frequently adapts to ordinary language, by a graceful turn of expression, a thought or figure, that, in less skilful hands, would seem quaint and unnatural. As an example of his success in this respect, we will quote from his *Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry*, an extract from a long passage of Ferdusi, which he has endeavoured, he says, to accommodate to the Virgilian metre. We must first notice, that the usurper Zohak was deposed by the rightful heir Ferídun; and, that this king was succeeded by his grandson Manucheher, during whose reign, the wars against the Tartars were still carried on by one of the most renowned of the Persian heroes, Sám, the son of Neriman. After one of his victo-

rious expeditions, he relates in person to the king, the total defeat of the army of Mazenderan; and in describing the agitation of the enemy before his rout, Sir William Jones has thus made him speak in Roman hexameters.

" Gens est dura, ferox; non aspera sævior errat
Per dumeta leo, non sylvâ tigris in atrâ;
Non equus in lætis Arabum it velocior agris.
Cum subitó trepidam pervenit rumor in urbem
Adventare aciem; queruli per tecta, per arces,
Auditi gemitus, et non lætabile murmur.
Ilicet æratâ fulgentes casside turmas
Eduxere viri; pars vastos fusa per agros,
Pars monte in rigido, aut depressâ valle sedebat:
Horruit ære acies, tantæque a pulvere nubes
Exortæ, ut pulchrum tegeret jubar ætherius sol.
Quale in arenoso nigrarum colle laborat
Formicarum agmen, congestaque farra reponit;
Aut qualis culicum leviter stridentibus alis
Turba volans, tenues ciet importuna susurros;
Tales prosiluere. Nepos ante agmina *Salmi*
Cercius emicuit, quo non fuit ardua pinus
Altior, aut vernans riguo cyparissus in horto.
At Persarum artûs gelidâ formidine solvi
Arguit et tremor, et laxato in corpore pallor:
Hoc vidi, et, valido torquens hastile lacerto,
Per medias jussi, duce me, penetrare phalangas;
Irruit alatus sonipes, ceu torvus in arvis
Æthiopum latis elephas, neque sensit habenam;
Militibus vires redière, et pristina virtus.
Ac velut, undantis cum surgant flumina Nili,
Et refluant, avidis haud injucunda colonis,
Pinguia frugiferis implentur fluctibus arva;
Sic terra innumeris agitata est illa catervis."

The first dynasty of the Persian monarchy does not yield materials for poetry in great abundance. It was too remote from the age of Ferdusi and his contemporaries, either to inspire the one or to interest the others. They would look back with greater delight to the victories gained in a later period of their history, over enemies whose national hostility was not then forgotten, than to the more marvellous conquests of their earliest kings, in which dæmons and giants were the vanquished. In the one case, they would, it is true, indulge that love of the wonderful which is natural to them; but, on the other hand, their personal antipathies and partialities would be excited, and

they would almost identify themselves with the actors in the scenes of the poet's description. So the heroes of Homer, the immediate predecessors of his first auditors, engaged their attention with infinitely greater force, as the victors in a contest which had engendered animosities that had scarcely then subsided, than if he had chosen as his subject the wars of the Titans, or the actions of the earlier heroic age.

The wars between Iran and Touran, or Persia and Tartary, occupy the principal part of the reigns of the three first princes of the second or Caianian dynasty; and this part of the *Sháh-námeh* has been pointed out by Sir William Jones, as constituting a poem truly epic in the unity of action. Its subject is the overthrow and death of Afrasiab, King of Tartary, who claimed, by force of arms, the throne of Persia, as the descendant of one of the former race of monarchs. He was assisted in his invasion by the Chinese and Indian emperors; and, for the machinery of the poem, the demons, giants, and enchanters of Asia appear in subordinate characters on those scenes, which they had been before permitted, with less judgement, to fill as the principal actors. In this part of the *Sháh-námeh*, we first read of the deeds of Rustem, the Persian Hercules, who placed himself at the head of his country's forces, and, after a series of exploits, the narrative of which is diversified with continual episodes, defeated the confederate monarchs, with the dragons and other monsters who assisted them as allies, and completed his triumph by the expulsion and death of Afrasiab. Were this story detached from the whole poem, it would of itself form a regular epic, as long as the *Iliad*. It would open with an adventure of Rustem, in which he meets with and espouses a Tartar princess, who bears him a son, named Sohráb, who distinguished himself in the armies of Afrasiab, when that king invaded Persia, and, at last, fell the victim of his father's sword, Rustem being at the head of the Persians, and unknown to his son, before whose birth he had returned to his own country. This is precisely the portion of the work which Mr. Atkinson published with a translation and notes. It is an excellent text book for the young Persian scholar, in a convenient octavo form, and in the typographical execution of the original greatly superior to the specimens that usually issue from the Calcutta press. The translator, we should judge, has been resolved to avoid the dry heartless tone of Champion's version, and has fallen into a style quite as remote from that of his author, who is as remarkable for the energetic simplicity, as he is for the life and raciness of his composition. We here present our readers with an extract, which describes the death of Sohráb, and his recognition of his father. In the first encounter, Sohráb, after carefully inquiring

if his antagonist were Rustem, and hearing his disavowal of that name, was the conqueror, but spared the vanquished hero, on his assurance that such was the Persian custom on the first fall. They both retired from the field, and met the next day to decide the combat.

" Again they met. A glow of youthful grace
Diffus'd its radiance o'er the stripling's face,
And scoffing thus, ' Again in arms ?' he cried,
' Dost thou, presumptuous, Scythian power deride ?
Or dost thou, wearied, draw thy vital breath,
And seek from me the crimson shaft of death ?'
Then mild the champion: ' Youth is proud and vain!
The idle threat a warrior would disdain.
This aged arm, perhaps, may yet controul
The wanton fury that inflames thy soul.'
Again dismounting, each the other view'd
With sullen glance, and swift the fight renew'd:
Clench'd front to front, again they tug and bend,
Twist their broad limbs, as every nerve would rend.
With rage convulsive, Rustem grasp'd him round,
Bends his strong back, and hurls him to the ground;
Like lightning quick, he gives the deadly thrust,
And spurns the stripling, weltering in the dust.
' Thus, as my blood the shining steel pursues,
Thine too shall flow, for Destiny pursues;
And when she marks the victims of her power,
A thousand daggers speed the dying hour.'
Groaning with pain, he then in murmurs sigh'd,
' O had I seen, what Fate has now denied,
My glorious father! Life will soon be o'er,
And his great deeds enchant my soul no more.
But hope not to elude his piercing sight,
In vain for thee the deepest glooms of night:
Couldst thou through ocean's depths for refuge fly,
Or, midst the star-beams, track the upper sky,
His kindled rage would persecute thee there,
For Rustem's soul will burn with anguish and despair.'
An icy horror chills the champion's heart,
His brain whirls round with agonizing smart;
O'er his wan cheek no pearly sorrows flow,
Senseless he sinks beneath the weight of woe;
Reliev'd, at length, with frenzied look he cries,
' Prove thou art mine, confirm my doubting eyes,
For I AM RUSTEM!' Dire amazement shook
The dying youth, and mournful thus he spoke;

> ' How oft my heart has throbb'd with strong desire,
> And fondly claim'd thee for my valiant sire.' "
>
> *Atkinson's Sohráb, a Poem, &c.*

The simplicity of Ferdusi's style is entirely lost in these pompous lines; but we have wished, by this and the former example from the rival translator, to let the reader judge for himself of the respective merits of these versions of the early part of the *Sháh-námeh*. We will now proceed to lay before him a slight sketch, accompanied with extracts, of the remaining portion of this extraordinary poem, which have not hitherto been presented to the public. Let us begin with the conclusion of the story we have just quoted, which Mr. Atkinson has unaccountably omitted. After the death of Sohráb, and the due performance of the funeral rites by his afflicted father, the poet introduces the mother as lamenting, in passionate strains, over the untimely fate of her son, embracing his armour, and exhibiting all the signs of frantic grief. In the midst of this description, the translator's edition breaks off abruptly, possibly because he thought that a tragedy (and Sir William Jones had planned a tragedy on this story) should conclude before the interest is gone by, and that the mother's despair made a good final scene. But Ferdusi, who was not writing a play, though there is great dramatic effect in this tale, thought otherwise, and brought it down to a regular conclusion. In the following passage, the history is taken up where Mr. Atkinson left off; and we may observe, from the mode in which this and other poems in the *Sháh-námeh* begin and end, that the poet did not consider his work as an uninterrupted poem, which would deprive him of all right to be considered, according to the critics, as an epic poet, but as a series of poems on different events in the history of Persia.

> " Then the fond mother, shunning light and air,
> In secret wept, and tore her golden hair;
> Fled the dear scenes where Sohráb's youth had past,
> The house of feasting whence he parted last,
> With sable trappings, hung the lofty walls,
> And mourn'd him day and night within her halls.
> A year she mourn'd; then, swift as wishes spring,
> Her soul to meet her Sohráb's soul took wing.
> Reader, prepare thy soul, nor doubt this truth,
> ('Tis Bahrám tells it) that ' the giddy youth
> Who roams to day, with heart as light as air,
> Will feel to-morrow all a father's care.'
> Make not thy resting-place with feeble man,
> Nor dare Futurity's dark deeds to scan;

But know, whatever good or ill betides,
The rolling wheel of Fate, 'tis God who guides;
Fix not thy wishes on this house of clay,
But seek a mansion in eternal day.
Here cease my song!—but first, the prophet's name
A thousand blessings from my voice shall claim."

These lines are an instance of that perpetual disposition to moralize, which is a characteristic of the oriental poets, and which would lead us to suppose the eastern nations to be remarkable for their strict attention to morality, if we did not know their failing in this respect, from other and more certain sources. The death of Sohráb, by the hands of his father, forms the most interesting episode in the poem, but there is, as in the *Iliad*, a continual variety of adventures attributed, by turns, to the several heroes of the wars between the Tartars and Persians. One of these heroes is Pajan, who has been called the Paris of Ferdusi. In one of his excursions on the borders of the hostile territory, he espied, at a distance, Manízheh, the daughter of Afrasiab, whose beauty tempted him to brave all dangers, and possess himself of so lovely an object. He had, however, reason to repent of the adventure, for he was made prisoner by the Turks, and confined in a dismal prison, till released by the valour of Rustem. His first view of the damsel, who caused him to suffer this perilous misfortune, is described with all the enthusiasm of a youthful lover, in his address to the companions of his excursion, when they come in sight of the spot where the princess sported in the midst of her attendant maidens.

" See, where yon plain, in various colours bright,
Tempts the young hero to the foray-fight,
Where many a grove, and many a garden, grace
The wide domain of Tourán's ancient race.
In waves of silk the glossy corn-fields flow,
Musk scents the air, and waters roll below;
The lily droops beneath its ample flower,
The rose breathes incense through her native bower;
Proud stalks the pheasant through the leafy glade,
The dove coos softly from the cypress' shade;
Long may this earthly paradise remain
To glad our vision—long as Time shall reign.
Now up the hills, and now along the vales,
Stray the fair damsels of the Tartar dales;
Manízheh there, first daughter of the throne,
Bright as the sun, with radiance all her own:

Sitárah here, Afrasiab's second pride,
Circled by blooming maids on every side,
O'er the bright flowers a brighter glory sheds,
The rose and lily hide their vanquish'd heads.
See there, the wandering nymphs among the trees,
With cypress forms, and locks that scent the breeze;
Lips bathed in wine, and eyes in balmy sleep,
And cheeks where roses endless vigils keep.
Oh! could we venture, for a single day,
To dare all dangers where those damsels stray,
We'd bear away some maid, of peerless charms,
A glorious prize for royal Khosrú's arms."

It has struck us, that there is a strong resemblance to Ferdusi's style, in the works of one of the most delightful of the European masters of the lyre, Ariosto: it is most remarkable, in the romantic and solitary adventures of the knights and heroes of these two poets, and, as in the instance just mentioned, in the perilous expeditions in which they engage in pursuit of the fair dames of the enemy's camp. Ariosto's oriental imagination made him choose a subject in which he might give full play to his native genius; and, at the time he wrote, the eastern muse, after travelling through Spain, was making the tour of southern Europe in disguise. There is in the *Orlando* a description of the "terrestrial paradise," more warm and Asiatic in its colouring than what we have extracted from Ferdusi. We will give the reader that part of the painting which includes the same objects that Ferdusi drew.

"Cantan fra i rami gli angeletti vaghi
Azzurri e bianchi e verdi e rossi e gialli,
Murmuranti ruscelli, e cheti laghi
Di limpidezza vincono i cristalli.
Una dolce aura che ti par che vaghi
A un modo sempre, e dal suo stil non falli,
Facea si l'aria tremolar d'intorno,
Che non potea nojar calor del giorno.

E quella ai fiori ai pomi e a la verzura
Gli odor' diversi depredando giva;
E di tutti faceva una mistura,
Che di soavità l'alma nutriva."

Orl. Fur. xxxiv. 50, 51.

We have already seen, that Ferdusi gloried in being a disciple of Mahomet, but the religion of his poem is that of the

Fire Worshippers, which was the faith of the Persians at the time of the invasion of the Arabs. There is a simplicity and sublimity about it, which make it peculiarly suitable to poetry; and though it can form no part of what is called the machinery of an epic poem, yet there is a wild grandeur in the adoration of God in his glorious emblem, the rising Sun, the dispenser of light and life, as consonant to the majesty of Ferdusi's vast subject, as it is to the fine climate and country where it was adopted. It was in the reign of Kishtasp, whom the Greeks called Darius Hystaspes, that Zerdusht, or Zeratusht, whom we know by the name of Zoroaster, published his works, which inculcated, we are told, "the doctrine of two Principles, and recommended the worship of the good Principle under the allegory of *Light*, which he opposed to the bad, whose emblem was *Darkness*." "The king," it is added, "was much inclined to this doctrine, and raised a number of temples to the Sun, the fountain of Light; which the people, as usual, conceiving in a gross and literal sense, began to adore the effect instead of the cause, and the figure instead of the archetype. The priests took the hint, and the Sun, or Mithra, became really to them, as our alchemists absurdly consider it, a powerful elixir, which transformed their base metals into gold." The Mussulman bigots cursed the Persian idolaters; but Ferdusi saw the advantage of introducing into his work the genuine religion of his forefathers, which was still secretly professed by many of his contemporaries, and was sufficiently obsolete to create a romantic interest in its former flourishing state.

Ferdusi describes the arrival of Zoroaster at the court of King Kishtasp, and the favour which his religion found in that monarch's eyes, under the figure of the rapid growth of a vast tree before the royal palace. We have preserved in the translation the singular transition that there is, in the original, from the allegorical representative of the prophet, to the prophet himself.

"As years on years successive roll away,
A mighty tree springs up to meet the day;
In the king's court it rears its stately head,
Deep is its root, and wide its branches spread;
Wisdom from every leaf its balm distils,
That balm, the healer of all human ills:
Its name is Zeratusht. *He* comes to quell,
With steps auspicious, all the powers of hell;
From Ahrimán to wrest his iron rod,
And win the world's dominion back to God.
'I come, O king! a legate from the sky,
To point the road that leads to God most High.

Thus saith the Lord, My prophet's word obey,
View all my works in heaven and earth—and say,
Whose hand could work such wonders, or whose word,
But mine—who reign, the all-creating Lord.' "

The king is converted, and, with all the zeal of a proselyte, busies himself to introduce the new faith as the religion of the state. He wisely begins the work of reform with his nobles; and so powerful was the influence of Zoroaster, or so weak the popular prejudices in favour of idolatry, that the worship of fire was quickly established throughout Persia. Our poet closes his account of this internal revolution, with the historical tradition of the first erection of a fire-temple. The figure employed in the former passage as typical of the prophet, seems in the following extract to apply, with greater precision, to the religion of which he was the founder.

" As year by year the rapid seasons flew,
So step by step the mighty cedar grew;
High in mid air its boughs extending ran,
Its ample waist no warrior's noose* could span.
The tree divine, the monarch saw amaz'd,
And first a temple to its honor rais'd;
Twice twenty cubits rose the fabric's height,
Twice twenty cubits square the fabric's site;
Of massive gold, he rear'd the splendid walls,
Transparent amber paved the golden halls."

Kishtasp had a valiant son, named Isfendiar, whose actions are greatly extolled by the Persian poets. This is not the place to enter into any historical disquisition, and we shall therefore merely state, that this son, who did not live to occupy the throne of his father, is very generally supposed to have been the prince who is named Xerxes by the western historians, and who invaded Greece. Imperfect as the annals of Persia are known to be, it is most singular, that no trace of this remarkable event is to be found in any one of their chronicles. They do, it is true, commemorate his victories in the west; but when they name his conquests, they only appear to have extended to Arabia, Syria, and Egypt, and these he is said to have reduced

* The *kamand*, or noose, is used by all Ferdusi's heroes; and, though it sounds more unpoetical to us even than the *bow-string*, which in Asia excites sometimes ideas as unpleasant as the noose of a halter does with us, it was, in their day, an indispensable weapon, and thrown over the enemy's head to seize him in battle.

not only to the Persian temporal sovereignty, but also to the spiritual dominion of Zoroaster, to the pure worship of one God, and the adoration of his visible glory in the element of fire. Of Xerxes, or Isfendiar, the reader may perhaps feel anxious to know the history, according to the Persian records. As the *Sháh-námeh* contains almost every particular of the antient annals, it may be referred to as one of the best historical authorities, and if it is difficult, as it certainly is, to reconcile its relation of the life and death of Xerxes with what we learn from the more faithful writers of Greece, we may be assured, that no other eastern writings would enable us to dissipate the cloud that hangs over this portion of oriental history.

After his return from his western conquests, the king, his father, suspecting him of an intention to seize the throne during his own life-time, directed his general, Rustem, to march against the supposed rebel. This is the last important exploit of Rustem's life, and, with him, ceases the most heroic age of Persian history. After a war of some continuance, the contest between these principal heroes of Ferdusi is decided by single combat. On the first encounter, Rustem is wounded by his adversary, and retires from the field discomfited. On this occasion, the poet calls to the aid of his favorite warrior the sacred bird, called the Simorg, which is represented as a beneficent being, preserving under its special protection our Persian Hercules. Ariosto, it has been conjectured, borrowed the notion of his Hippogriff from this fiction of Ferdusi, which is supposed to have found its way into Europe through the writings of the Spanish Arabs. But, besides that the *Sháh-námeh* was written at a time when such an introduction of his fables was not likely to take place through a people who took no particular interest in Persian poetry, Ariosto's Griffin is a creation of a very different kind from the fairy bird of the Persian, as will appear from the following description of the mode which Rustem's father, Zál, adopted to invoke and obtain the assistance of this good genius, which he had assured his wounded son would restore him to his former vigour.

"Three golden censers in his halls he sought,
Three holy men the golden censers brought.
Soon as they reach'd the mountain's towering crest,
He drew a feather from his broider'd vest;
Then, while the censer kindled as they came,
He scorch'd the feather in the rising flame——
At once, the deepest night the world enshrouds,
The sun of heaven is veil'd in gloomy clouds.
Soon as the Simorg from the sky discerns
The welcome blaze which from the censer burns;

Sees Zál beside it sit, o'erwhelm'd with care,
Swift as a bird she drops from middle air,
And hovers where the cloud of incense waves;
Low bends the hero, and her blessing craves,
Before her face the fragrant censer swings,
And choicest odours to the breezes flings;
When thus the Simorg: 'What the weighty care
Which makes thee thus on incense waft thy prayer?'"

There is no great resemblance between this being of oriental creation, except in the comparison to a bird, and

"Quell' Ippogrifo, grande e strano augello
* * * * * * *
Ch'una giumenta generó d'un grifo:
Simile al padre avea la piuma e l'ale,
Li piedi anteriori, il capo, e il grifo:
In tutte l'altre membra parea quale
Era la madre ———."

The Simorg, who is described as a "monster of the feathered tribe," by all the faithful artists who adorn the manuscripts of the *Sháh-námeh* with their strange devices of the pencil, comforts the old man who had called her down from the sky; cures the hero and his horse of their wounds; and presents Rustem with an arrow, which would unerringly decide his next encounter with his enemy. The remembrance of his former defeat hung heavily on him when they next met, and his misgiving heart almost prompted him to have recourse to a milder method of avoiding the danger of a second disgrace; for, like Homer, our poet sometimes exposes his heroes more to the ridicule than the sympathy of his readers.

"But Rustem knew that prayer would ne'er controul
The cruel rancour of Isfendiar's soul.
He drew his bow, and on its silken string
Fix'd the keen arrow, tipp'd with poison's sting,
And as he fix'd, he rais'd his radiant eyes,
And sought, with stedfast gaze, the arching skies.
'O God,' he said, 'who see'st with piercing sight,
In knowledge perfect, as in glory bright!
Judge thou my soul, from sin and malice free!
Strengthen that heart which only beats for thee!
Oft have I heard my foeman's craft, not power,
Will weave a snare for battle's doubtful hour;

Thou see'st him oft the crouching slave oppress,
But shun the fight and deeds of manliness.'
Thus Rustem pray'd—Impatient of delay,
A warrior forc'd through crowded ranks his way,
And cried, 'Thou loiterer, wherefore stand'st thou here
With bow in hand, as if no foe were near.'
Swift from his bow the hero loos'd his dart,
(The sacred bird had taught him all her art)
Straight to the eye with certain aim it flew,
The bright world sunk for ever from his view.
Conscious no more of aught that pass'd around,
The unhappy prince fell fainting to the ground;
Dropp'd from his powerless grasp the stubborn bow,
And dyed in ruby stains the plain below.
Proud of his victory, Rustem, scoffing, cried,
'Now own my brazen arm has crush'd thy pride;
My single dart has finish'd all the fight,
And quench'd for ever is thy glory's light;
Fall'n is thy crest, and low thy head lies here;
In vain thy mother sheds the anxious tear.'
Thus Rustem, taunting, spoke; but long the chief
Found in forgetfulness his best relief;
Then slowly rising, with undaunted heart
And steady hand, he pluck'd the streaming dart."

After vanquishing Isfendiar, which is almost the last of his actions recorded, Rustem himself falls into disgrace with his sovereign, and dies; and with his disappearing from the scene, the interest of the poem declines. This circumstance and the length of our remarks will sufficiently excuse us from pursuing our account any farther. The reader will perhaps have no very clear idea of the plan of that part of the work which we have noticed, as our abstract of its contents has, from the extent of the whole, been necessarily much abridged. To those, however, who have not attended to the Persian history as reported by themselves, it would have been wholly uninteresting to chronicle the events in a dry series of the reigns of their kings, while such as are acquainted with the eastern annalists will find no difficulty in following our sketch historically.

As to the general merits of this poem, we would observe, that, since an epic poem is the highest reach of the poet's art, we think that Ferdusi is indisputably entitled to take his station in this first order of the "sons of song." The *Sháh-námeh*, considered as a whole, is certainly liable to the same objection as the *Pharsalia* and *Thebaid*, which are called, not epic, but historical poems. And this objection is of even greater force

when applied to Ferdusi, as the great length of time which he occupies, extending, on the shortest calculation, to three thousand seven hundred years, violates the unity of action in a much greater degree than the series of events detailed by Lucan and Statius. We have, however, mentioned an instance of the possibility of detaching from the great work a poem on the defeat of Afrasiab, which would suffer no injury by the separation, but would, in almost every particular, answer to the rules of heroic poetry. In addition to the unity of action, it is required, that an epic poem should contain a moral, which is said, in the *Iliad*, to be an exemplification of the evils attending a misunderstanding between confederated princes. If both the rule and this instance of its application are not absurd, we may be satisfied, that Ferdusi is correct on this head, in the lesson he gives in the punishment inflicted upon the Tartar king, for his unjust invasion, by the patriotic armies of the injured kingdom.

Though the plan of some parts of the *Sháh-námeh* is strictly epic, it must be admitted, that its execution is inferior to its design. In comparison with the great bard of Greece, with whom he is, notwithstanding, worthy to be ranked, he fails decidedly on this point. But allowance must be made for the different tastes and habits of thinking of the different people of the earth; and, after such allowance, there will be discovered a greater resemblance between Homer and Ferdusi, than would appear at first sight. There is, indeed, a very material variety of opinion in those writers who have mentioned the Persian poet with regard to his merits; but certainly some of those, whose education and prejudices would have predisposed them to judge him with severity, have been most unequivocal in their expressions of enthusiastic admiration. Sir William Jones, especially, says, in speaking of his noble work—"profecto nullum est ab Europæis scriptum poëma, quod ad Homeri dignitatem et quasi cœlestem ardorem propius accedat"—and adds, that he intended, if he had leisure, to discuss its excellencies in a separate volume, and, perhaps, to edit the whole; an intention which, unhappily, he was never able to fulfil. The most successful parts of the *Sháh-námeh* are its descriptions. These abound in every page, and are, sometimes, as in the *Iliad*, the pictures of battles, or of the encounters of the heroes in single combat, and, sometimes, of royal feasts, or of the splendours of palaces; here are painted the scenes of riot and carnage, and there the quiet retreats of innocence and peace. Ferdusi, also, pleases us as much by the variety he throws into his sketches of the opening day, with which he perpetually begins a new adventure or story: some minute peculiarity distinguishes every instance, and we should be tempted to exhibit

some of them to the reader, if our object were not rather to excite his wishes for a further acquaintance with the Persian Homer, than to give him a surfeit of quotations. In these we might fail both to satisfy him and to do justice to the poet, but we may confidently refer to the original to confirm all that has been said in his praise, whatever may be thought of the selection of passages which we have here translated.

ART. III. *Distractions, or the Holy Madnesse, fervently, not furiously, inraged, against evill men; or against their evills: wherein the naughty are discovered to themselves and others; and may here see, at once, who they are; what they are; what they doe; and how they ought. Somewhat delightfull, but fruitfull, altogether: as ordered to please a little, but aymed to profit much. By* John Gaule, utriusque olim academiæ. *London, printed by John Haviland, for Robert Allot,* 1629. *pp.* 520.

If the invitation, which an author hangs out in his title page, were a sure sign of the fare within, John Gaule would be likely enough to arrest the steps of the literary traveller, with the expectation of a dainty refreshment. Although "good wine needs no bush," and a promising title page, frequently, only serves to bring us to the lure, without affording in the end either profit or pleasure, yet it is politic in an author, especially a middling one, to hold out the hope of good entertainment, whatever be his hopes of gratifying it; for we are, in general, willing enough to give credit to a winning appearance, and whet our appetite with a ready credulity of an agreeable assertion. It was a notable scheme of our author, to affect madness, in order that he might promote the sanity of his readers; but so it is—John Gaule hath actually lashed himself into a fury, for the increase of morality, and promotion of piety. He kicks and plunges against pride, and covetousness, and anger—he thunders forth a torrent of hard names and abusive epithets, till he foams at the mouth, with the excess of his vituperations—and all this in excellent merriment, that, like boiling water, he may make the black lobster of iniquity red, and blush for shame. As the device was singularly new, one would hope, for the sake of the good cause he espoused, it was equally effective, and that these "pleasant disdains" proved weighty arguments, with the evil doers of the time. We must, indeed, do the author the justice to say, that he has performed one part of his promise, at least; and that his

work is "somewhat delightfull, and ordered to please a little." That it was also "aimed to profit much," we may not dispute. How far it succeeded, or is likely to succeed, we shall not attempt to determine, and shall hardly enable our readers to judge, as we intend, rather to extract what the author meant to please a little, than to profit much. John Gaule seems to have thought that the art of pleasing was wrapt up in a pun, or in marshalling an overpowering collection of epithets in "battallous array." His miscarriages of puns are almost as frequent as his conceptions, and if a bad one were really the most excellent, he would be the most delectable punster that ever ran after those *will o' the wisps*. Pun-hunting is something like fly-catching—a man makes a prodigious effort to secure a pleasant looking trifle, which, when he opens his hand, he finds has escaped him, and left nothing but the bare imagination of a treat behind. With all this, however, we are disposed to be pleased with the descriptive parts of John Gaule's "distractions;" and for this very reason—that in all kinds of madness, whether holy or unholy, there is an earnestness and warmth, that is generally attractive, and, although our author's is but a feigned madness, an "unreal mockery," he labours, in his assumed vocation, with as much fervour, as if he were mad indeed.

He only levels his vituperations against three of the deadly sins—pride, anger, and covetousness. This is the description he gives of one Sir Haughty Heart, or Pride.

"See—see! A sheepe in a golden fleece: howsoever he thinkes of his fleece, I will thinke him but a sheepe. Hee prances most statelily in his gay trappings, but I would be loth to buy, or use an horse, that is only so valued. It is for him to prize a faire outside, that knowes he hath nothing within worthy more esteeme. How curiously hee glances upon himselfe: hee thinkes hee is for other eyes than his owne, to be so broadly gazed at. Why cringes he so to his coat? unlesse he would in good earnest, what the philosopher did in jest—honour that, that honours him. Bucephalus is now royally trapt, and flings at all but Alexander himselfe: disbarbe but the jade, and every stable-groome may bestride him. Many men are proud to seeme what they are not; it only debases them to be seene, and knowne what they are. The asse carries painted and polished Isis upon his back; and Lord! how the vulgar worship him! A wise man will judge of the tree, by the fruit or bulke; he is a foole that doth value it, by the barke or huske.

"A proper squire hee seemes neare at hand; and (you marke him) well dight up. Beside a spruce shape, and gay glosse, hee hath about him, see, what a lofty port and gesture hee carries with him; hee stalkes on in state:—I should say, he marches most majestickly. All his pace is measures, and his hands, accordingly, keepe time, to the tune of his feet. His bever cocks, feather waggs, locks hover, and beard stands in print; his band spreading (like a net) about his necke, his

cloake displayd (as a flagge) upon his arme, his doublet hanging by gimmers upon his shoulders, and his breeches buttoned about him; his boots ruffle, spurrs gingle, and his long rapier (which he is often tied to) confronts him at the hilt; and, toward the point, answers his heeles with a grace. What a supercilious looke he hath; I warrant you, the very blast or sound of his speech would make you start. How he reares in the necke, struts at the stomacke, and traces with his armes a kemboll; he trips with his toes on the earth, and waves his hand, as he would touch the heavens with his finger. He hath one part and propertie of a man, which is to looke upwards; hee thinks this same doth preferre him with reasonables, when we know it doth but distinguish him from bruites: he'ele set his leggs upon the last, rather than lose an inch of his height. I will say one good word for him, and 'tis the best I know by him: than this man in his way, no man walkes more uprightly: marke how he heaves, as though hee almost scorn'd to tread; hee casts up his nose into the wind, looks beyond the clouds, mantles against the moone, and busies himselfe, wholly, to build castles in the aire. What an Alderman's pace he comes; hee prolongs the pageant for the beholders' sake; and hurries not on too hastily, lest most eyes finde no leisure to looke upon him. See—see! he stops and turnes in the midway, at but the apprehension of a lost labour. Oh, doe him not the wrong to looke beside him, for if you see him not, hee comes by to no purpose."

* * * * * * *

"Not a motion of his—not a faculty, which smells not of affectation. Not so much but he sits, and spits, with a grace; and so he walks and talks. He speaks, never, but with a noise; and always laughs with a kind of derision; commands, also, with arrogance; and rebukes with disdaine. He talkes all with interrogations, as though his words were of authority to question every thing. That you enter his threshold, is more than a common courtesie; but that you approach his presence, is a great vouchsafement. What shall I call him? a Thraso, a Polyphemus? To whom shall I liken him? to Maximianus, that made his senatours kisse his feet? to Domitian, that would be stiled a God? or to those divers Popes, that were guilty of both? or to Lucifer, the father of them all? To what shall I compare him? but to a cocke, that claps and crowes upon his owne dunghill; a peacocke, that ruffles in his owne feathers; a toad, that swells with his owne poison; an asse, that hath gotten on a lion's skinne, and now he is a companion for none, but such as he seemes; an ape, that is enamoured of his own ugly puppet; a cameleon, that gapes after the aire; a bladder, full of wind; a shallow river, and bubbling; an empty caske, and sounding; an addle egge, and swimming; a thinne eare, and blasted, that out-tops the fat and full corne; a cypresse tree, that hath faire leaves, but no fruit; a wine bush, that never betokened good liquor; a disordered member, swoln so bigge through its owne corruption."

We must, for the edification of our female readers, give his

parallel portrait of my Lady Goe-gay, which is, indeed, a pleasant piece of painting.

" Not know my Lady Goe-gay, the sprucest dame in city or court! her father was frugall, forgetting he was Cæsar; but shee flaunts it out, remembring she is Cæsar's daughter. Methinkes I now see her, as I saw her last; how trimly deckt in her purple and fine linnen! Shee weares upon her backe, to what shee never laid her hands. Earth, and wormes, and beasts, and nations, there are, that live, and labour, for what she soyles, and teares, and spends: their excrement and sweat, take care to provide her, what shee scarce takes paines to put on. The good huswife and applauded, seeketh wool and flax; she layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands touch the distaffe; and so cloaths both her and her houshold. Out upon these home-spunne threads! these signe like habit, like condition: farre fetcht, and deare bought are for our ladies. One country and nation must breed, another kemb, another spinne, another weave, another dresse, another shape out, and another trim up their wearings. Alas! weak creatures! they see not their beggary in these sundry borrowings: nor mind how fraile a carcase and vile, is shrouded under so gorgeous happings. Women's supplimentall art does but the rather bewray nature's defects; perfuming, painting, starching, decking, these make some annoyance and uncomelinesse, though lesse apparant, yet more suspected. Wee gaze with greedinesse and delight upon a curious and glorious sepulchre; and yet, notwithstanding, we conceive and abhorre what is within. Methought she bare herselfe so nicely and demurely, as though her body had been starcht and gumm'd, according to her cloaths: perhaps (shee carries them so answerably) shee tooke aime by her glasse, at once, to set both her vesture and gesture in the right fashion. Ah! their silly folly! that metamorphize nature into art, and carry themselves more like pictures, than like creatures. Oh! blot not out the lovely image of God in faining and framing so vaine a shaping to yourselves! how she glittered (forehead, eares, bosome, wrists, and fingers) in her gems, jewels, bracelets, and rings! she likened her lustre to the moone and stars; and thought her lesse clay, when so bedaubed with a polished rubbish. Who might then prize her worth, that bare many good men's estates upon her little finger? shee little considered how many fingers were worne, and wearied, to make that one finger shine. This is not only one of our vanities, but one of our superstitions; that we can (against our reason and knowledge) believe that the whole substance of a great patrimony may be valuably transubstantiated into the quantity of a little stone. Gemmes, what are they, but gums or the accretions or congelations of brighter water and earth? they come but from a more subtile compacted sulphur and mercury; and yet we thinke the very heavens concurred with the earth to their commixtion; and so the sunne left part of his shining in them. Mere notionall is their value, which is in the opinion, not in the thing; they are worth nothing, only if you can but thinke them so. The merchant's adventure hath transported them, the lapidarie's craft hath polished them, the vaine man's credulity hath esteemed them, and

the rich man's superfluitie hath enhaunced them. These be but rich men's gawdy trifles; as the painted gew-gawes bee for their children."

There is yet another species of pride, the description of which we must extract, and which is excellently well written.

"But of all your lofty crew; have you heard of him, that is proud of this; that he is not proud? one that glories, vainly, even in the contempt of vaine glory. You have many of his sect and sort: he seemes lowly, but he grudges to be despised; he cares not to be poore, but he is loth to want: he goes barely, fares hardly, lies coldly; an holy man I wis and mortified! but that he boasts as much of this, as you could of the contrary. A fained humility puffes up more, than a noted pride, and is so much the more evill and odious, as it seemes to bee otherwise. Tush man! (be he as thou wouldst thinke, another to thyself) I can as well see his proud heart through his torne coat, as thine, through thy slasht doublet. Thou proudly abhorrest his sordid ragges; he also spurnes and tramples thy gay garments, and with another kinde of pride. Thy ambition urges thee to give, and he refuses thy gift, for he also hath his ambition: boast thou before him, thou art Alexander, the king; and hee'le bragge with thee—hee's Diogenes the dogge. Pride is not alwayes from endowments within, nor yet from outward accruments: a proud heart oft goes together with a beggar's purse and coat.

"I'll now tell thee of one thou knowest not; heed him well; thou yet knowest not him whom thou seest: I tell thee (chuse thee whether thou thinke me so, my ayme is, that thou be so thyselfe) I am not proud, and good reason why, I have nothing, I know nothing, to be proud of. Riches, what are they, but a spreading, a moving, a glittering earth?—hardly and evilly gotten, doubtfull to keep, and dangerous, soone and sorrowfully lost? Honour, what is it, but an imposed, rather a supposed hight and deeme? a mere nothing in itselfe; but only is more or lesse, as others reckon it. Men are like counters, all of the same mould and stampe, only when we cast up their account, we number them from a farthing to a pound. What is beauty, but a superficies of colour and proportion, or a shadowed shape and hue? a red clay, mingled with snow; a flower, which, ere it yet flourishes, is prone to fade; crop it untimely, and it lowres while you looke upon it; let it stand awhile, and it withers upon the stalke: the frost of a fever makes it droope downwards, and an aged winter makes it quite wither away. What is strength and stoutnesse, but a stiffer compact, or more solide couchednesse of the joynts and bloud? which (say art, nor might can yet subdue) sicknesse, age, or death, will once enfeeble. I have seene a feather and a wall, more beauteous than a woman; and know an oxe or an oake to be stronger than a man. A lion will outstand a man, a tiger out-run him, a stagge out-leap him, a dolphin out-swimme him."

The next portait is of anger; It is not so good as the preceding, but is remarkable for the volubility with which the au-

thor pours out his wordy description of the different symptoms, by which it is distinguished.

" See—see! hee's all on a froth and fume: looke on him well, and like him worse. His head startles, haires bristle, browes wrinkle, eyes sparkle, teeth chatter, tongue stammers, lips quaver, joynts tremble, hands clap, fingers twitter, feet wander; his bloud rises, stomacke fills, veines swell; his heart burnes, breast boyles, breath shortens, colour goes and comes—now red as fire—now pale as clout,—now rashly hot and flaming—now fearefully wanne and chill. What uncouth alterations of mind? Did you ever see suche franticke anticke gestures of body? in this glasse (I warne you all) behold, and abhorre, yourselves. Did he here also see himselfe, he would scarce know himselfe; yet scarce that, ere loath himselfe. The man quite marres a good face of his owne. How uncomely and loathsome is his mind now (could you marke it) that works these distempers, and distractions in his body? he seemes, me thinkes, as ugly as outragious; and his features not more unseemely than his feats. Marke him now; now he stands, now starts, now stampes, now stares, now shrugges, now scratches, now snuffes, now grinnes, now gapes, now wrings: such apish tricks, such bedlam prancks, as you would judge him, in his fitt, either a foole or madman; and who will thinke you other, in his case? Anger is a short madnesse. Ah, peevish passion, that thus distempers and distracts us! of all our hard and adverse affections, the most harsh and churlish: the rest have some easement; this only will no mitigation: feare hath some boldnesse, sorrow some joy, despayre some hope; this fury only hath no mercy: they move us, but this inrages; they disturbe, but this confounds our quiet.

" Yet more tricks with this angry ape; come aloft, Jack. Sirrah, how doe your fellow brutes startle and bestirre them in a moved mood? See the sport;—he now rampes like a lion, bristles like a boare, foames like a beare, kicks like a horse, stampes like a bull, pushes like a ram, grinnes like a dogge, scratches like a cat, swells like a toad, hisses like a snake, bills like a cocke, tugges like a goose, buzzes like a beetle, stings like a waspe, and now mumpes and mowes like himselfe: nay about, Jacke; he now bends his browes, gnashes his teeth, scratches his head, teares his haire, beats his breast, wrings his hands, smites the post with his fist, and spurns the dust before him with his feet. The angry ape, said I; I should have said, the ape of anger. There is no savagenesse of beasts, which he here imitates not, if not exceeds: nay, hee'le follow the very fiends, in his fury."

To each of the three parts is appended a sort of epitaph. That on anger is the best, and is really a curiosity.

" Good reader know,
That commest nigh,
Here lies he low,
That look't so high.

Both poore and nak't,
That was gay cloath'd;
Of all forsak't,
Who others loath'd.
He once thought all
Envi'd his worth;
Nor great, nor small,
Now grudge his turfe.
The heavenly cope
Was his ambition:
Three cubits' scope
Is his fruition.
He was above all;
God above him:
He did not love all;
Nor God love him.
He, that him taught,
First to aspire,
Now hath him caught,
And payes his hire."

To complete the series of portraits, we should extract the one which he gives of the covetous man.

"Wearish wretch; so like a flea-biter hee lookes. Say as you see, is he not mostly wry-neckt, crompe-shouldred, pale-fac't, thin-cheekt, hollow-eyed, hooke-nos'd, beetle-brow'd, purse-lipt, gaunt-belly'd, rake-backt, buckle-hamm'd, stump-legg'd, splay-footed, dry-fisted, and crooke-fingered; with a learing looke, slow breath, stealing pace, squeaking voice: his tall hat, and tattered cloak, thread-bare buskins, and cobbled shooes, a swagging pouch, and a spadle-staffe; and if you reckon him onely by his coat and carcasse, one would scarce bestow the hanging of him, to have them both. They say, commonly, ill humours, ill manners; but here, certainly, ill manners, ill members; for (could you see into him) he is not more ill-favoured, than ill-conditioned."

* * * * * * *

"Loe, the covetous carle! what a needy niggard it is: oh, 'tis a scraping churle! out on him, greedy gripe! a very gut-head, he hath asses' eares direct; a forehead, an it were to set his leekes on; he sees well, an his eyes were uncast: I wonder he is not ring'd for rooting; you may see your face in his so transparant cheeks; a head he hath like a moule, an his nailes were growne; and a foot to shovell the street before him. Hateful miscreant! how hath he worne and wrested himselfe from God's good making? His steeple hat hath harboured many a thousand, and his woollen cap serves to keepe warme his wits; his weather-beaten cloake he had by inheritance; and hee meanes to make it in his will: he hath forgot the making of his dou-

blet; but it puts him (ever and anon) in mind of repairing: his breeches are in the fashion, not so much for pride, as to save cloth: but how bare soever be his backe, and belly thinne, his bagge is well lined, and he keeps it warme: there's not a hole in his hose, and yet not a place where there hath not beene a hole: his shooes have cost him more the maintaining, than would provide him shooes: he keepes a free house—you may as soone breake your necke as your fast; and a cleane withall—you may as readily wet your shoos as your lips. The man is oft-times so melancholy at home, that he is glad when he may cheare up himselfe at his neighbour's board: and, upon many occasions, growes so desperate, that hee cares not what becomes of him; only he is loth to be at the charges of making himselfe away."

ART. IV. *Thealma and Clearchus. A Pastoral History in smooth and easie Verse. Written long since by* John Chalkhill, Esq. *an Acquaintant and Friend of* Edmund Spenser. *London,* 1683.

This poem was published by the venerable patriarch of anglers, Izaak Walton, as the production of a deceased friend. The only information he has communicated respecting the author, is contained in the intimation on the title-page, that he was "an acquaintant and friend of Edmund Spenser," and in the following brief preface.

"The reader will find in this book, what the title declares, a pastoral history, in smooth and easie verse; and will in it find many hopes and fears finely painted, and feelingly expressed. And he will find the first so often disappointed, when fullest of desire and expectation; and the latter, so often, so strangely, and so unexpectedly relieved, by an unforeseen Providence, as may beget in him wonder and amazement.

And the reader will here also meet with passions heightened by easie and fit descriptions of joy and sorrow; and find also such various events and rewards of innocent truth and undissembled honesty, as is like to leave in him (if he be a good natured reader) more sympathizing and virtuous impressions, than ten times so much time spent in impertinent, critical, and needless disputes about religion: and I heartily wish it may do so.

And, I have also this truth to say of the author, that he was in his time a man generally known, and as well beloved; for he was humble, and obliging in his behaviour; a gentleman, a scholar, very innocent and prudent; and indeed his whole life was useful, quiet, and virtuous. God send the story may meet with, or make, all readers like him.

I. W.

May 7, 1678."

When we add, that there are two songs, with the name of Chalkhill attached to them, introduced in *The Complete Angler*, we believe we have placed the reader in possession of every thing that is known respecting the supposed author of *Thealma and Clearchus*. It is not easy to conceive, that a gentleman of his taste and talents, who enjoyed the friendship of Spenser, should wholly escape the panegyrics or censures of his contemporaries, and the industrious researches of poetical biographers.* Had he been any thing more than a fictitious personage, honest Izaak would hardly have dismissed him with such a brief and unsatisfactory notice: "the narrative old man" would have treated us with some of the delightful garrulous details in which he has commemorated so many of his literary friends. The author of *Thealma*, the friend of Spenser, and a brother-angler, certainly deserved and would have received a much more ample allowance of biographical gossip. The conclusion appears to us inevitable, that Chalkhill was merely a *nomme de guerre*, like Peter Pindar or Barry Cornwall.—Whether Walton was himself the author of the poem before us may admit of more controversy: we are ourselves strongly convinced that he was, and we think any person who takes the trouble we have done in investigating the circumstances, and in comparing the *Thealma* with the acknowledged productions of Walton, will come to the same conclusion. We confess, that our wish may, in some measure, be "father to the thought:" we have read this delightful poem with redoubled pleasure since we persuaded ourselves that it was an emanation of the same amiable spirit, which put forth the most delightful and genuine pastoral in the English language, and we should feel proud to add another sprig to the verdant wreath which encircles the venerable brow of old Izaak Walton. We shall briefly state the principal reasons on which we found our opinion as to the unity of Chalkhill and Walton, but we fear, unless the reader is

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* Mr. Todd, in his life of Spenser, enumerates Chalkhill among the friends and admirers of the English Ariosto, but it is solely on the strength of Walton's assertion; as this industrious commentator evidently knew nothing more of the author of *Thealma and Clearchus*, than was to be found in the scanty notice of its editor. Ritson has introduced Chalkhill among the authors of the sixteenth century, in his *Bibliographia Poetica*, but he merely copies Walton. Mr. Campbell overlooked Chalkhill in his *Specimens of the British Poets;* but to make him amends, he has introduced him into his Introductory Essay, where he had no manner of business. Mr. Singer was the first to question the authenticity of Walton's statement, and his researches satisfied him that Chalkhill was altogether a fictitious personage.

already conversant with their (or his) works, our arguments will lose some portion of their weight.

We have already adverted to the mysterious silence of Walton with respect to his friend's life: he neither tells us where he lived nor when he died—he gives this "airy nothing" no "local habitation." Another circumstance worthy of remark is, the guardedness of his praise, contrasted with the boundless eulogies of the editors and "wit-insuring friends" of that period, and with the spirit of Walton's own commendatory verses on Donne, Cartwright, Herbert, &c. He bestows his applause with the modest consciousness of an ingenuous man, who, in his assumed character, felt himself obliged, yet almost afraid, to commend. The two songs introduced in *The Complete Angler* with the name of Chalkhill attached to them, bear a very close resemblance, in thought and style, to those confessedly the production of Walton, and, like them, are introduced without any allusion to the author or any comment on their peculiar merits, while *all* of the many songs introduced as the compositions of other writers are honoured with a particular commendation of themselves or their authors. One of Chalkhill's songs is in praise of a country life, and the other is an enthusiastic eulogy on the delights of angling.

> "Oh, the gallant fisher's life,
> It is the best of any;
> 'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
> And 'tis belov'd by many:
> Other joys
> Are but toys,
> Only this
> Lawful is,
> For our skill
> Breeds no ill,
> But content and pleasure." &c.
>
> *The Complete Angler*, 1653.

It may be considered improbable, that Walton, if he were himself the author of *Thealma*, would have given it to the world in its present unfinished state, but it should be borne in mind, that he was in his ninetieth year when he published it;—a time of life when, in the common course of things, he had little chance of being able to bestow much attention and labour on it. It is very possible, that he might adopt the innocent stratagem of producing it as the work of a deceased friend, as an excuse for publishing an unfinished tale, and as a method of disarming the severity of criticism. The juvenile effusion which

he had probably long kept back in the hope of being able to complete it, he might naturally be unwilling to destroy, yet afraid to hazard his established reputation by its publication. He died the same year the book was published: had he lived a little longer, the success of the work and the applauses of his friends might have induced him to lay aside his disguise; and John Chalkhill might have been expunged from the list of authors.

The following commendatory lines, by Thomas Flatman, are prefixed to *Thealma and Clearchus.*

"*To my worthy Friend, Mr. Izaak Walton, on the publication of this poem.*

Long had the bright *Thealma* lain obscure,
Her beauteous charms, that might the world allure,
Lay, like rough diamonds in the mine, unknown,
By all the sons of folly trampled on,
Till your kind hand unveil'd her lovely face,
And gave her vigour to exert her rays.
Happy old man!—whose worth all mankind knows
Except himself, who charitably shows
The ready road to virtue and to praise,
The road to many long and happy days;
The noble arts of generous piety,
And how to compass true felicity;
Hence did he learn the art of living well,
The bright *Thealma* was his oracle:
Inspir'd by her, he knows no anxious cares,
Through near a century of pleasant years;
Easy he lives, and cheerful shall he die,
Well spoken of by late posterity.
As long as Spenser's noble flames shall burn,
And deep devotions throng about his urn;
As long as Chalkhill's venerable name
With humble emulation shall inflame
Ages to come, and swell the floods of fame;
Your memory shall ever be secure,
And long beyond our short liv'd praise endure;
As Phidias in Minerva's shield did live,
And shar'd that immortality he alone could give.

THO. FLATMAN."

June 5, 1683.

If these lines have any meaning, we must infer from them,

that Walton had some inheritance in the fame of *Thealma*. If applied merely to the writer of the scanty preface which we have extracted, they are little better than absurd; but, if written in the belief that Walton was the real, but concealed author, if not very apposite, they are, at least, intelligible.

The internal evidence in the poem itself is strongly corroborative of our opinion. The simplicity and *bon-hommie* which characterised the life and writings of Walton are every where perceptible. The kindliness, the pastoral taste, the keen enjoyment of rural sights and sounds, the tolerant piety, of the author of the *Angler*, pervade equally the *Thealma and Clearchus*. It is just such a poem as Walton might be expected to write: it has no turbulent energy of thought or action—it has no strongly marked characters—it displays no insight into the darker passions of the soul—it is modest, gentle, unambitious—and glides along as calmly and unobtrusively, as one of those placid streams by which old Izaak loved to sit and ruminate—

— " with his *Bryan* and his book."

To prove that Walton had enough of the poet in him to produce the *Thealma*, we need only appeal to his *Angler*, a work instinct with the pure spirit of unconscious poetry, and which " scents all the year long of June, like a new-made haycock ;" a work which has delighted thousands who never handled a fishing-rod, imparting dignity and interest to the minutest details of a pursuit, singularly barren of excitement, and clothing it with " an ineffable charm which cannot be effaced."

The data on which we have founded our opinion of the identity of Chalkhill and Walton, it may be said

" ——————— are all
Supposures hypotheticall"—

but, taken together, we think they almost amount to demonstration. The non-existence of the author of *Thealma*, distinct from Walton; the mysterious silence of his editor, and the guardedness of his praise; the exact similarity of their tastes, feelings, and sentiments; their mutual extravagant passion for angling; altogether—in the absence of even a shadow of proof to the contrary—satisfy us, that Chalkhill is no other than our old piscatory friend incognito.

But to escape from controversy to the more refreshing part of our task, the examination of the poem itself. As the story is without a conclusion, we shall not enter at much length into its details, but content ourselves with giving a slight outline, which may serve to connect and explain the extracts we intend

to make. The scene of the *Thealma and Clearchus* is laid in Arcadia, the primitive state of which country is thus beautifully described :

" Arcadia was, of old, a state,
Subject to none but their own laws and fate :
Superior there was none, but what old age
And hoary hairs had rais'd ; the wise and sage,
Whose gravity, when they are rich in years,
Begat a civil reverence more than fears
In the well manner'd people ; at that day
All was in common, every man bare sway
O'er his own family ; the jars that rose
Were soon appeas'd by such grave men as those :
This *mine* and *thine*, that we so cavil for,
Was then not heard of ; he that was most poor
Was rich in his content, and liv'd as free
As they whose flocks were greatest, nor did he
Envy his great abundance, nor the other
Disdain the low condition of his brother,
But lent him from his store to mend his state,
And with his love he quits him, thanks his fate ;
And taught by his example, seeks out such
As want his help, that they may do as much.
Their laws, e'en from their childhood, rich and poor
Had written in their hearts by conning o'er,
The legacies of good old men, whose memories
Outlive their monuments, the grave advice
They left behind in writing :—this was that
That made Arcadia then so blest a state,
Their wholesome laws had link'd them so in one,
They liv'd in peace and sweet communion.
Peace brought forth plenty, plenty bred content,
And that crown'd all their pains with merriment.
They had no foe, secure they liv'd in tents,
All was their own they had, they paid no rents ;
Their sheep found clothing, earth provided food,
And labour drest them as their wills thought good ;
On unbought delicates their hunger fed,
And for their drink the swelling clusters bled :
The vallies rang with their delicious strains,
And pleasure revel'd on those happy plains,
Content and labour gave them length of days,
And peace serv'd in delight a thousand ways."

An iron age succeeds to this golden one. Ambition, ava-

rice, and luxury, introduce tyranny; and at the time the story commences, the sceptre is swayed by "a hot-spur'd youth, hight Hylas." Thealma, the daughter of the King of Lemnos, flying from her father's court with her lover, Clearchus, is ship-wrecked on the Arcadian coast. Clearchus is supposed to be drowned; and Thealma, taking refuge in the house of a shepherd, employs herself in tending his flocks.

"Scarce had the ploughman yoked his horned team,
And lock'd their traces to the crooked beam,
When fair Thealma with a maiden scorn,
That day before her rise, out-blush'd the morn:
Scarce had the sun gilded the mountain tops,
When forth she leads her tender ewes.—

* * * * *

Down in a valley, 'twixt two rising hills,
From whence the dew in silver drops distills
T' enrich the lowly plain, a river ran
Hight Cygnus; (as some think from Leda's swan
That there frequented) gently on it glides,
And makes indentures in her crooked sides,
And with her silent murmurs rocks asleep
Her wat'ry inmates: 'twas not very deep,
But clear as that Narcissus look'd in, when
His self-love made him cease to live with men.
Close by the river was a thick leaf'd grove,
Where swains of old sang stories of their love;
But unfrequented now, since Colin died,
Colin, that king of shepherds, and the pride
Of all Arcadia:—here Thealma used
To feed her milky droves, and as they brows'd
Under the friendly shadow of a beech,
She sate her down; grief had tongue-tied her speech,
Her words were sighs and tears; dumb eloquence:
Heard only by the sobs, and not the sense.
With folded arms she sate, as if she meant
To hug those woes which in her breast were pent.
Her looks were nail'd to earth, that drank
Her tears with greediness, and seem'd to thank
Her for those briny showers, and in lieu
Returns her flow'ry sweetness for her dew.

* * * * * *

'O, my Clearchus,' said she, and with tears
Embalms his name:—'O! if the ghosts have ears,

Or souls departed condescend so low,
To sympathize with mortals in their woe;
Vouchsafe to lend a gentle ear to me,
Whose life is worse than death, since not with thee.
What privilege have they that are born great
More than the meanest swain? The proud waves beat
With more impetuousness upon high lands,
Than on the flat and less resisting strands:
The lofty cedar, and the knotty oak,
Are subject more unto the thunder-stroke,
Than the low shrubs, that no such shocks endure,
Ev'n their contempt doth make them live secure.
Had I been born the child of some poor swain,
Whose thoughts aspire no higher than the plain,
I had been happy then; t' have kept these sheep,
Had been a princely pleasure; quiet sleep
Had drown'd my cares, or sweeten'd them with dreams:
Love and content had been my music's themes;
Or had Clearchus liv'd the life I lead,
I had been blest!"

While she is discoursing of her griefs with her maid, Caretta,

"——————— a fell boar
Rush'd from the wood, enrag'd by a deep wound
Some huntsman gave him: up he ploughs the ground,
And whetting of his tusks, about 'gan roam
Champing his venom's moisture into foam.
* * * * * *
The sheep ran bleating o'er the pleasant plain,
And airy Echo answers them again."

They are rescued from destruction by the arrival of a huntsman, who kills the enraged savage.

"He was but young, scarce did the hair begin
In shadows to write man upon his chin:
Tall and well set, his hair a chesnut brown,
His looks majestic, 'twixt a smile and frown."

This stranger turns out to be her brother Anaxus, who had left his native land in search of his mistress Clarinda, whose father had been banished from Lemnos by the king.

"——————— the fiery sun
Went blushing down at the short race he run;

The marigold shuts up her golden flowers,
And the sweet song-birds hied unto their bowers.
Night-swaying Morpheus clothes the east in black,
And Cynthia following her brother's track
With new and brighter rays, herself adorns,
Lighting the starry tapers at her horns.
Homeward Anaxus and Thealma wend,
Where we must leave them for awhile, to end
The story of their sorrows."—

The Arcadians, driven to revolt by the tyranny of Hylas, choose for their leader Alexis, a foreign youth, who had distinguished himself at their festive games.

" He had a man-like look, and sparkling eye,
A front whereon sate such a majesty
As aw'd all his beholders; his long hair,
After the Grecian fashion, without care
Hung loosely on his shoulders, black as jet,
And shining with his oily honour'd sweat;
His body straight, and well proportion'd, tall,
Well limb'd, well set, long arm'd;—one hardly shall
Among a thousand find one in all points,
So well compact, and sinew'd in his joints.
But that which crown'd the rest, he had a tongue
Whose sweetness *toal'd* unwillingness along,
And drew attention from the dullest ear,
His words so oily smooth and winning were."

Hylas meanwhile was occupied with other cares. He had been smitten with the charms of Florimel, the daughter of Memnon, a Lemnian exile, and after several ineffectual attempts on her virtue, had had recourse to violence, but was prevented, and obliged to save himself by flight from the rage of Memnon and his followers. Before Memnon has time to escape from Arcadia with his family, Hylas returns and surrounds the house with his troops. Memnon contrives to conceal his daughter in a hidden apartment, and, on his refusal to discover her retreat, Hylas, enraged, orders the house to be set on fire. At this moment intelligence is brought of the insurrection, and Hylas hastens to oppose the insurgents. He is defeated and slain, and Alexis is chosen king.

Anaxus taking leave of his sister proceeds in search of his Clarinda: retreating into a forest for shelter " gainst the sun's scorching heat,"

" Within a little silent grove hard by,
Upon a small ascent he might espy
A stately chapel, richly gilt without,
Beset with shady sycamores about:
And ever and anon he might well hear
A sound of music steal in at his ear
As the wind gave it being :—so sweet an air
Would strike a syren mute.—
* * * * *
A hundred virgins there he might espy
Prostrate before a marble deity,
Which, by its portraiture, appear'd to be
The image of Diana :—on their knee
They tender'd their devotions: with sweet airs,
Off'ring the incense of their praise and prayers.
Their garments all alike; beneath their paps
Buckled together with a silver claps,
And cross their snowy silken robes, they wore
An azure scarf, with stars embroider'd o'er.
Their hair in curious tresses was knit up,
Crown'd with a silver crescent on the top.
A silver bow their left hand held, their right,
For their defence, held a sharp-headed flight
Drawn from their broid'red quiver, neatly tied
In silken cords, and fasten'd to their side.
Under their vestments, something short before,
White buskins, lac'd with ribbanding, they wore.
It was a catching sight for a young eye,
That love had fir'd before :—he might espy
One, whom the rest had sphere-like circled round,
Whose head was with a golden chaplet crown'd.
He could not see her face, only his ear
Was blest with the sweet words that came from her."

The devotions of these nymphs are interrupted by a band of robbers, and after a show of resistance they take to flight, but some of the boldest, and amongst them their beautiful leader, are taken prisoners. Anaxus, on this, furiously rushes among the bandits, kills their leader, and speedily routs them. The virgins during this contest had dispersed and fled, but Anaxus, who had been severely wounded in the struggle, is opportunely relieved by Sylvanus, a benevolent recluse.

" A trim old man he was, though age had plough'd
Up many wrinkles in his brow, and bow'd

His body somewhat tow'rd the earth: his hairs,
Like the snow's woolly flakes, made white with cares,
The thorns that now and then pluck'd off the down,
And wore away for baldness to a crown:
His broad kemb'd beard hung down near to his waist,
The only comely ornament that grac'd
His reverend old age,—his feet were bare
But for his leathern sandals, which he ware
To keep them clean from galling, which compell'd
Him use a staff to help him to the field.
He durst not trust his legs, they fail'd him then,
And he was almost grown a child again:
Yet sound in judgement, not impair'd in mind,
For age had rather the soul's parts refin'd
Than any way infirm'd; his wit no less
Than 'twas in youth, his memory as fresh;
He fail'd in nothing but his earthly part,
That tended to its centre; yet his heart
Was still the same, and beat as lustily."

Sylvanus, to complete his cure, takes Anaxus home with him to his cell,

——————————— "whose poor outside
Promis'd as mean a lodging; pomp and pride
(Those peacocks of the time,) ne'er roosted there,
Content and lowliness the inmates were.
It was not so contemptible within,
There was some show of beauty that had been
Made much of in old time, but now well nigh
Worn out with envious time:"—

Thealma, somewhat cheered in spirit by her unexpected meeting with her brother, and still more by a dream which told her that Clearchus lived,

"—— trick'd herself in all her best attire,
As if she meant this day t' invite desire
To fall in love with her: her loose hair
Hung on her shoulders sporting with the air:
Her brow a coronet of rose-buds crown'd,
With loving woodbine's sweet embraces bound.
Two globe-like pearls were pendant to her ears,
And on her breast a costly gem she wears,
An adamant, in fashion like a heart,
Whereon love sat, a plucking out a dart,
With this same motto graven round about
On a gold border; *Sooner in, than out.*

This gem Clearchus gave her, when unknown,
At tilt, his valour won her for his own.
Instead of bracelets on her wrists, she wore
A pair of golden shackles, chain'd before
Unto a silver ring enamel'd blue,
Whereon in golden letters to the view
This motto was presented: *Bound, yet free.*
And in a true-love's knot, a T. and C.
Buckled it fast together; her silk gown
Of grassy green, in equal plaits hung down
Unto the earth: and as she went, the flowers,
Which she had broider'd on it at spare hours,
Were wrought so to the life, they seem'd to grow
In a green field, and as the wind did blow,
Sometimes a lily, then a rose takes place;
And blushing seems to hide it in the grass:
And here and there gold *oates* 'mong pearls she strew,
That seem'd like shining glow-worms in the dew.
Her sleeves were tinsel, wrought with leaves of green,
In equal distance spangeled between,
And shadowed over with a thin lawn cloud,
Through which her workmanship more graceful show'd."

In this attire she leads "her milky drove to field," and while she is singing and playing, Cleon, a Lemnian nobleman, and Rhotus, an Arcadian fisherman,* passing on their way to court, have their attention arrested by "her sweet soul-melting accents," and Cleon recognizing Thealma, informs her that her father was dead, and that he himself was in search of the Prince Anaxus to call him to the throne. Rhotus, learning from Thealma's self-accusing laments the supposed loss of Clearchus, relates that he had rescued from drowning a noble youth, who since had won the Arcadian crown. This youth called himself Alexis, but from the time of his shipwreck, the grief with which he appeared overwhelmed, and from his often hearing him "sigh out Thealma," he conjectured that he was no other than the lost Clearchus. Thealma entrusts Cleon with a jewel which Clearchus had given her, as a token to the king, and he and Rhotus proceed on their journey to the court.

"Home now Thealma wends 'twixt hope and fear,
Sometimes she smiles; anon she drops a tear
That stole along her cheeks, and falling down,
Into a pearl it freezeth with her frown."

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* This *fisherman* acts a very prominent and dignified part in the story, and confirms, if any proof were wanted, the great predilection of Chalkhill for the profession.

Anaxus sojourns with Sylvanus until his wounds are healed. The latter, by his skill in soothsaying, not only discovers the quality and country of his guest, and the object of his journey, but informs him of his father's death, and of the plots that were forming against him at home. He advises him to repair to the Arcadian coast, and tells him he will find his squire Pandevius, inquiring his master's fate of the witch Orandra, of whose blandishments he warns Anaxus to beware, and gives him a herb as a defence against her sorcery.

"Down in a gloomy valley, thick with shade,
Which two aspiring hanging rocks had made,
That shut out day, and barr'd the glorious sun
From prying into th' actions there done;
Set full of box, and cypress, poplar, yew,
And hateful elder, that in thickets grew,
Among whose boughs the screech-owl and night-crow
Sadly recount their prophecies of woe,
Where leather-winged bats, that hate the light,
Fan the thick air, more sooty than the night.
The ground o'er-grown with weeds, and bushy shrubs,
Where milky hedge-hogs nurse their prickly cubs:
And here and there a mandrake grows, that strikes
The hearers dead with their loud fatal shrieks;
Under whose spreading leaves the ugly toad,
The adder, and the snake, make their abode.
Here dwelt Orandra, so the witch was hight,
And hither had she *toal'd* him by a sleight:
She knew Anaxus was to go to court,
And, envying virtue, she made it her sport
To hinder him, sending her airy spies
Forth with delusions to entrap his eyes,
And captivate his ear with various tones,
Sometimes of joy, and other whiles of moans:
Sometimes he hears delicious sweet lays
Wrought with such curious descant as would raise
Attention in a stone:—anon a groan
Reacheth his ear, as if it came from one
That craved his help; and by and by he spies
A beauteous virgin with such catching eyes
As would have fir'd a hermit's chill desires
Into a flame; his greedy eye admires
The more than human beauty of her face,
And much ado he had to shun the grace,
Conceit had shaped her out so like his love,
That he was once about in vain to prove,

Whether 'twas his Clarinda, yea or no,
But he bethought him of his herb, and so
The shadow vanish'd—many a weary step,
It led the prince, that pace with it still kept,
Until it brought him by a hellish power
Unto the entrance of Orandra's bower,
Where underneath an elder tree he spied
His man Pandevius, pale and hollow ey'd;
Inquiring of the cunning witch what fate
Betid his master; they were newly sate
When his approach disturb'd them; up she rose,
And tow'rd Anaxus (envious hag) she goes;
Pandevius she had charm'd into a maze,
And struck him mute, all he could do was gaze.
He call'd him by his name, but all in vain,
Echo returns Pandevius back again;
Which made him wonder, when a sudden fear
Shook all his joints: she, cunning hag, drew near,
And smelling to his herb, he recollects
His wandering spirits, and with anger checks
His coward fears; resolved now to outdare
The worst of dangers, whatsoe'er they were;
He ey'd her o'er and o'er, and still his eye
Found some addition to deformity.
An old decrepit hag she was, grown white
With frosty age, and wither'd with despight,
And self-consuming hate; in furs yclad,
And on her head a thrummy cap she had.
Her knotty locks, like to Alecto's snakes,
Hang down about her shoulders, which she shakes
Into disorder; on her furrow'd brow
One might perceive Time had been long at plough.
Her eyes like candle-snuffs by age sunk quite
Into their sockets, yet like cats'-eyes bright:
And in the darkest night like fire they shin'd,
The ever open windows of her mind.
Her swarthy cheeks, Time, that all things consumes,
Had hollowed flat unto her toothless gums.
Her hairy brows did meet above her nose,
That like an eagle's beak so crooked grows,
It well nigh kiss'd her chin; thick bristled hair
Grew on the upper lip, and here and there
A rugged wart with grisly hairs behung;
Her breasts shrunk up, her nails and fingers long,

Her left leant on a staff, in her right hand
She always carried her enchanting wand.
Splay-footed, beyond nature, every part
So patternless deform'd, 'twould puzzle Art
To make her counterfeit; only her tongue,
Nature had that most exquisitely strung,
Her oily language came so smoothly from her,
And her quaint action did so well become her,
Her winning rhetoric met with no trips,
But chain'd the dull'st attention to her lips.
With greediness he heard, and though he strove
To shake her off, the more her words did move.
She woo'd him to her cell, call'd him her son,
And with fair promises she quickly won
Him to her beck; or rather he, to try
What she could do, did willingly comply
With her request;—* * * *
Her cell was hewn out of the marble rock,
By more than human art, she need not knock,
The door stood always open, large and wide,
Grown o'er with woolly moss on either side,
And interwove with ivy's flattering twines,
Through which the carbuncle and diamond shines.
Not set by Art, but there by Nature sown
At the world's birth, so star-like bright they shone.
They serv'd instead of tapers to give light
To the dark entry, where perpetual night,
Friend to black deeds, and sire of ignorance,
Shuts out all knowledge; lest her eye by chance
Might bring to light her follies: in they went,
The ground was strew'd with flowers, whose sweet scent,
Mix'd with the choice perfumes from India brought,
Intoxicates his brain, and quickly caught
His credulous sense; the walls were gilt, and set
With precious stones, and all the roof was fret
With a gold vine, whose straggling branches spread
All o'er the arch; the swelling grapes were red;
This, Art had made of rubies, cluster'd so,
To the quick'st eye they more than seem'd to grow;
About the walls lascivious pictures hung,
Such as were of loose Ovid sometimes sung.
On either side a crew of dwarfish elves
Held waxen tapers, taller than themselves:
Yet so well shap'd unto their little stature,
So angel-like in face, so sweet in feature;

Their rich attire so diff'ring; yet so well
Becoming her that wore it, none could tell
Which was the fairest, which the handsomest deck't,
Or which of them desire would soon'st affect.
After a low salute they all 'gan sing,
And circle in the stranger in a ring.
Orandra to her charms was stepp'd aside,
Leaving her guest half won and wanton-ey'd.
He had forgot his herb: cunning delight
Had so bewitch'd his ears, and blear'd his sight,
And captivated all his senses so,
That he was not himself: nor did he know
What place he was in, or how he came there,
But greedily he feeds his eye and ear
With what would ruin him;—
* * * * * *
Next unto his view
She represents a banquet, usher'd in
By such a shape, as she was sure would win
His appetite to taste; so like she was
To his Clarinda, both in shape and face.
So voic'd, so habited, of the same gait
And comely gesture; on her brow in state
Sate such a princely majesty, as he
Had noted in Clarinda; save that she
Had a more wanton eye, that here and there
Roll'd up and down, not settling any where.
Down on the ground she falls his hands to kiss,
And with her tears bedews it; cold as ice
He felt her lips, that yet inflam'd him so,
That he was all on fire the truth to know,
Whether she was the same she did appear,
Or whether some fantastic form it were,
Fashion'd in his imagination
By his still working thoughts; so fix'd upon
His lov'd Clarinda, that his fancy strove,
Even with her shadow, to express his love."

The virtues of the herb, however, resist all the enchantments of Orandra, and he leaves the cave in safety, taking Pandevius with him.

" ——— at the last
They came into the plain, where a small brook
Did snake-like creep with many a winding nook,

And by it, here and there, a shepherd's cot
Was lowly built."

They are received with hospitable welcome in this retreat by Eubolus, a man

" ——— courtly educated, wise, and sage,
Able to teach, yet willing to enrich
His knowledge with discourses, smooth in speech
Yet not of many words."

Alexis, having secured possession of the throne, sinks into a lethargy of grief, from which he is at length roused by the increasing danger which threatened Arcadia, from the piratical incursions of some of the desperate adherents of the late king, who had established themselves in a small island near the Arcadian coast. Alexis collects his forces, and, by his conduct and valour, speedily overcomes and exterminates the rebels. Returning in triumph to his capital, he is struck by the beauty of Florimel, who, among others, attends to strew his way with flowers in honour of his victory; but his advances are coldly repulsed by "Diana's votaress."

"That night perforce
They all were glad within the open plain
To pitch their tents, where many a shepherd swain
Upon their pipes troll'd out their evening lays
In various accents, emulous of praise.
It was a dainty pleasure for to hear
How the sweet nightingales their throats did tear,
Envying their skill, or taken with delight,
As I think rather, that the still-born night
Afforded such co-partners of their woes.
And at a close from the pure stream that flows
Out of the rocky caverns, not far off,
Echo replied aloud, and seem'd to scoff
At their sweet-sounding airs."

The king rises next morning with heavy cheer to renew his march. In his way he meets Memnon, and recognizing him as the father of Florimel, receives him graciously, and orders him to attend him at court. Memnon, haunted with the idea that Alexis was his long-lost son, determines to accept his invitation, and orders his daughter, much against her inclination, to prepare to accompany him. Anaxus, meanwhile, obtaining from Eubolus an account of Florimel and Memnon, suspects that they are his mistress and her father, "the banished Codrus,"

whom he had been long seeking. He sets out to visit a sort of convent, where Florimel resided along with Diana's nymphs, and, after some difficulty, obtains access to her.

> " ——— Clarinda came at last
> With all her train, who, as along she pass'd
> Through the inward court, did make a lane,
> Opening their ranks, and closing them again
> As she went forward, with obsequious gesture,
> Doing their reverence.— Her upward vesture
> Was of blue silk, glistering with stars of gold,
> Girt to her waist by serpents, that enfold
> And wrap themselves together, so well wrought
> And fashion'd to the life, one would have thought
> They had been real. Underneath she wore
> A coat of silver tinsel, short before,
> And fring'd about with gold: white buskins hide
> The naked of her leg, they were loose tied
> With azure ribands, on whose knots were seen
> Most costly gems, fit only for a queen.
> Her hair bound up like to a coronet,
> With diamonds, rubies, and rich sapphires set;
> And on the top a silver crescent plac'd,
> And all the lustre by such beauty grac'd,
> As her reflection made them seem more fair;
> One would have thought Diana's self were there,
> For in her hand a silver bow she held,
> And at her back there hung a quiver fill'd
> With turtle-feather'd arrows."

After an interview of hesitation and doubt, they are satisfied of each other's identity, and give a loose to joy. They are soon obliged, by the rules of the convent, to separate, and Anaxus returns to the house of his friend Eubolus, to deliberate on the means of escaping with Clarinda. Cleon and Rhotus arriving at court, find the king conferring with Sylvanus, whom he had sent for to expound a strange dream which troubled his fancy.

> " One might perceive such changes in the king,
> As hath th' inconstant welkin in the spring;
> Now a fair day, anon a dropsie cloud
> Puts out the sun, and in a sable shroud
> The day seems buried; when the clouds are o'er,
> The glorious sun shines brighter than before:
> But long it lasts not."

Alexis receives Rhotus with grateful warmth, and recognizes Cleon as a Lemnian friend. Rhotus, perceiving the king greatly oppressed by the painful recollections which their presence conjured up, after sounding him for a time, to ascertain the truth of his conjectures, informs Clearchus, that she whom he wept as drowned was preserved, and that

"Thealma lives."—

"*And here the Author died, and I hope the reader will be sorry,*"

adds old Izaak, and sorry we are to take our leave of thee, Chalkhill or Walton, or "whatever title please thine ear."

It is no very easy task, nor is it altogether fair, to criticise the merits of an unfinished tale; but no conclusion could have rendered the story of *Thealma and Clearchus* either very clear or very interesting, though revision might probably have removed many incongruities and unnecessary entanglements. In its present state, it is so interrupted and involved as to defy the patience and attention of the mere reader. The chronological succession of events is continually lost sight of, and an episode is not unfrequently introduced by one character, continued by another, and concluded by a third, at different times, and under different circumstances. The unfinished state of the poem assuredly adds to its perplexity, from our ignorance of the object to which these several details tend, but we cannot conceive that any winding-up could have extricated the reader satisfactorily from its labyrinth of stories. The characters in *Thealma and Clearchus* are drawn without much force or distinctness of outline. Alexis and Anaxus, Thealma and Clarinda, Memnon and Rhotus, differ from each other only in name. Chalkhill's heroes are brave and amorous; his ladies chaste and beautiful; his old men wise and virtuous; his tyrants haughty and licentious: but the finer traits of individuality are wanting, and his characters are rather unsubstantial abstractions of good or evil, than living and breathing forms, with their own peculiar feelings and impulses. Nor are the incidents of the poem conceived with much felicity, or brought about with much attention to probability. The nearest relatives and the fondest lovers jostle against one another at every turn, without the slightest suspicion of each other's identity.

The versification of *Thealma and Clearchus,* as our readers must have remarked, is extremely sweet and equable. Occasionally harsh lines and unlicensed rhymes occur, but they are only exceptions to the general style of the poem, the errors of haste or negligence. The author had evidently a fine ear for metrical harmony, and his "pastoral historie" will bear an advantageous comparison with the works of any of his contempo-

raries. Its excellence is not the result of evenly-balanced syllables and epigrammatic couplets, but of that varied and flowing melody which is the perfection of narrative poetry. His is, indeed, a "linked sweetness," not a deviation into harmony, like the best couplets of Cowley and Denham, nor does he sink into the flatness and monotony which too often debase the proverbial smoothness of Waller. The good sense and natural taste of Walton preserved his genius free from the trammels of the metaphysical school, of which his admired friends, Donne and Herbert, were such zealous disciples; and his spirit was too pure to imbibe a taint of that grossness and depravity of taste, which, at a subsequent period, infected the national literature. When we turn from the writings of his contemporaries, and escape from the smoke of metaphysics and the stir and turmoil of the great world, to the pastoral repose of *Thealma*, we feel like one, who, long "in populous city pent, where houses thick and sewers annoy the air," inhales again the spirit-stirring breeze of the fields, expatiates amidst smiling plains and embowered walks, and listens to the musical strife of birds, or the plash of distant waterfalls. In these Arcadian strains, the fields and woods assume a more vivid green, the streams flow with a more silvery brightness, the feathered choristers contend in more delicious warblings, and nature looks as fresh and fair as

> "——— if the world and love were young,
> And truth on every shepherd's tongue."

The genius of Walton never soars into the region of clouds and storms, but broods over the quiet vale, and luxuriates in the calm sun-shine: it triumphs in the display of meek and widowed love; of grief, gentle and resigned, not embittered by remorse or darkened by horror; of the warm feelings of noble and ingenuous youth, or the benevolent wisdom of virtuous old age; of images of domestic or rural felicity; of pastoral manners of more than Arcadian purity, and of scenery of luxuriant but unobtrusive beauty. If the stream of his poetry is not deep or majestic, it is always pure, and calm and sparkling. It does not rush along with the daring impetuosity of a mountain stream, chafing with opposing rocks, or dashing from precipitous cliffs, or, with collected strength, bearing down its banks, and sweeping over the conquered plains in terrific sublimity: it rather resembles the gentle stream that glides imperceptibly along, through sheltered vales and sunny glades, winding and lingering amidst scenes of sequestered loveliness, or expanding its placid waters in dimpling beauty to the sun, and catching and reflecting every evanescent hue of heaven.

ART. V. *Nicolai Gurtleri Historia Templariorum. Amstelodam.* 8*vo.* 1703.

"There is scarcely," says Fuller, "a harder question in later history than this, whether the Templars were justly or unjustly condemned to suffer." It is, nevertheless, a matter of great curiosity, and of no mean advantage, to inquire into so singular and so terrible a persecution, in which all the parties concerned were so illustrious and conspicuous, and the sufferings of the accused so aggravated; and which, at the same time, is so intimately connected with the history of the age in which it took place. Nor does this problem seem to us of such a difficult complexion as to preclude all hopes of a successful solution, dissenting as we do from the opinion of the "brace of Spanish writers," quoted by the historian of the Holy Wars, who give us the following advice.—"Concerning these Templars, whether they were guiltie or not, let us suspend our censures till the day of judgement, and then, and not sooner, shall we certainly be informed therein."

The general outlines of the history of the valiant order of Knights-Templars are well known. The little volume, at the head of this article, presents a succinct view of their origin, their progress, and their suppression; but it is to the latter part of their history that, at the present moment, we intend more particularly to apply ourselves.* The institution is well known to have originated in the zeal of certain French knights, who, observing the miseries to which the pilgrims to the Holy Land were exposed from the cruelty of the Saracens, formed themselves into a body for their protection. By degrees, the order acquired numbers and strength, and power and riches soon followed. In the crusades, of course, the soldiers of the military orders acted a conspicuous part. With their valorous exploits on the plains of Syria, and before the walls of her cities, the chronicles of the time and the pages of later historians are filled. In every deadly onset, the standard of the Temple still waved over the foremost Christian ranks, while the dreaded

* There are several French works on the subject of the condemnation of the Templars. Much information may be gained from that of M. Raynouard, entitled *Monumens Historiques relatifs à la condamnation des Chevaliers du Temple;* 8*vo. Paris,* 1813. It contains extracts from the MS. processes against the French Templars, which we have occasionally quoted.

war-cry of *Beauseant* chilled the hearts of the infidels. And on that disastrous day, which saw the Holy Land again abandoned to the Saracen arms, the red-cross knights were the last of the Christian chivalry that attested, by their blood, their gallant but mistaken zeal. Of the proceedings which led to their suppression, we shall now give a very brief account.

The history of the proceedings against the order in France will fully illustrate the character of this persecution. The measures pursued in the other countries of Europe were, in a great degree, similar, only attended with circumstances of less cruelty. On the 13th of October, 1307, the Grand-Master and a number of knights were arrested in the palace of the Temple at Paris. On the same day, a general seizure of the persons and possessions of the knights took place throughout France. They were cast into prison; all counsel was denied them; and an inquisitor, Guillaume de Paris, was directed to interrogate several of them respecting their guilt. The application of exquisite tortures drew from many the necessary avowal. Throughout all France, Philip the Fair authorised certain persons, bearing no commission from the papal court, to examine the accused. The pope, Clement V., jealous of these measures, suspended the authority of the royal commissioners. The scruples of his holiness were, however, speedily overcome by the numerous confessions which Philip had provided; and, in the month of June, 1308, the investigations received his sanction. The bishops of France were authorised not only to proceed against such of the order as resided within their own dioceses, but even against strangers found within that jurisdiction, and, at last, the powers of the bishops were extended beyond the limits of their ordinary jurisdictions; while the pontiff, to debar the victims from every hope of escape, published a bull against all who should afford them assistance, counsel, or favour.

To inform the conscience of his holiness, a commission was appointed to examine into the crimes with which the Templars stood charged. The members of this commission consisted principally of some of the chief of the French ecclesiastics. At the same time, similar proceedings took place throughout nearly the whole of Europe. The pope had directed, that such of the knights as were willing to defend the order should be cited before this tribunal. At Paris, although the commissioners had sate several times, none of the knights appeared before them, and there is no doubt that Philip used means to prevent the favourable impression which the appearance of the accused would have occasioned. At length, on the 26th of November, the Grand-Master, James de Molai, was conducted before the papal commissioners. He requested the means of procuring

counsel, and preparing the defence of the order, but in vain. He then firmly and strenuously denied the crimes of which the knights were accused. These might be comprised under two heads, heresy and immorality. With regard to the first, they were charged with both Idolatry and Islamism. It was alleged, that they worshipped a cat and a calf, and that they paid religious adoration to certain shapeless images of wood. They were charged with renouncing Jesus Christ at the time of their reception into the order, with spitting and trampling on the cross, and with other minor infractions of religious discipline. The accusation of immorality imputed to them every crime which renders man most wicked and detestable, and it was pretended, that these enormous practices were sanctioned and rendered obligatory by the statutes of the order.

At length, several of the knights who had expressed their determination to defend the order, were brought before the papal commissioners, and their conduct, on this occasion, was that of brave and innocent men. On being asked, whether they were willing to take upon themselves the task of defending the order, many of them firmly answered, "Even to death:" at the same time avowing their entire innocence. Seven of the knights, who had confessed their guilt at a previous examination, now boldly retracted that confession. Upwards of nine hundred of the Templars were assembled, all of them anxious to vindicate the innocence and the honor of the order. Seventy-five of the number were appointed by their companions to prepare the defence, and four were allowed to be present during the examination of the witnesses. While these proceedings were carrying on, the new Archbishop of Sens convened a provincial council at Paris, and instituted a personal process against many of the Templars who were prepared to co-operate with their brethren in the common defence; thus depriving the accused of the benefit of their exertions and testimony. At this council, such of the Templars as refused to make an avowal of guilt were declared to be unreconciled heretics, and, as such, condemned to imprisonment. Those who made the requisite confession received absolution, and were reconciled to the church; but all who retracted their false confessions were declared to be relapsed heretics, delivered up to the secular arm, and condemned to the faggot. The four defenders of the order appealed to the justice of the papal commission. They found no redress; and, on the 11th of May, 1310, the victims were delivered up to the flames.* Their conduct on this last

* There seems to be an error in Mr. Mills's account of this transaction. Apparently, he considers the fifty-four knights to have been

trial of their fortitude was worthy of the high character which their former renown had purchased. Every art was practised to allure them to life and shame; pardon and liberty were offered by their royal persecutor to all who would brand themselves with guilt; but resisting to the last so mean a degradation, they invoked the name of God, and were consumed in the flames. Fifty-four knights perished on this occasion.

This terrible example was not without its due effect on the survivors. Forty-four of the defenders of the order were induced, through fear, to renounce that honorable character. Proceedings, equal in ferocious cruelty to those of the council of the Archbishop of Sens, took place at various other provincial councils in France. The papal commission prorogued its sittings from May till November, when it re-assembled, and proceeded on the examinations; but numbers of the most intrepid champions of the order had perished, in the mean time, on the numerous piles which were lighted throughout France, while the creatures of Philip had been busily working on the terrors and hopes of others. Notwithstanding this influence, numbers of the knights still persisted in maintaining before the representatives of the pope their own and their companions' innocence.

The period which was to abolish this illustrious and persecuted order now arrived. On the 13th of October, 1311, the anniversary of that fatal day on which, four years previously, the Templars had been cast into chains throughout all France, a council of the church assembled at Vienne, in Dauphiny, to decide, amongst other matters, on the fate of the unfortunate Templars. Before this venerable assembly of the fathers of the church, nine of the knights presented themselves, to maintain to the last, in the name of nearly two thousand of their brothers, the honour of their character and the integrity of their lives. The pontiff, violating every principle of justice, cast these courageous champions of the truth into prison. The prelates convened to the council were scandalized at this new outrage; and Clement, perceiving the evil aspect of affairs, immediately terminated the session. In the spring of the following year, the pope having collected several of the prelates and cardinals, abolished the order, *per viam provisionis*, in a secret consistory; a measure which was doubtless owing to the representations of Philip the Fair, who, early in the year, had arrived at Vienne, accompanied by his three sons. The second

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condemned to the flames by the papal commissioners, which was certainly not the case. He has confounded the papal commission with the archiepiscopal council.—See the *History of the Crusades*, ii. 306.

session of the council was held on the 3rd of April, when the decree for the abolition of the order was promulgated in the presence of the French monarch.

But the consummation of these infamous transactions yet remains to be related. The fate of the Grand-Master of the order, and of some of the preceptors, had been expressly reserved for the pontiff's own judgment. Certain dignified ecclesiastics were appointed by him to perform the office of judges, and on the 18th March, 1313, the trial commenced at Paris. Four knights, amongst whom was the Grand-Master, were brought before the commissioners on a scaffold erected for the purpose. Two of the accused renewed their confession of guilt, but the Grand-Master and Guy, the brother of the Prince of Dauphiny, persisting in maintaining their innocence, received the judgment of the commissioners without being allowed to enter into their defence, and immediately afterwards were condemned, by the royal council, to the flames. In the gradual and exquisite tortures which a slow fire inflicted, the Grand-Master expiated his only guilt, a confession of criminality which had been formerly extorted from him. He and his companion perished with the constancy of those who know themselves to be martyrs to the truth. Thus, at length, was the heart of Philip, though capacious of cruelty, glutted with this last act of blood. His subtle malice, however, overleaping itself by the inhumanity of these measures, changed the tide of public feeling, which, at the commencement of the persecution, he had succeeded in turning against the Templars. The ashes of these last victims, over which many tears were shed, were collected and preserved with religious veneration.

The fate of the order in the other countries of Europe we shall have occasion to mention hereafter. We shall now proceed to inquire more minutely into the origin of the proceedings.

In attempting to investigate the causes of great political phenomena, we often undertake a hopeless task. To suppose, that every important event must have had an adequately important cause, is to presume, that men act only on the suggestions of judgment. It is to the thousand accidents of passions, of feelings, and of circumstances, unimportant in themselves, but often of the highest consequence in their results, that we are to look for the springs of human action. It is seldom, indeed, that any extraordinary event can be traced up to one powerful cause. As in the physical system the health is often subdued, while it is impossible to point out the various circumstances which have induced the complaint, so in the moral world we frequently find the most surprising changes occurring without our being able to account for them, by re-

ferring them to a satisfactory origin. It ought not therefore to be a matter of astonishment to us, that the true causes which led to the suppression of the order of Knights-Templars, have remained veiled in much obscurity; and that in the absence of all probable cause for so execrable a persecution, if the accused were indeed innocent, historians should frequently have endeavoured to discover it in the guilt of the victims. Perhaps, however, a strict and impartial investigation into the character of Philip the Fair, and the politics of his court, together with an accurate observation of the influence of his counsels on the measures of the Holy See, might enable us to solve this difficult problem.

The quarrel of the French king with the sovereign pontiff, Boniface VIII., is the first circumstance of his reign which seems in any degree to elucidate the present question. The imperious obstinacy and the unappeaseable rancour of the French monarch, gave this contest a character of personal animosity, which raised in the mind of Philip an insuperable feeling of hatred towards all those who had rendered any assistance to his great enemy.* The Templars, it seems, had been guilty of this offence.† Another source of ill-will against the knights arose during the popular commotion, which took place at Paris in consequence of the repeated debasement of the coin, a circumstance which we shall shortly notice more particularly. At that time, the king was residing in the palace of the Temple, and it was by the strenuous exertions of the knights that the tumult was appeased, and the king's person preserved from insult and danger. The essential service thus rendered him only increased the acrimony of Philip's hatred. His jealousy was equally excited, whether he believed, with some historians, that the Templars were the more easily enabled to quell the tumult, from the part which they had taken in exciting it, or, with others, that they accomplished it solely by the influence which they had acquired over the public mind. But it is to the necessitous avarice of Philip the Fair that we are to look for the chief cause of this persecution. Although possessed of considerable revenues, Philip was always poor; and to supply his wants, he resorted to means alike disgraceful to himself, and destructive

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* The following was the respectful mode in which one of her most Christian sons addressed the head of the Holy Catholic church. —"Philip, by the grace of God, &c. to Boniface, the pretended pope, little greeting or none. Be it known to your Supreme Foolship, &c." *Sciat maxima tua fatuitas.* Rayn. vii.

† *Ventura Chron. Astense.* c. xxvii. t. xi. p. 192. cited by Sismondi. *Rep. Ital.* vol. iv. c. 26.

to his subjects. Repeated debasements of the coin were followed by the repeated complaints of his people, and by as frequent promises of restoring it to the antient standard. These promises were broken, and the king resorted to still more infamous expedients for supplying his exchequer. To seize in one day upon all the Jews within his territories, to banish them from France, and to confiscate their goods, was a fit prelude to the unparalleled atrocities which succeeded. It was easy, by the mere exertion of his own tyrannical power, to oppress or to exterminate a body of innocent men, who had few claims on the sympathy of the rest of the world, and who had been for ages the prey of every grasping sovereign in Europe; but to accomplish the destruction of a noble and gallant order, whose riches and influence were alike to be dreaded, and who reckoned amongst their numbers some of the highest and the proudest of the land, was a task which required some more subtle contrivances. The golden reward, however, was sufficient to tempt the avarice of Philip, and his unfeeling and obstinate temper was a guarantee for his success. That this, indeed, was one of the principal causes of Philip's persecution of the order, has been often affirmed by historians.* There is no doubt, that he originally intended to confiscate all the riches of the Templars to his own use, to which, according to law, he would have been entitled on their condemnation as heretics; nay, amongst the French records it appears, that this very question was propounded by him.† It is singular, that in the letter of Clement V. to the commissioners appointed to proceed against the English Templars, the pontiff should have thought it necessary, on the part of the French king, expressly to disclaim any imputation of his zeal originating in his avarice.‡ This clearly proves what the opinions of men on the subject were, at that time. It is true, that by the decree of the council of Vienne, the estates of the Templars were all conferred on the order of St. John of Jerusalem; but it was nearly ten years before the French king could be prevailed upon entirely to yield them up. Moreover, he appropriated nearly all the moveables of the knights to himself, and retained likewise a large sum of money to defray the

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* Vide several authors cited by Mr. Mills in his *History of the Crusades*, ii. 329; and see *Fuller's Holy War*, b. v. c. 3. "It is quarrel and cause enough to bring a sheep that is fat to the shambles."

† *Raynouard*, 24.

‡ "Non typo avaritiæ, cum de bonis Templariorum nihil sibi vindicare vel appropriare intendat * * * manum suam exinde totaliter amovendo."—*Wilkins's Concilia*, ii. 329.

expenses of the prosecution. The Templars have been accused of unjustly grasping at the riches of others; but where do we find in their history an instance which can compete with this perfect example of cruelty and avarice, which the history of Philip the Fair displays?

It has been argued by a writer on this subject,* that the persecution of the Templars throughout the whole extent of Europe is a strong proof of their guilt; but a slight attention to the circumstances under which those proceedings were commenced, and with which they were accompanied in every other country except France, might have taught that critic, that so far from establishing their guilt, the termination of those proceedings furnishes a strong presumption of innocence. The origin of all the processes against the Templars may be primarily traced to the influence of Philip the Fair. It is acknowledged, that Clement the Fifth was entirely subservient to his wishes. Whatever credit may be given to the anecdote which Mezerai relates, that previous to the elevation of the Archbishop of Bourdeaux to the chair of St. Peter, the French king imposed six conditions on him as the terms of his support; one of which is supposed to have been, the pontiff's assistance in suppressing the order of Templars; yet the fact of the transfer of the Holy See to the French territories, is an ample proof of the influence which Philip must have exerted over the mind of Clement. That the inquiry into the vices and irreligion of the Templars did not originate, as in fact it ought to have done if there had been any solid ground for inculpating them, with the head of the Christian church, sufficiently appears from all the letters of Clement, who expresses the good opinion which, until that time, he had entertained of the knights, and grounds his proceedings on the information of their iniquities which he had received from Philip the Fair, at the same time declaring how very unwilling he had been to listen to the accusations.† In one of his letters, he calls the charges incredible, impossible, and unheard-of.‡ The power of Philip soon induced the pope to countenance his most tyrannical measures, and even to invite the other sovereigns of Europe to partake in the guilt. It required, however, the utmost exertion of their joint influence to induce Edward II., of England, to unite in so foul a conspiracy. Strongly convinced of the innocence of the accused, he applied in their behalf to the pope, urging, that it was impos-

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* See the *Edinburgh Review*, ix. 199.

† Hujusmodi insinuationi ac delationi * * * aurem noluimus inclinare. Letter of Clement V. *Wilkins's Concilia*, ii. 329.

‡ *Raynouard*, p. 11.

sible for him to give credit to the charges brought against them, and, at the same time, he bore testimony to the integrity of their faith, and the respect and veneration which their morals and character had secured for them. He even addressed letters to several of the sovereigns of Europe, beseeching them not to give ear to the injurious aspersions which had been cast on the characters of this faithful and valiant soldiery.* But the malignity of Philip would not be thus disappointed.—He despatched ambassadors to the court of England, and his son-in-law, yielding at last to his repeated instances, consented to investigate the conduct of the order. The English Templars were cast into prison, but the atrocities which marked the proceedings against the order in France were not committed here, though the pope, in the plenitude of his fatherly affection, mildly censured the English monarch for having forbidden the use of torture. After a confession of heresy and vices from numbers of the English Templars, they were absolved, and again admitted into the bosom of the church, though deprived of their rich possessions.† With regard to these confessions, we shall shortly endeavour to estimate them at their true value. In Germany and Spain, the order was acquitted, and in Portugal it was only thought necessary to change their name, a punishment which does not savour of any great degree of guilt. What then becomes of "the cry of indignation which resounded from the shores of Asia to the borders of the Baltic,"—and of the "kings, prelates, nobles, and people, who joined in the universal exclamation."‡ So easily can declamation overthrow the humble evidence of historical facts!

There is no doubt that the proceedings in all these countries originated at the instigation of Philip the Fair, and were carried on through his influence with the supreme pontiff. It is singular, however, that, by a grant bearing date during the year 1304, Philip should have bestowed many favours on the Templars, at the same time mentioning the order in terms of the highest commendation. This grant is preserved in the collection of French Charters. It is probable, at that time, his pressing necessities had not compelled him to turn his eyes to the riches which the knights had accumulated.

Another motive has sometimes been mentioned as explanative of the animosity which the French king displayed on this

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* *Rymer*, vol. ii. p. 10, &c.

† The Archbishop of York was so thoroughly convinced of the innocence of the accused, that he directed many of the knights to be supported at his own expense. *Dugdale's Monasticon*, i. 184.

‡ *Edinb. Review*, ix. 199.

occasion; and it has been said, that the existence of so powerful a body of wise and valiant soldiers, who were independent, in a great degree, of those bonds which unite the subject to the sovereign, must necessarily have been productive of a feeling of jealousy in the mind of a prudent monarch. This remark does not appear to us to be entitled to much consideration. It is true that the treasury of the Knights-Templars might vie with the coffers of the prince, and that their renown in arms might surpass that of any of their countrymen, yet their very existence as a *body* of men, was a guarantee against any attempts on the sovereign power of the state. That power could never have been shared amongst a crowd of claimants, and it does not appear that there ever existed amongst them any individual whose ambition attempted to convert the resources and influence of the order to his own guilty aggrandizement. Another strong proof of the absence of any suspicions of this kind, is, that we do not find, in the articles exhibited against them, any charge of state offences, and it is scarcely probable that Philip, who so lavishly inserted accusations which he found it impossible to prove, would have omitted any, which, if substantiated, might have in some degree justified him in the eyes of posterity. The Knights Hospitallers were fully as powerful a body as those of the Temple, and much more wealthy, and the dangers which were to be apprehended from the latter might, with equal reason, have caused the destruction of the former; and yet we find that the possessions of the suppressed order were bestowed upon the Hospitallers, which, by increasing their riches, must have rendered them still more formidable. The abolition of the rival order of Templars must also have taken away a considerable check on their attempts to usurp or interfere with the sovereign power, as it would always have been an easy task to oppose the rival knights to each other, and thus to neutralize the mischievous intentions of either.

In order to arrive at an unprejudiced conclusion, respecting the guilt or innocence of the Templars, it will be necessary to examine with care the nature of the proceedings which were taken against them, and the mode in which those proceedings were carried on. The order was accused of heresy and immorality; but the former was the principal charge on which their enemies relied for their destruction.* The reason of this is obvious.—In those early times, when the Papal authority

* Amongst the eighty-four Articles which were exhibited against the English Templars, it is singular that not more than a dozen should involve charges of immorality. See *Wilkins's Concilia*, ii. 331. There is a translation of the Articles in *Dugdale's Monasticon*, i. 181.

exercised so powerful an influence over the opinions of men, and when the repeated conflicts with the infidel possessors of the Holy Land had heightened the detestation which the Christian world entertained for those who despised the true faith, into a hatred towards all who were suspected of opinions inimical to the Catholic church, a charge of heresy was well calculated to overwhelm the accused with the weight of popular odium, and, if innocent, to deprive them of that powerful protection against the exertion of unjust power—the influence of public opinion. This crime, also, was more vague and undefined, and admitted more extensive and looser proofs than any more specific accusation. Words and actions, of innocent or of doubtful import, were easily tortured into a signification of heretical tenets, and the witnesses against the accused might speak, without fear of contradiction, to matters which related only to opinion; but that such a charge should have been selected as the principal one against them, clearly shews how unwilling their enemies were to enter into a strict examination of facts. But there was a still stronger reason for preferring this accusation: in matters of heresy it was usual to proceed summarily, without those formalities, which, in other criminal proceedings, are resorted to, as well for the protection of the accused, as for the attainment of the ends of justice; nor was the assistance of advocates allowed, or the forms of judgment preserved.* In examining the origin and history of this order, the spirit of its institution, and the character of its members, an accusation of heresy is certainly the last which we should have suspected it to have incurred.—Founded solely for the purpose of protecting and extending the Christian faith, the names of infidel and enemy were equivalent in their mouths, and from their solemn vow of rendering justice to all, the Saracens alone were excepted. During their long and valiant struggles with the enemies of the cross, they seem never to have forgotten the objects of their institution, and, though occasional jealousies broke out between them and the other Crusaders, their enemies had never the audacity to charge them with deserting the standard of their faith, even in the most perilous extremity of its hazard. Whatever schemes of ambition might have actuated the various sovereigns who, at different times, sought to reclaim Palestine from the hands of the infidels, it could only have been a pure enthusiasm which led these misguided warriors to the burning plains of Syria. Nor did their faith waver on more trying occasions. When six hundred of the knights had been made prisoners by the Sultan of Egypt, who, meting out to the Christian soldiers the same

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* Proces. contra Templar. cited in *Raynouard*, p. 60.

mercy which the Saracens experienced at their hands, offered to them the alternative of apostacy or death, the Templars at once preferred all the terrors of the sword to the shame of staining their names with the imputation of cowardice, or the sin of apostacy. It must have required a longer period, and very different occupations from those in which the Templars were engaged, so far to have corrupted the spirit and sentiments of the order as to reduce them to the degree of irreligion and depravity, into which the evidence of their accusers would make us believe they were plunged. As far as regards their moral character, it is probable that the accusations against them were better founded, though the stress which was laid on their lapse into infidelity and heresy, rather tends to shew that the charges of immorality were by no means considered as the strong part of the case.

But the character and treatment of the witnesses, furnish by far the strongest grounds for concluding that the proceedings against this valiant and suffering body of men, were, in the highest degree, unjust and tyrannical. It would be impossible, within the small space to which we are at present confined, to lay open the atrocious machinations of Philip and his creatures, to procure amongst the knights themselves sufficient testimony to ensure the destruction of the order. We shall, however, in a few words describe the daring contempt of all the first principles of justice,—the odious promises of reward and favour to those who were willing to destroy their companions, and to pollute their own souls with the aggravated sins of cowardice, falsehood, and treachery,—the dreadful threats of punishment denounced against those whose virtue and firmness were proof against every danger,—and, lastly, the consummation of this scene of wickedness, in the sickening tortures which have stamped so indelible an infamy on the whole of these transactions.

Life, liberty, and riches, were offered to such of the knights as would confess their own guilt and that of their order. The fear of death had few terrors for men who had so often affronted it, with weaker inducements to firmness, and, at last, their persecutors, speculating on the very virtue and fidelity of the accused, presented certain forged letters, which they affirmed had been received from the Grand Master, inviting them to avow their guilt, in hopes that their oath of obedience might thus be turned to their destruction. Even this artifice was unsuccessful, and torture was resorted to, as the speediest method of arriving at the truth. It is revolting to dwell upon scenes like these, and were it not for the awful moral lesson which they inculcate, and the salutary jealousy of all tyrannical power which they necessarily inspire, we should wish that the page of history,

which is blotted with such details, were erased from the volume for ever. The unfortunate Templars, seized and imprisoned, stripped of the habit of their order, and despoiled of the rich possessions which might have rivalled the treasures of kings, were delivered over to the tender mercies of their examiners. With scrupulous fidelity, the secretary noted down, not only their confessions, while enduring the process of the torture, but even their exclamations of anguish, their sighs, their groans, and their tears.* And well might the endurance of the bravest knights sink under the accumulated inflictions of the processes to which they were subjected. All the various tortures of the Inquisition seem to have been applied. Sometimes, the victim, being stripped naked, had his hands tied behind him, and a heavy weight attached to his feet, and was thus hoisted into the air by a rope tied to his hands, and passing through a pulley in the ceiling. This torture was occasionally varied by letting the rope slip, and then suddenly retaining it, so that the shock generally dislocated some of the limbs, and caused the most extreme anguish.† Fire, too, was another expedient of these anxious friends of justice to elicit the truth. The naked feet of the sufferer were placed in an instrument from which he could not disengage them, and, being continually anointed with some unctuous matter, they were thus exposed to a powerful fire. Sometimes, on being questioned upon his guilt, a board was placed between him and the fire, and, if he persisted in his denials, he was again exposed to the blaze.‡ Such, amongst others were the ordinary tortures to which all accused of heresy were occasionally subjected; but, in the case of the Templars, a still more recondite system of torments was employed. One of the witnesses declared, that he had been so long and so frequently exposed to the torture of fire, that the flesh of his heels had been burnt off to the bone. Tortures even of a more shocking description were made use of, from which the heart turns with disgust and abhorrence. Many of the French knights perished under these inflictions, and some, yielding to the weakness of human nature, confessed every thing which their enemies required from them; but of these many afterwards retracted their confessions, thinking it better to suffer the punishments assigned to relapsed heretics, than to preserve their lives and liberty under the heavy load of treachery and consci-

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* Tutti i suspiri, tutti le grida, tutti i lamenti e le lagrime. *Il sacro Arsenale, overo pratica del S. Officio* Ant. MASINI. Cited by *Raynouard*, p. 33.

† Ditto.

‡ Ditto.

§ Proces. contra Templar.

ous guilt. Such were the means used to procure testimony against the order from the knights themselves, and although some other witnesses were produced, yet the question of their guilt was evidently considered by their persecutors to rest almost entirely on these confessions.* Nothing however proves more strongly the weakness and falsity of the charges than the framing of the questions which were put to the witnesses against the order, and which are ingeniously contrived to produce an imputation of guilt, although the testimony may be perfectly true, and the accused entirely innocent.

Thus, amongst the "articuli super quibus interrogandi sunt clerici et laici," we find the following questions—Whether the witnesses know or *believe* that the Templars wish to keep the reception of new members secret? Whether the witnesses have any *suspicion* against them on this account? Whether they ever made any enquiries from the brothers respecting the mode of reception, and whether they did not refuse to reveal it? Whether such receptions were not in the night? Whether the chapters were not held at night? Whether in the words or conversation of the knights they had ever heard any thing that savoured of infidelity? Whether or not they knew or had *heard* that any of the brothers had denied Christ?†—Calumny and misrepresentation will ever attend the steps of the rich and the powerful, and it would have been strange indeed if the haughty Templars had escaped their envenomed shafts. How could it be expected that truth should be elicited, when it was thus sought for in every false and injurious rumour which folly or malice could invent.‡

Let us shortly examine the character of the evidence adduced. In addition to the fact, that all the testimony of the knights themselves was given during imprisonment, under threats, and frequently during the operation of tortures, a fact which alone is sufficient to deprive such testimony of the smallest title to credit—in addition to the circumstance of many of the knights retracting the avowals of guilt thus obtained, which ought to have thrown discredit on the confessions of the rest; the conclusive proof against these confessions is the internal evidence of falsity which they contain. It would be tedious to

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* The preambles to the pope's letters always mention these avowals of guilt as the ground of the proceedings.

† *Wilkins's Concilia*, ii. 347.

‡ Will it be credited that such evidence as the following could be seriously received? "Frater Adam de Heton dicit, quod dum erat juvenis secularis, omnes pueri clamabant publice et vulgariter, unus ad alterum, Custodiatis vobis ab osculo Templariorum!" *Wilkins*, ii. 360.

repeat the variety of contradictory fictions which they display, to follow them step by step through their mazes of iniquity and fraud. The disgusting recitals bear on their front the stamp of falsehood. Let one instance suffice. Geoffrey de Gonavella being examined before the English commissioners, said, he was admitted into the order at the Temple in London, by Robert de Torvile, Grand Master of England; that he was directed to deny Christ, but that he scrupled to do so, upon which the Grand-Master desired him to obey, and assured him that it would not be hurtful to his soul, at the same time telling him that the custom had been introduced by a *wicked* master, who, being confined in a Saracenic dungeon, and having no other means of escape, swore that he would introduce that custom into the order, which had always thence forward been observed. "Therefore," said the superior, "you may well do this thing."* Is it credible that de Torvile would have made use of the term *wicked* at the very moment he was directing the Novice to perform the act, for the introduction of which that term was applied? The strong contradictions in matter of fact which distinguish the examinations, and which are collected by M. Raynouard, are not more conclusive against their truth, than the manifest violations of reason and probability in which they abound.

The last proof of the innocence of the Templars is found in the bull, which pronounced the dissolution of the order. The Pontiff there acknowledges that the evidence of their guilt was not conclusive. Now, if the testimony of the witnesses against the order, or even one tenth part of that testimony, was to be credited, no one could for a single moment doubt the truth of the accusations against them. So entirely indeed does Clement appear to have been convinced that the charges were not substantiated, that he feared to trust the case to the decision of a general council; but, assembling, as we have related, the cardinals and certain prelates in a secret consistory, he there, of his own authority, abolished the order.† He was not however bold enough to pronounce a definitive decree, but, pursuing those half-measures of iniquity, which prove how easily the darkest depravity may be united with the most pusillanimous meanness, he pronounced the sentence by way of provision,‡ rather than con-

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* *Wilkins's Concilia*, ii. 360.

† It is a mistaken supposition that the order was abolished by the council. See *Butler's Historical Memoirs, respecting the English, Irish, and Scottish Catholics*, i. 92.

‡ Non per modum definitivæ sententiæ cum eam super hoc secundum inquisitiones et processus super his habitos non possemus ferre de jure * * * per provisionis potius quam condemnationis viam. See *Bower's History of the Popes*, vi. 402.

demnation; a decision equally contrary to justice and to ecclesiasti al rules.

It is one of the most grievous attributes of persecution, that where it fails to kill, it yet leaves a stigma which ages will not remove. When once the character has been assailed, however malicious, however groundless may be the charges preferred, there will never be wanting men who will give credence to the accusations.—To some indeed, (the vultures of the moral world,) the vices and enormities of our nature afford a feast on which they delight to batten, and to the vitiated palates of such, the proceedings against the Templars must present a rich feast. Others, unwilling to admit the existence of such deep depravity, considerately make an allowance for the injustice of many of the accusations, and compromise the case by deciding that the Templars were probably guilty of many crimes, though not to the extent of the charges brought against them. It is this last opinion more particularly, as it carries with it a considerable semblance of reason, that we would oppose, convinced as we are of its injustice.

That the proceedings against the Templars were conducted in a manner contrary to the first principles of justice, and that, therefore, no legal decision could be grounded on them, what we have already said is, we think, fully sufficient to prove. The next question therefore, which naturally arises, is, what then was the probable truth of the charges against them, and how is it to be ascertained? To this we would answer, that, in the first place, the whole body of proceedings against them, the accusations, the evidence, and the decrees, must be entirely put out of the question, and that we must endeavour to form a judgment on the subject as if no such proceedings had ever taken place. This we affirm to be necessary, because the whole mass is tainted with the grossest perjury, extorted by the most abominable means. We would not, therefore, admit the truth of one single fact contained in the loathsome collection; we would not allow one solitary deduction from such facts.* We do not mean to assert that portions of the evidence may not be true; but we say, that, from their admixture with falsehood, it is impossible to distinguish such portions, and that, therefore, we cannot be as-

* We object, on this account, to the following passage: "combining all these circumstances, it seems impossible not to acquit the Templars from the general guilt imputed to their body. If some members were chargeable with irreligion, their number was not great; if some irreligious associations were formed, they must have been extremely few. They seem to have been merely meetings of sensuality." —*Butler's Memoirs of the Catholics*, i. 93.

sured that we are not erring whenever we give credit to any part of the evidence. The only mode then which remains of forming a judgment on this complicated question, is to examine the authentic sources of contemporary history, the spirit and nature of the religious institutions of the time, and the character and feelings of the age. Let us judge these gallant and unfortunate soldiers by this fair and impartial measure, and not repeat the slanderous sentence of guilt and ignominy which avarice and malignity have pronounced. Let us raise our voices against this enormous perversion of justice, and whilst we honour the devoted constancy and fortitude of the victims, let us hold up to the detestation of all posterity the abandoned cruelty of their persecutors. To perish unjustly may be a common lot, but the consciousness of innocence, and the knowledge that after-times will confess the iniquity of the sentence, is a consolation even in that hour of trial; but when the hand of power, in the fulness of its wrath, has accumulated on the memory of its victims a load of unimaginable guilt, which is almost certain, even from the very depravity of its nature, to escape examination, the fate of high and honourable-minded men who perish under an infliction like this, surely claims no common sympathy. To inflict death for gain or in anger may be within the conception of human feelings, but maliciously to destroy the honour of the brave and the reputation of the virtuous, is an act in which demons alone can be supposed to rejoice.

It cannot be imagined, that so large a body of men as the Knights-Templars were free from all vices, but they were those of their age and profession. There is no proof, nor is it probable, that they were more vicious than any other of the military orders.* That military adventurers should occasionally be too grasping or too ambitious, is by no means wonderful; that a rich and powerful body of men, of noble blood, should assume a haughty demeanour, cannot surprise us, and it is by no means improbable, in spite of their vow of continence, that the young and fiery spirits of the order might not unfrequently transgress the precepts of their fraternity and the boundaries of morality. But where are we to seek for perfect virtue? Certainly not in the annals of the fourteenth century, and in the cloisters of religious houses.

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* "Perchance if the same candle had been lighted to search, as much dust and dirt would have been found in other orders."—*Fuller's Holy Wars.* 233.

ART. VI. *St. Peter's Complaint and Saint Mary Magdalen's Funeral Teares, with sundry other selected and devout Poems, by* R. S. [Robert Southwell], *of the Society of Jesus.*

Is any among you sad? let him pray. Is he of a chearful heart? let him sing. *Jac. 5.*

Permissu Superiorum. 12*mo.* 1616.

Mœoniæ, or certain excellent Poems and Spiritual Hymns omitted in the last impression of Peter's Complaint; being needful thereunto to be annexed, as being both divine and witty: all composed by R. S. [Robert Southwell.] 4*to. Lond.* 1595.

The Triumphs over Death, or a consolatory Epistle for afflicted Minds, on the affects of dying friends. First written for the consolation of one, but now published for the general good of all, by R. S. [Robert Southwell.] *Lond.* 1596.

The pious author of the above works was one of the many victims sacrificed to the intolerant spirit which characterised the early stages of the Reformation. Robert Southwell was a Catholic, and, what was still more criminal in the eyes of the English government, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, he was a Jesuit. He was born about the year 1562, of a respectable Catholic family, at St. Faiths, in Norfolk, and was, at an early age, sent to the English college, at Douay, for education. From Douay he went to Rome, and, at the age of sixteen, was received into the Order of the Society of Jesus. Having finished his novitiate, and gone through his course of philosophy and divinity with great credit, he was made Prefect of the Studies of the English College at Rome. In 1584, he was sent as a Missionary Priest into his native country, having, as he says, travelled far and brought home a freight of spiritual substance to enrich his friends, and medicinable receipts against their ghostly maladies. He did not take up his abode with his relations, but, through anxiety for their safety, "lived like a foreigner, finding among strangers, that, which, in his nearest blood, he presumed not to seek." Urged, however, by solicitude for the spiritual state of his father, he addressed to him a most eloquent and energetic letter of exhortation and advice. "Despise not, good sire," says he, by way of apology for advising his elders, "the youth of your son, neither deem your God measureth his endowments by number of years. Hoary senses are often couched under youthful locks, and some are riper in the Spring than others in the Autumn of their age.

God chose not Esau himself, nor his eldest son, but young David, to conquer Goliah and to rule his people: not the most aged person, but Daniel, the most innocent youth, delivered Susannah from the iniquity of the judges. Christ, at twelve years of age, was found in the temple questioning with the greatest doctors. A true Elias can conceive, that a little cloud may cast a large and abundant shower; and the scripture teacheth us, that God unveileth to little ones that which he concealeth from the wisest sages. His truth is not abashed by the minority of the speaker: for out of the mouths of infants and sucklings he can perfect his praises." The whole of this Epistle is written in such a strain of fervid eloquence, with such vigour of thought and strength of language, that we should have been inclined to extract largely from it, had not a considerable portion of it already appeared in a former Article on *Sir Walter Raleigh's Remains,* among which it has been frequently printed with a few slight verbal alterations, and, with the exception of about a third part at the beginning of it, which shews that it must have been written by a religious man. The propriety of attributing this letter to Sir Walter Raleigh has generally been questioned, but there does not appear to be any reason to doubt that it was written by Father Southwell. It is mentioned by Dodd, in his Church History, and has lately been reprinted in the first volume of *The Select Beauties of early Catholic Literature,* from a MS. in the Bodleian library.

But to proceed with the life of the author. Father Southwell continued in England, labouring diligently in his function, until the year 1592, when he was apprehended in a gentleman's house at Uxenden, in Middlesex, and committed to a dungeon in the Tower, so noisome and filthy, that when he was brought out for examination his clothes were covered with vermin. Upon this his father presented a petition to Queen Elizabeth, begging, that if his son had committed any thing for which, by the laws, he had deserved death, he might suffer death; if not, as he was a gentleman, he hoped her Majesty would be pleased to order that he should be treated as a gentleman. The Queen was graciously pleased to listen to this prayer, and ordered that Southwell should have a better lodging, and that his father should have permission to supply him with clothes and other necessaries, together with the books he asked for, which were only the Bible and the works of Saint Bernard. For three years was he kept in prison, and what was worse for himself and more disgraceful to the government, it is said, he was put to the rack ten several times. Wearied out with torture and solitary imprisonment, he at length applied to the Lord Treasurer Cecil, that he might either be brought to trial to answer for himself, or, at least, that his friends might have leave to come and see him. To

this application, if we are to believe the account in the Latin manuscript, which was formerly deposited in the Archives of the English college at St. Omers, and of which a translation is given in *Challoner's Memoirs of Missionary Priests,* the Lord Treasurer answered, "that if he was in so much haste to be hanged, he should quickly have his desire." Shortly after this he was removed from the Tower to Newgate, where he was put down into the dungeon called Limbo, and there kept for three days. On the 20th February, he was carried to Westminster to take his trial before Lord Chief Justice Popham and others. The indictment was under the Statute 27 Eliz. c. 2.; which enacted, "That any Popish priest, born in the dominions of the crown of England, who should come over thither from beyond sea, (unless driven by stress of weather, and tarrying only a reasonable time,) or should be in England three days without conforming and taking the oaths, should be guilty of high treason." A true bill being found against him, Father Southwell was ordered to the bar, and held up his hand according to custom. On being asked whether he was guilty or not guilty, he answered, "I confess that I was born in England, a subject to the Queen's Majesty; and that, by authority derived from God, I have been promoted to the sacred order of Priesthood in the Roman church," but he denied that he ever entertained any designs against the Queen or kingdom; alleging, that he had no other intention, in returning to his native country, than to administer the sacraments, according to the Catholic church, to such as desired them. Whereupon he was told, that he must leave such matters and plead directly *guilty* or *not guilty*. Then he said he was not guilty of any treason whatever, and being asked by whom he would be tried, he answered *by God and you*. The judge told him he must answer by God and his country, which he at first refused, saying, that the laws of his country were disagreeable to the laws of God, and that he was unwilling those poor harmless men, whom they obliged to represent the country, should have any share in their guilt or any hand in his death. "But," said he, "if, through your iniquity, it must be so and I cannot help it, be it as you will. I am ready to be judged by God and my country." The jury were accordingly sworn without a single challenge, the prisoner observing, that they were all equally strangers to him, and, therefore, charity did not allow him to except against one more than another. He was found guilty on his own confession, and being asked if he had any thing more to say why sentence should not be pronounced against him, he replied, "Nothing, but, from my heart, I forgive all who have been any way accessory to my death." The judge having pronounced sentence

according to the usual form, Father Southwell made a low bow, returning him thanks as for an unspeakable favour.

The next morning he was drawn through the streets, on a sledge, to Tyburn, where a great concourse of people had assembled to witness his execution. He confessed, that he was a Priest of the Society of Jesus, but again denied that he had ever contrived or imagined any evil against the queen, for whom and for his country he offered up his prayers. The cart was then driven away; but the unskilful hangman had not applied the noose to the right place, so that he several times made the sign of the cross while he was hanging, and was some time before he was strangled. He was afterwards cut down, bowelled, and quartered.*

So perished Father Southwell, at thirty-three years of age, and so, unhappily, have perished many of the wise and virtuous of the earth. Conscious of suffering in the supposed best of causes, he seems to have met death without terror—to have received the crown of martyrdom not only with resignation but with joy. Indeed, persecution and martyrdom, torture and death, must have been frequent subjects of his contemplation. His brethren of the priesthood were falling around him, and he himself assumed the character of a comforter and encourager to those who remained. Life's uncertainty and the world's vanity —the crimes and follies of humanity, and the consolations and glories of religion, are the constant themes of his writings, both in prose and verse; and the kindliness and benignity of his nature, and the moral excellence of his character, are diffused alike over both.

The principal and longest poem Southwell has written is *St. Peter's Complaint*, a lamentation over the weakness which induced him to betray his master. It is written with considerable energy, as the following extract will shew.

"Ah, whither was forgotten love exil'd?
Where did the truth of pledge and promise sleep?
What in my mind could foster thoughts so wild?
Why through my soul such foul suggestions creep?
Now may'st thou fear their death by whom thou liv'st:
All good thou ruinest—all ills thou giv'st.

Threats threw me not, torments I none essay'd;
My fray, with shades; conceits did make me yield,
Wounding my thoughts with fears; selfly dismay'd
I neither fought, nor lost—I gave the field.

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* This account of the trial and death of Father Southwell is taken from *Challoner's Memoirs of Missionary Priests*, &c. v. i. p. 324.

O shameful foil! a maiden's easy breath
Did blow me down, and blast my soul to death.

Titles I make untruths: am I a rock,
That with so soft a gale was overthrown?
Am I fit pastor for the faithful flock,
To guide their souls, that murder'd thus my own?
A rock of ruin—not a rest to stay;
A pastor—not to feed—but to betray!

Fidelity was flown, when fear was hatch'd,
Brood incompatible in Virtue's nest!
Courage can less with cowardice be match'd,
Than fear and love lodge in divided breast.
O Adam's child, cast by a silly Eve,
Heir to thy father's foils, and born to grieve.

* * * * * * * *

Like solest swan, that swims in silent deep,
And never sings but obsequies of death,
Sigh out thy plaints, and sole in secret weep,
In suing pardon spend thy perjur'd breath;
Attire thy soul in sorrow's mourning weed,
And, at thine eyes, let guilty conscience bleed.

* * * * * * * * *

Weep balm and myrrh, you sweet Arabian trees,
With purest gums perfume and pearl your rine;
Shed on your honey-drops, you busy bees,
I, barren plant, must weep unpleasant brine:
Heaven's dews were sweet, but ah! its branch repaid
With bitter fruits their kind and fostering aid."

The piece entitled, *St. Mary Magdalen's Tears* is of a similar kind, and, although written in prose, is much more fervid and impassioned than the greater part of his poetry. A short extract will give a sufficient idea of the strain in which it is composed.

"But fear not, Blessed Mary, for thy tears will obtain. They are too mighty orators to let thy suit fall; and though they pleaded at the most rigorous bar, yet have they so persuading a silence and so conquering a complaint, that, by yielding, they overcome, and, by entreating, they command. They tie the tongues of all accusers, and soften the rigour of the severest judge. Yea, they win the invincible and bind the omnipotent. When they seem most pitiful they have greatest power, and being most forsaken they are more victorious. Repentant eyes are the cellars of angels, and penitent tears their sweetest wines, which the savour of life perfumeth, the taste of grace

sweeteneth, and the purest colour of returning innocency highly beautifieth. This dew of devotion never faileth, but the sun of justice draweth it up, and upon what face soever it droppeth, it maketh it amiable in God's eye. For this water hath thy heart been long a limbeck, sometimes distilling it out of the weeds of thy own offences with the fire of true contrition. Sometimes out of the flowers of spiritual comforts with the flames of contemplation, and now out of the bitter herbs of thy master's miseries with the heat of a tender compassion. This water hath better graced thy looks than thy former alluring glances. It hath settled worthier beauties in thy face than all thy artificial paintings. Yea, this only water hath quenched God's anger, qualified his justice, recovered his mercy, merited his love, purchased his pardon, and brought forth the spring of all thy favour. Thy tears were the proctors for thy brother's life, the inviters of those angels for thy comfort, and the suitors that shall be rewarded with the first sight of thy revived saviour. Rewarded they shall be, but not refrained; altered in their cause, but their course continued. Heaven would weep at the loss of so pretious a water, and earth lament the absence of so fruitful showers. No, no, the angels must bathe themselves in the pure stream of thy eyes, and thy face shall still be set with this liquid pearl, that, as out of thy tears were stroken the first sparks of thy lord's love, so, thy tears may be the oil to feed his flame. Till death dam up the springs, they shall never cease running; and then shall thy soul be ferried in them to the harbour of life, that, as by them it was first passed from sinne to grace, so, in them it may be wafted from grace to glory." p. 139

The lines entitled *Scorn not the least*, display the amiable spirit of the author, and are beautiful withal.

" Where wards are weak, and foes encount'ring strong,
Where mightier do assault than do defend,
The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,
And silent sees, that speech could not amend:
Yet higher powers must think, though they repine,
When sun is set the little stars will shine.

While pike doth range, the silly tench doth flie,
And crouch in privy creekes with smaller fish:
Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by,
These fleete aflote, while those do fill the dish;
There is a time even for the worms to creep,
And suck the dew while all their foes do sleep.

The merlin cannot ever soar on high,
Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase,
The tender lark will find a time to flie,
And fearefull hare to run a quiet race.
He that high growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mush-rooms leave to grow.

In Haman's pomp poor Mardocheus wept,
Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe.
The Lazar pin'd, while Dives' feast was kept,
Yet he to heaven: to hell did Dives go.
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May:
Yet grass is green, when flowers do fade away."

Southwell thought the art of poetry discredited by the meretricious graces and idle fancies, "the follies and feignings of love," in which poets have indulged; and it was to bring them back to those "solemn and devout matters to which, in duty, they owe their abilities," that he was induced "to weave a new web in their own loom." Poetry, therefore, with him is solely used as a medium for the expression of his ardent religious feelings and aspirations, or to enforce some point of religious or moral obligation. These lines are from his *Mæoniæ*.

The Image of Death.

"Before my face the picture hangs,
That daily should put me in mind,
Of those cold names and bitter pangs
That shortly I am like to find;
But yet, alas! full little I
Do think hereon, that I must die.

I often look upon a face
Most ugly, grisly, bare, and thin;
I often view the hollow place
Where eyes and nose had sometime been;
I see the bones across that lie,
Yet little think that I must die.

I read the label underneath,
That telleth me whereto I must;
I see the sentence too, that saith,
'Remember, man, thou art but dust.'
But yet, alas! how seldom I
Do think, indeed, that I must die!

Continually at my bed's head
A hearse doth hang, which doth me tell
That I ere morning may be dead,
Though now I feel myself full well;
But yet, alas! for all this, I
Have little mind that I must die!

The gown which I am us'd to wear,
The knife wherewith I cut my meat;

And eke that old and ancient chair,
Which is my only usual seat;
All these do tell me I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

My ancestors are turn'd to clay,
And many of my mates are gone;
My youngers daily drop away,
And can I think to 'scape alone?
No, no; I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

* * * *

If none can 'scape Death's dreadful dart,
If rich and poor his beck obey;
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,
Then I to 'scape shall have no way:
Then grant me grace, O God! that I
My life may mend, since I must die."

The stanzas headed *Loss in Delays* are also worth quoting.

" Shun delays, they breed remorse;
Take thy time, while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force,
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best, when soonest wrought,
Ling'ring labours come to nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure:
Seek not time, when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.
After-wits are dearly bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead;
When he flies, he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked.
Works adjourn'd have many stays;
Long demurs breed new delays.

Seek thy salve while sore is green,
Fester'd wounds ask deeper lancing:
After-cures are seldom seen,
Often sought, scarce ever chancing,

Time and place give best advice,
Out of season, out of price."

The following verses are in a more vivacious strain, and are aptly and beautifully written. The title of them is *Love's Servile Lot.*

"She shroudeth vice in virtue's veil,
Pretending good in ill;
She offereth joy, but bringeth grief;
A kiss—where she doth kill.

A honey-show'r rains from her lips,
Sweet lights shine in her face;
She hath the blush of virgin-mind,
The mind of viper's race.

She makes thee seek—yet fear to find:
To find—but nought enjoy;
In many frowns, some passing smiles
She yields, to more annoy.

She letteth fall some luring baits,
For fools to gather up;
Now sweet—now sour—for every taste
She tempereth her cup.

Her watery eyes have burning force,
Her floods and flames conspire;
Tears kindle sparks—sobs fuel are,
And sighs but fan the fire.

May never was the month of love,
For May is full of flowers:
But rather April—wet by kind,
For love is full of showers.

With soothing words enthralled souls
She chains in servile bands;
Her eye, in silence, hath a speech
Which eye best understands.

Her little sweet hath many sours;
Short hap immortal harms:
Her loving looks are murd'ring darts,
Her songs, bewitching charms.

Like winter-rose and summer-ice,
Her joys are still untimely;
Before her hope, behind remorse,
Fair first—in fine unkindly.

* * * * * *

Plough not the seas—sow not the sands—
Leave off your idle pain;
Seek other mistress for your minds—
Love's service is in vain."

These lines are characteristic of the author's turn of mind.

" My conscience is my crown,
Contented thoughts, my rest;
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast.

Enough, I reckon wealth;
That mean, the surest lot,
That lies too high for base contempt,
Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfill:
I make the limits of my power
The bounds unto my will.

* * * * * *

I fear no care for gold,
Well-doing is my wealth;
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.

I clip high-climbing thoughts,
The wings of swelling pride;
Their fall is worst, that from the height
Of greatest honour slide.

Since sails of largest size
The storm doth soonest tear;
I bear so low and small a sail
As freeth me from fear.

I wrestle not with rage,
  While fury's flame doth burn;
It is vain to stop the stream
  Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,
  And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turn a late enraged foe
  Into a quiet friend.

And taught with often proof,
  A temper'd calm I find
To be most solace to itself,
  Best cure for angry mind.

Spare diet is my fare,
  My cloaths more fit than fine;
I know I feed and cloath a foe,
  That pamper'd would repine.

I envy not their hap,
  Whom favour doth advance;
I take no pleasure in their pain,
  That have less happy chance.

To rise by others' fall
  I deem a losing gain;
All states with others' ruin built,
  To ruin run amain.

No change of Fortune's calm
  Can cast my comforts down:
When Fortune smiles, I smile to think
  How quickly she will frown.

And when, in froward mood,
  She prov'd an angry foe,
Small gain I found, to let her come—
  Less loss, to let her go."

The Epistle called *The Triumphs over Death* was composed on the death of Lady Margaret, the daughter of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, and wife of the Honourable Robert Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorset. Of this Lady, Southwell gives the following character, the excellence of which we hope will be an ample apology for its length.

" She was by birth second to none, but unto the first in the realm; yet she measured only greatness by goodness, making nobility but the mirror of virtue, as able to shew things worthy to be seen, as apt to draw many eyes to behold it; she suited her behaviour to her birth, and ennobled her birth with her piety, leaving her house more beholden to her for having honoured it with the glory of her virtues, than she was to it, for the titles of her degree; she was high-minded in nothing but in aspiring to perfection and in the disdain of vice; in other things covering her greatness with humility among her inferiors, and shewing it with courtesy amongst her peers.

Of the carriage of herself, and her sober government it may be sufficient testimony, that envy herself was dumb in her dispraise, finding in her much to repine at, but nought to reprove: the clearness of her honour I need not to mention, she having always armed it with such modesty as taught the most untemperate tongues to be silent in her presence, and answered their eyes with scorn and contempt that did but seem to make her an aim to passion; yea, and in this behalf, as almost in all others, she hath the most honourable and known ladies of the land, so common and known witnesses, that those that least loved her religion, were in love with her demeanour, delivering their opinions in open praises. How mildly she accepted the check of fortune, fallen upon her without desert, experience has been a most manifest proof; the temper of her mind being so easy that she found little difficulty in taking down her thoughts to a mean degree, which true honour, not pride, has raised to a former height. Her faithfulness and love, where she found true friendship, is written with tears in many eyes, and will be longer registered in grateful memories of divers that have tried her in that kind, avowing her for secrecy, wisdom, and constancy, to be a miracle in that sex: yea, when she found least kindness in others, she never lost it in herself, more willingly suffering, than offering wrong, and often weeping for their mishaps, whom though less loving her, she could not but affect.

Of the innocency of her life, in general, all can aver, that as she was grateful many ways, and memorable for virtues, so was she free from all blemish of any vice, using, to her power, the best means to keep continually an undefiled conscience. Her attire was ever such as might both satisfy a curious eye, and yet bear witness of a sober mind; neither singular nor vain, but such as her peers of least report used.

* * * * * * * *

If our souls be possessed in our patience, surely her soul was truly her own, whose rock, though often stricken with the rod of adversity, never yielded any more than to give issue of eye-streams; and though these, through the tenderness of her nature and aptness of her sex, were the customary tributes that her love paid more to her friends than her own misfortunes, yet were they not accompanied with distempered words or ill seeming actions; reason never forgetting decency, though remembering pity.

Her devotions she daily observed, offering the daily sacrifice of an innocent heart, and stinting herself to her times of prayer, which she performed with so religious a care as well shewed that she knew

how high a Majesty she served. I need not write how dutifully she discharged all the behoofs of a most loving wife, since that was the commonest theme of her praise; yet this may be said without improof to any, that whosoever in this behalf may be counted her equal, none can justly be thought her superior: where she owned, she payed duty; where she found, she turned courtesy: wheresoever she was known, she deserved amity; desirous of the best, yet disdaining none but evil company, she was readier to requite benefits than revenge wrongs; more grieved than angry with unkindness of friends, when either mistaking or misreport occasioned any breaches; for if their words carry credit, who entered deepest into her thoughts, they have acquitted her from all spice of malice, not only against her friends, whose dislikes were but a retire to slip further into friendship, but even her greatest enemies, to whom if she had been a judge as she was a suppliant, I assuredly think she would have redressed, but not revenged her wrongs. In sum, she was an honour to her predecessors, a light to her age, and a pattern to her posterity; neither was her conclusion different from her premises, or her death from her life; she shewed no dismay, being warned of her danger, carrying in her conscience the safe conduct of innocency. But having sent her desires to heaven before, with a mild countenance and a most calm mind, in more hope than fear, she expected her own passage; she commended both her duty and goodwill to all her friends, and cleared her heart from all grudge towards her enemies, wishing true happiness to them both, as best became so soft and gentle a mind, in which anger never stayed but as an unwelcome stranger."

One more short passage, and we have done.

"There is in this world continual interchange of pleasing and greeting accidence, still keeping their succession of times, and overtaking each other in their several courses; no picture can be all drawn of the brightest colours, nor a harmony consorted only of trebles; shadows are needful in expressing of proportions, and the bass is a principal part in perfect music; the condition here alloweth no unmeddled joy, our whole life is temperate between sweet and sour, and we must all look for a mixture of both: the wise so wish: better that they still think of worse, accepting the one if it come with liking, and bearing the other without impatience, being so much masters of each other's fortunes, that neither shall work them to excess. The dwarf groweth not on the highest hill, nor the tall man loseth not his height in the lowest valley; and as a base mind, though most at ease, will be dejected, so a resolute virtue in the deepest distress is most impregnable."

Goodness of nature and kindness of heart, although not of themselves sufficient to obtain their possessor a passport to literary immortality, frequently communicate a charm to his writings, which in some measure supplies the place of genius. This charm, united with the purest morality, distinguishes in a pecu-

liar manner the compositions of Father Southwell. But he had genius too; in addition to the moral beauty which we both see and feel in his works, there are constant traces of a fervid and poetical imagination. He seems, however, almost afraid to trust himself in the fairy land of poetry, lest he should imbibe some of its illusions. One consequence of which is, that in his poetical pieces his genius is much more restrained than in his prose compositions. While the former are in general marked by gentleness and simplicity, the latter are characterized by energy and passion.

Besides the works already mentioned, Southwell wrote the *Rules of Good Life*, and *a supplication to Queen Elizabeth*. Of his various compositions, many editions were published, but they have all now become uncommonly scarce.

ART. VII.—Franc. Baconis de Verulamio, *summi Angliæ Cancellarii, Novum Organum Scientiarum.*

"Multi pertransibunt et augebitur scientia."

Lugd. Bat. 1645.

After a cursory view of Lord Bacon's *Essays*, and of his *Advancement of Learning*, we endeavoured, in a former number, to explain the object and some of the excellencies and defects of his *Novum Organum;* and particularly his observations upon the defects of our senses, and of our judgements: the Idols by which we are constantly warped, "*The Idols of the Tribe*," whose temples are universal and worshippers every where. We now proceed to make a few, and only a few, observations upon the remaining species of idols; for, to use Bacon's own words,

"It is not good to stay too long in the theatre. Let us now pass on to the judicial place, or palace of the mind, which we are to approach and view with more reverence and attention."

And next, therefore, of

Idols of the Den, or the Defects of Individuals.

Individual defects of the senses are not, Bacon says, within the limits of the *Novum Organum:* and he is not very copious in his observations upon individual defects of the judgement; but this subject ought, as it seems to us, to comprize the whole doctrine of mental discipline, as far as it relates to

making the mind pliant at any time to acquire any sort of knowledge. Bacon, however, contents himself with stating, that,

"Besides the general aberrations of human nature, we, every one of us, have our particular den or cavern, which refracts and corrupts the light of nature: either because every man has his respective temper, education, acquaintance, course of reading, and authorities, or from the difference of impressions, as they happen in a mind prejudiced or prepossessed, or in one that is calm, and equal."

Upon *Inability at particular times to acquire knowledge,* the *Novum Organum* does not contain any observations; and it is only casually remarked in his *Advancement of Learning,* where he says,

"There is a kind of culture of the mind which is built upon this ground, that the minds of all mortals are at some times in a more perfect state: at other times in a more depraved state. The objects, therefore, of this culture are, the fixation of good times and the obliteration of bad times, that the good seasons may be cherished and the evil crossed and expunged out of the calendar; and to attain this two seasons are chiefly to be observed, the one when the mind is best disposed to a business, the other when it is worst; that by the one, we may be well forward on our way; by the latter we may, by a strenuous contention, work out the knots and stondes of the mind, and make it plain for other occasions."

Upon inability to acquire particular sorts of knowledge, there are some observations in the *Novum Organum* and in the *Advancement of Learning,* not only upon the causes and varieties of this sort of Idolatry, but upon its consequences and remedies.

"From the attachment, (he says,) of individuals to particular studies, either because they believe themselves to have been the authors and inventors, or because they have bestowed much thought upon them, or from other accidents of their lives, or from their natural conformation, they are so warped to particular truths, as to have a partial or total inability to acquire other sorts of knowledge."

From the infinite variety of this class of Idols, we shall select two specimens; and first:

Of ability to view either only the differences, or only the correspondencies of things.

Of which Bacon says,

"The great and radical difference of capacities as to philosophy and the sciences lies here, that some are stronger and fitter to observe the differences of things, and others to observe their correspondencies:

for a steady and sharp genius can fix its contemplations, and dwell and fasten upon all the subtlety of differences, whilst a sublime and ready genius perceives and compares the smallest and most general agreements of things.—*Ingenia autem sublimia et discursiva etiam tenuissimas et catholicas rerum similitudines et agnoscunt et componunt.*"

If this observation of Bacon's is well founded, no man ever existed to whom these epithets were more peculiarly applicable, than Bacon himself: for, of all the extraordinary properties of his wonderful mind, his constant observation of what, we, in common parlance, call trifles, appears to us to be one of the most extraordinary.

"See," he says, "the little cloud upon glass or gems or blades of swords, and mark well the discharge of that cloud, and you shall perceive that it ever breaks up first in the skirts, and last in the midst. May we not learn from this the force of union, even in the least quantities and weakest bodies, how much it conduceth to preservation of the present form and the resisting of a new. In like manner, icicles, if there be water to follow them, lengthen themselves out in a very slender thread, to prevent a discontinuity of the water; but if there be not a sufficient quantity to follow, the water then falls in round drops, which is the figure that best supports it against discontinuation; and at the very instant when the thread of water ends, and the falling in drops begins, the water recoils upwards to avoid being discontinued. So in metals, which are fluid upon fusion, though a little tenacious, some of the mettled mass frequently springs up in drops, and sticks in that form to the sides of the crucible. There is a like instance in the looking-glasses, commonly made of spittle by children, in a loop of rush or whalebone, where we find a consistent pellicule of water."

Possessing this peculiar property himself, Bacon constantly admonishes his readers of its importance.

"The eye of the understanding," (he says,) "is like the eye of the sense: for as you may see great objects through small crannies or levels, so you may see great axioms of nature through small and contemptible instances."

And again:

"He who cannot contract the sight of his mind as well as disperse and dilate it, wanteth a great faculty: and should consider, as an oracle, the saying of the poor woman to the haughty prince, who rejected her petition as a thing below his dignity to notice—"then cease to reign:" for it is certain, that whoever will not attend to matters because they are too minute or trifling, shall never obtain command or rule over nature.

And again:

"Certainly this may be averred for truth, that they be not the highest instances, that give the best and surest information. This is not unaptly exprest in the tale, so common, of the philosopher, that while he gazed upward to the starres fell into the water: for if he had

lookt down, he might have seen the starres in the water: and therefore Aristotle notes well, *that the nature of every thing is best seen in its smallest portions.* For that cause he inquires the nature of a common-wealth, first in a family and the simple conjugations of society, man and wife; parents and children; master and servant, which are in every cottage. So we see that secret of nature (esteemed one of the great mysteries) of the turning of iron toucht with a loadstone towards the poles, was found out in needles of iron, not in barres of iron."

The next specimen which we select is,

Attachment to Antiquity or Novelty.

The nature of this Idol appears to us to be best stated in the *Advancement of Learning*, where Bacon says,

"Wherein the daughters of Time do take after the father; for as Time devoureth his children, so these, one of them seeketh to depress the other; while antiquity envieth there should be new additions; and novelty cannot be content to add things recent, but it must deface and reject the old. Surely the advice of the prophet is the true direction in this case. *State super vias antiquas et videte quænam sit via recta et bona et ambulate in ea.* Antiquity deserveth that reverence that men should make a stay awhile, and stand thereupon, and look about to discover which is the best way; but when the discovery is well taken, then not to rest there but cheerfully to make progression. Indeed to speak truly, *Antiquitas sæculi, juventus Mundi*, certainly our times are the ancient times, when the world is now ancient, and not those which we count ancient, *ordine retrogrado*, by a computation backward from our own times."

We quit this Idol with Sir Henry Wotton's remark in his answer to Bacon; "of your *Novum Organum*, I shall speak more hereafter, but I have learnt thus much already by it, that we are extremely mistaken in the computation of Antiquity, by searching it backwards, because indeed the first times were the youngest."

Some of the most obvious *consequences* of this idolatry are *the rejection of knowledge if it appear to differ from the favorite pursuit;* as the Cambridge mathematician, who said that Milton's *Paradise Lost* proved nothing: or the lawyer, who refused to proceed in a most interesting novel, because the first chapter contained a bad will: and,—*the infecting studies with the favorite pursuit;* as the poet, who, when doomed to study law, turned *Coke upon Littleton* and his reports into verse; or the geometrician, who took no pleasure in the *Æneid*, but in tracing the voyage of Æneas.

Upon this topic, Bacon abounds with observations: we cannot however think it necessary to cite any of his illustrations, as it is scarcely possible to converse with a member of any profession without perceiving the effects of this idolatry.—The cure of

diseases appears in the conversation of physicians; fractured limbs in the friendly intercourse of anatomists; and lawyers will put a case amidst the philosophy of Newton, and the imagination of Milton. Upon hearing the Witches in *Macbeth* say, "we are doing a deed without a name," we do not forget our learned friend in the pit, who exclaimed, "then it's not worth a farthing;" nor do we forget that, after a high encomium by a late eminent lawyer, upon the powers displayed by Bacon in his reading on the statute of uses, he says, "what might we not have expected from the hands of such a master, if his vast mind had not so embraced within its compass the whole field of science, as very much to detach him from professional studies." We wish it was in our power to forget, that Sir Edward Coke, (or that his contracted mind ought to be forgotten,) in Lord Bacon's presentation copy to him of the *Novum Organum*, which is now at Holkham, wrote with his own hand, under the hand writing of Lord Bacon,

Auctori consilium.

Instaurare paras, veterum documenta sophisma,
Instaura legis, justitiamque prius;

and over the device of the ship, passing between Hercules' pillars:

"It deserveth not to be read in schools,
But to be freighted in the Ship of Fools."

We lament, that within the limits of a review, instead of a minute explanation of the various remedies which, in different parts of his works, Bacon has suggested for these defects, we are compelled to confine ourselves to a mere enumeration of his admonitions:

1. That the mind should not be fixed, but kept open to receive continual improvement, which, he says, is exceeding rare.

2. That the mind should be daily employed upon some subject from which it is averse, and that we should bear ever toward the contrary of that whereunto we are by nature inclined: like as when we row against the stream, or when we make a crooked wand straight, by bending it the contrary way.

3. That, if the mind is too discursive, the habit of *fixedness* should be formed by engaging in studies that will not admit mental aberration; and particularly in the study of the mathematics, of which he says, if a man be bird-witted, that is, quickly carried away, and hath not the patient faculty of attention, the *mathematics* give a remedy thereunto, wherein, if the wit be caught away but for a moment, the demonstration is new to begin.

"And, indeed, men do not sufficiently understand the excellent use of the pure mathematics, in that they do remedy and cure many defects in the wit and faculties intellectual. For if the wit be too dull, they sharpen it: if too wandering, they fix it: if too inherent in the sense, they abstract it. So that as tennis is a game of no use in itself, but of great use in respect it maketh a quick eye and a body ready to put into all postures; so in the mathematics, that use which is collateral and intervenient is no less worthy than that which is principal and intended."

In his sentiments of the importance of the habit of intellectual fixedness, Bacon is not peculiar. Locke, in his *Conduct of the Understanding*, intimates that it is the cause upon which mental perfection chiefly depends. It was, we understand, a common observation of Newton's, that if there were any difference between him and other men, it consisted in his fixing his eye steadily on the object which he had in view, and waiting patiently for every idea as it presented itself, without wandering or hurrying; and Burke, we have been told, always read a book as if he never were to see it again.

"4. In general there is no stond or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies. Like as diseases of the body may have appropriated exercises: bowling is good for the stone and reins: shooting for the lungs and breast: gentle walking for the stomach: riding for the head, and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again: if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen: for they are *Cymini sectores:* if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases: so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt."

Such is the nature of these Idols of the Den, with some of their consequences and remedies,

"Of which Plato's cave is an excellent emblem: for certainly if a man were continued from his childhood to mature age in a grotto or dark and subterraneous cave, and then should come suddenly abroad and should behold the stately canopy of heaven and the furniture of the world, without doubt he would have many strange and absurd imaginations come into his mind and people his brain. So in like manner we live in the view of heaven, yet our spirits are enclosed in the caves of our bodies, complexions and customs, which must needs minister unto us infinite images of error and vain opinions, if they do seldom and for so short a time appear above ground out of their holes, and do not continually live under the contemplation of nature as in the open air."

The next species is

Idols of the Market, or defects of Words.

The names of non-existences, or confused names of existences:—which latter species, as the subtlety of nature is infinite, and the subtlety of words limited and finite, must, to a greater or less extent, always exist.—Words may tell the minutes, but not the seconds.—When we attempt to rear a temple to heaven, we must not be unmindful of the confusion of languages.

The last species is,

Idols of the Theatre; or, erroneous Theories;

of which Bacon says:

"The Idols of the Theatre, or Theories, are many, and will probably grow much more numerous; for, if men had not, through many ages, been prepossessed with religion and theology, and if civil governments, but particularly monarchies, had not been averse to innovations of this kind, though but intended, so as to make it dangerous and prejudicial to the private fortunes of such as take the bent of innovating, not only by depriving them of advantages, but also by exposing them to contempt and hatred, there would, doubtless, have been numerous other sects of philosophies and theories introduced, of kin to those that, in great variety, formerly flourished among the Greeks. And these theatrical fables have this in common with dramatic pieces, that the fictitious narrative is neater, more elegant, and pleasing, than the true history."

Thus concludes Bacon's doctrine of Idols, which, considering Idols of the Theatre, as in the *Advancement of Learning*, rather as consequences of Idolatry, than a separate species, appear to us, as we have already intimated, reduceable to two classes.

1. General Idols.
   1. Idols of the Tribe.
   2. Idols of the Theatre.
2. Particular Idols, or Idols of Individuals.

But whatever may be the limits within which they may be included, to their baneful influence Bacon ascribes the prevalence of error: and on their destruction, in chasing and dislodging them from the mind by legitimate induction, he rests his hope of the ultimate ascendancy of truth. "For the kingdom of man, which is founded in the sciences, can be entered only as the kingdom of God, in the condition of little children."

*Upon our motives for the acquisition of knowledge,**

There are, in different parts of Bacon's works, various scattered observations, but no systematic treatise: not because he did not suppose the subject worthy of arrangement, for these were not his sentiments upon any subject.

"Pragmatical men should know," he says, in his tract *on the art of Advancement in life*, "that learning is not like some small bird, as the lark, that can mount and sing, and please herselfe, and nothing lese; but that she holds as well of the hauke, that can soare aloft, and after that when she sees her time, can stoop and seize upon her prey. Againe this kind of wisdom much respects the perfection of learning; because it is the right rule of a perfect enquiry, that nothing be found in the globe of matter, that hath not a parallel in the christalline globe, or the intellect. That is, that there be not any thing in being and action, that should not be drawne and collected into contemplation and doctrine."

Nor did he think that the mere exhibition of the advantage of knowledge, upon which he is so diffuse, was sufficient, for "To speak of virtue," he says, "without shewing from whence she proceeds, is only to exhibit a statue, lovely to behold, but dead and motionless." His silence did not originate in either of these causes; but, absorbed himself in the delights of contemplation, in his hope and endeavors to extend and to enable his successors to extend the bounds of apprehension, and enlarge the territories of reason: he seems not, indeed, to have despised men dead to such motives, for he was not of a nature to feel contempt for any living being, nor proudly to have said, "eorum vitam mortemque juxta æstimo;" but, knowing the impossibility of gathering grapes from thorns or figs from thistles, he contents himself with saying,

"Neverthelesse I doe not take upon me, neither can I hope to obtaine by any perorations, or pleadings of this case touching learning, to reverse the judgement either of Æsop's Cock, that preferred the barley-corne before the gemme; or of Midas, that being chosen Judge between Apollo, president of the Muses, and Pan, president of sheep, judged for plenty; or of Paris, that judged for pleasure and love,

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* See our 5th number, p. 155, where we have divided the introductions into

1. Survey of our powers.
2. Motives of their exercise.
3. Obstacles to the acquisition of knowledge.

against wisdom and power, for these things must continue as they have been, but so will that also continue, whereupon learning hath ever relied as on a firm foundation which can never be shaken: *justificata est sapientia à filiis suis.*"

Bacon saw clearly that our motives for the acquisition of knowledge are either a love of excelling, or a love of excellence, as he has stated in a beautiful passage, which we will venture to repeat,

"Men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge, sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite: sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight: sometimes for ornament and reputation: and sometimes to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction: and most times for lucre and profession: and seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason, to the benefit and use of man: as if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit: or a terrace, for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect, or a tower of state, for a proud mind to raise itself upon: or a fort or commanding ground, for strife or contention: or a shop, for profit or sale, and not a rich storehouse, for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate."

He saw the true nature of the love of excelling, that it is only a temporary motive, and that it has a tendency to generate bad passions; but he was not blind to its advantages: he saw that it led to the acquisition of that portion of knowledge for which it operated, and that it was attended with the chance of sinking into the affection and being productive.

Seeing the advantages attendant upon the love of excelling, Bacon was, of all men living, the least disposed to disregard them. There is no description of human being, no motive of human conduct, which he was not desirous to convert to its own use, and to the service of mankind. When speaking of ambition, he says:

"Good commanders in the wars must be taken, be they never so ambitious; for the use of their service dispenseth with the rest; and to take a soldier without ambition, is to pull off his spurs. There is also great use of ambitious men, in being screens to princes, in matters of danger and envy; for no man will take that part, except he be like a sealed dove, that mounts, and mounts, because he cannot see about him."

And, even when speaking of misanthropy, he says:

"Such men, in other men's calamities, are, as it were, in season, and are ever on the loading part: not so good as the dogs that licked Lazarus's sores, but like flies, that are still buzzing upon any thing

that is raw; misanthropi, that make it their practice to bring men to the bough, and yet have never a tree for the purpose in their gardens, as Timon had. Such dispositions are the very errors of human nature, and yet they are the fittest timber to make great politics of; like to knee-timber, that is good for ships that are ordained to be tossed, but not for building houses that shall stand firm."

Knowing how to estimate the love of excelling, and looking with all due respect at intellectual gladiators, he saw that this passion was not the proper motive to actuate philosophy.

"It is commonly found, (he says,) that men have views to fame and ostentation, sometimes in uttering and sometimes in circulating the knowledge they think they have acquired. But for our undertaking, we judge it of such a nature, that it were highly unworthy to pollute it with any degree of ambition or affectation: as it is an unavoidable decree with us ever to retain our native candour and simplicity, and not attempt a passage to truth under the conduct of vanity; for seeking real Nature, with all her fruits about her, we should think it a betraying of our trust, to infect such a subject either with an ambitious, an ignorant, or any other faulty manner of treating it."

And in the same spirit, Milton says, "I am not speaking to the mercenary crew of false pretenders to learning, but the free and ingenuous sort of such as evidently were born to study, and love learning for itself, not for lucre, or any other end, but the service of God and of truth."

He saw, that the love of excellence was the only permanent motive for the acquisition of knowledge.

"For the pleasure and delight of knowledge, (he says,) it far surpasseth all other in nature. We see in all other pleasures there is satiety, and after they be used, their verdure departeth, which sheweth well they be but deceits of pleasure, and not pleasures: and that it was the novelty which pleased, and not the quality: and therefore we see, that voluptuous men turn friars, and ambitious princes turn melancholy: but of knowledge there is no satiety, but satisfaction and appetite are perpetually interchangeable."

He saw, that as the love of excelling has a tendency to generate bad passions, the love of excellence gives birth to all feelings that are good and holy.—It omits no pains to discover and direct the talents of the country for its service, and is ever anxious to forward those abilities which overpower its own.

To prevent the decay of this desire, "joyful to the mind as light to the eye, or sweet music to the ear,"* it seems necessary —not to associate pain with the acquisition of knowledge:—but

* See his *Essay on Truth*.

to force the mind; and to excite it by proper mental stimulants. —The evils of erroneous associations and compulsion are fully noticed by his contemporary, Ascham. Upon the application of mental stimulants, he says:

"In the twentieth place come lancing instances, that is, such as remind the understanding of the admirable and exquisite subtilty of nature, so as to excite and awaken it to attention, observation, and proper enquiry.

For example; the following are lancing or vellicating instances. (1.) That so small a drop of ink in a pen should be drawn out into so many letters or lines, as we find it; (2.) that silver gilt upon its external surface, should be drawn to such a vast length of gilded wire; (3.) that so very small a worm as that found in the skin, should have a spirit, and a peculiar structure and organization of different parts; (4.) that a little saffron should tinge a whole hogshead of water; (5.) that a little civet or musk should fill a large chamber with its odour; (6.) that such a great cloud of smoke should be raised from a little incense: (7.) that the exact differences of sounds should be every way conveyed through the air, and even through the holes and pores of wood and water, (though much weakened, indeed, in the passage,) and be reflected with great distinctness and velocity; (8.) that light and colour should so suddenly pass through such a bulk of solid matter, as glass, or of a fluid, as water; yet so as at the same time to convey a great and exquisite variety of images, even though the light suffers refraction and reflection; (9.) that the loadstone should operate through all kinds of bodies, even the most compact and solid; and what is still more wonderful, (10.) that in all these cases the action of one thing does not greatly hinder the action of another, in a neutral or indifferent medium, such as the air is. Thus numberless images of visible objects are carried through the air; numberless percussions of articulate voices; numberless specific odours, as those of violets, roses, &c. even cold, heat, and magnetical virtues, all pass through the air at once, without obstructing one another, as if each of them had its own separate way or passage, so as to prevent impinging against, meeting with, or obstructing, one another."

We must reluctantly quit this subject, and proceed to

The obstacles to the acquisition of knowledge;

which are either from *want of time*, whether it originate in worldly occupation or in the shortness of life: or *want of means:* or the *opposition of ignorance*, either from its general antipathy to intellect, or from the resistance of misguided and interested individuals.—Upon each of these topics, there are various remarks in Bacon's works.

Upon the obstacles from *want of time*, he says:

"If any man, notwithstanding, resolvedly maintaineth, that learning takes up too much time, which might otherwise be better em-

ployed; I answer, that no man can be so straitened and opprest with business, and an active course of life, but may have many vacant times of leisure, whilst he expects the returns and tides of business, except he be either of a very dull temper and of no despatch: or ambitious (little to his credit and reputation) to meddle and engage himself in employment of all natures and matters above his reach. It remaineth, therefore, to be enquired, in what manner and how those spaces and times of leisure should be filled up and spent; whether in pleasures or study, sensuality or contemplation, as was well answered by Demosthenes to Æschines, a man given to pleasure; who, when he told him, by way of reproach, that his orations did smell of the lamp; indeed (said Demosthenes) there is great difference between the things that you and I do by lamp-light. Wherefore let no man fear lest learning should expulse business; nay, rather, it will keep and defend the possessions of the mind against idleness and pleasure, which otherwise, at unawares, may enter to the prejudice both of business and learning."

And again, when speaking of himself, he says:

"We judge also, that mankind may conceive some hopes from our example which we offer, not by way of ostentation, but because it may be useful. If any one therefore should despair, let him consider a man as much employed in civil affairs as any other of his age, a man of no great share of health, who must therefore have lost much time; and yet in this undertaking, he is the first that leads the way, unassisted by any mortal, and stedfastly entering the true path that was absolutely untrod before and submitting his mind to things, may somewhat have advanced the design."

The obstacles to the acquisition of knowledge, from *want of means*, Bacon must have deeply felt. His favorite maxim was,

"Let no man, upon a weak conceit of sobriety, or an ill-applied moderation, think or maintain, that a man can search too far, or be too well studied in the book of God's word, or in the book of God's works, divinity or philosophy; but rather let men endeavour in an endless progress, or proficience in both; only let them beware, that they apply both to charity and not to swelling; to use and not to ostentation; for the true corrective specie of knowledge is charity. "*If I spake*, saith the Apostle, *with the tongues of men and angels, and had not charity, it were but as a tinkling cymbal.*"

But in experimental philosophy Bacon placed his chief hope. It was the occupation of his leisure; and, notwithstanding his arduous public duties and private calamities, he proceeded in it, if not with the caution, with the patience and perseverance of a philosopher. Employed in the affairs of state, his mind was filled only with the contemplation and pur-

suit of nature. This exalted pleasure was the delight of his life: and its excess, an excess scarcely unworthy a philosopher, was the immediate cause of his death. "Whilst I am speaking," says Archbishop Tenison, "of his lordship's work of natural history, there comes to my mind a relation, reported by him who bore a part in it, the Reverend Dr. Rawley." "One day, his lordship was dictating to that doctor some of the experiments in his *Sylva*. The same day, he had sent a friend to court, to receive for him a final answer, touching the effect of a grant which had been made him by King James. He had hitherto only hope of it, and hope deferred; and he was desirous to know the event of the matter, and to be freed, one way or the other, from the suspence of his thoughts; his friend returning, told him plainly, that he must thenceforth despair of that grant, how much soever his fortunes needed it. Be it so, said his lordship; and then he dismissed his friend very cheerfully, with thankful acknowledgments of his service. His friend being gone, he came straightway to Dr. Rawley, and said thus to him.—"Well, sir! yon business won't go on; let us go on with this, for this is in our power;" and then he dictated to him afresh, for some hours, without the least hesitancie of speech, or discernable interruption of thought."

Aubrey thus relates the account of his death: "Mr. Hobbes told me, that the cause of his lordship's death was trying an experiment. As he was taking the aire in a coach with Dr. Witherborne (a Scotchman, physician to the king) towards Highgate, snow lay on the ground, and it came into my lord's thoughts, why flesh might not be preserved in snow as in salt. They were resolved they would try the experiment presently. They alighted out of the coach, and went into a poore woman's house at the bottome of Highgate-hill, and bought a hen, and made the woman exenterate it, and then stuffed the bodie with snow, and my lord did help to doe it himselfe. The snow so chilled him, that he immediately fell so extremely ill, that he could not returne to his lodgings, (I suppose then at Graye's Inne,) but went to the Earl of Arundell's house, at Highgate, where they putt him into a good bed warmed with a panne, but it was a damp bed, that had not been layn in above a yeare before, which gave him such a cold, that in two or three dayes, as I remember, he (Mr. Hobbes) told me, he dyed of suffocation."

In the last letter he wrote, which was to the Earl of Arundel, he says:

"I was likely to have the fortune of the elder Pliny, who lost his life by trying an experiment about the burning of the Mount Vesuvius; for I was also desirous to try an experiment or two upon the conservation and induration of bodies. For the experiment itself, it

succeeded excellently; but in the journey between London and Highgate, I was taken with such a fit of sickness, that when I came to your lordship's house, I was not able to go back. Your housekeeper is very careful and diligent about me. Indeed, your lordship's house was happy to me, and I kiss your hands for the welcome, which I am sure you give me to it.

I know how unfit it is for me to write to your lordship with any other hand than my own; but my fingers are so disjointed with this fit of sickness, that I cannot steadily hold a pen."

This was his last letter; he died a day or two after.

Experimental philosophy is, at every step, attended with expense. "*Le gout de l'observation peut être inspiré à tous les hommes: il semble que celui de l'experience ne doive être inspiré qu'aux hommes riches,*" is the remark of one of the French philosophers; and when we think, for a moment, of Bacon's conceptions, we must acknowledge the truth of his lamentations, when he says:

"We must confess, that such a collection of natural and experimental history, as we have measured out in our mind, and such as really ought to be procured, is a great and royal work, requiring the purse of a prince and the assistance of a people."

Amidst the noble improvements by which our city has lately been adorned, we have sometimes imagined *The New Atalantis* about to be realized, and two palaces united by a structure, containing libraries, collections, pictures, statues, worthy of the age, the king, and the nation.

The obstacles to the progress of knowledge, from the opposition of language,

are examined at great length in the *Advancement of Learning:* to which we must beg to refer such of our readers as are desirous to be armed against these weapons. In these enlightened times, and in this enlightened and happy country, they are of little moment. There are no obstacles to the progress of knowledge, and we are not alarmed at the mistakes of ignorance. Galilæo may, without fear of inquisitors, assert, that the earth moves round: and, if an altar is raised to the "Unknown God," he who is ignorantly worshipped we can "declare."

Annexed to this doctrine of Idols, there are some inquiries upon the causes and signs of false philosophy, and the grounds of hope that knowledge must be progressive. Of false philosophy, he says:

"It may be known from its seed, its origin as to time or place; from its growth, and from its fruit; for the knowledge which is planted in nature has the true character of the divine presence, coming in persuasion, that this third period of time will far surpass that of the

aura leni, and, without noise or agitation, it flourishes and is productive; but false science is either barren, or, instead of grapes and olives, produces the thorns and thistles of disputes and altercations."

Of this false science there are two badges, the novelty and strangeness of terms and the strictness of positions.

"Surely, like as many substances in nature, which are solid, do putrify and corrupt into worms; so it is the property of good and sound knowledge, to putrify and dissolve into a number of subtle, idle, unwholesome, and, as I may term them, vermiculate questions; when, as amongst the schoolmen, men out of no great quantity of matter, but with infinite agitation of wit, spin out laborious webs of learning. For the wit and mind of man, if it work upon the matter, which is the contemplation of the creatures of God, worketh according to the stuff, and is limited thereby: but if it work upon itself, as the spider worketh his web, then it is endless, and brings forth, indeed, cobwebs of learning, admirable for the fineness of texture, but of little substance or profit. So that the fable and fiction of Scylla seemeth to be a lively image of this kind of philosophy or knowledge, which was transformed into a comely virgin for the upper parts; but then, *candida succinctam latrantibus inguina monstris*: so the generalities of the schoolmen are for a while good and proportionable: but these when you descend into their distinctions and divisions, instead of a fruitful womb, for the use and benefit of man's life, they end in monstrous altercations, and barking questions."

The causes of the errors of philosophy are then explained, and there are various aphorisms upon the prospect of knowledge being progressive; of which he says, in the conclusion of his survey of human knowledge, in his *Advancement of Learning*:

"Being now at some pause, looking back into that I have passed through, this writing seemeth to me, *si nunquam fallit imago*, as far as a man can judge of his own work, not much better than that noise or sound which musicians make while they are tuning their instruments, which is nothing pleasant to hear, but yet is a cause why the music is sweeter afterwards. So have I been content to tune the instruments of the muses, that they may play who have better hands. And, surely, when I set before me the condition of these times in which learning hath made her third visitation or circuit: the height of men's wits: the excellent monuments of antient writers, which, as so many great lights, shine before us: the art of printing: the traversed bosom of the ocean and of the world: the additions to natural history: the leisure wherewith the civilized world abounds, not employing men so generally in civil business, as the states of Græcia did, in respect of their popularity; and the state of Rome, in respect of the greatness of their monarchy: the present disposition of the times to peace, and the inseparable property that attends time itself, which is ever more and more to disclose truth; I cannot but be raised to this

Grecian and Roman learning; only, if men will know their own strength, and their own weakness both; and take one from the other, light of invention and not fire of contradiction; and esteem of the inquisition of truth, as of an enterprise, and not as of a quality or ornament; and employ wit and magnificence to things of worth and excellency, and not to things vulgar and of popular estimation."

Having explained what appears to us to be the proper outline of an introduction to the art of invention, with the rather scanty mode in which it has been filled up by Lord Bacon, we ought to add, that it appears to us to have been his intention to have fully investigated these various important subjects in the same manner, and for the same object, as in the *Advancement of Learning*, where he says:

"The entrance to the former of these, to clear the way, and as it were, to make silence, to have the true testimonies concerning the dignity of learning, to be better heard without the interruption of tacit objections, I think it good first to deliver learning from the discredits and disgraces which ignorance hath cast upon it, but ignorance severally disguised; appearing itself sometimes in the zeale of divines, sometimes in the arrogancy of politicians, and sometimes in the errors of learned men themselves."

There does not seem to be much difficulty in explaining why this important work was published in its present imperfect state. Bacon was born in the year 1560. His health was always delicate. In the year 1591, in a letter to Lord Burleigh, he says:

"I wax now somewhat ancient: one and thirty years is a great deal of sand in the hour-glass."

In the year 1617, when he was fifty-seven years of age, the great seals were offered to him. Unmindful of the feebleness of his constitution; unmindful of his love of contemplation; unmindful of his own words, in another letter to the same noble person:

"I ever bore a mind to serve his majesty in some middle place that I could discharge, not as a man born under *Sol*, that loves honour; nor under Jupiter, that loves business; for the contemplative planet carries me away wholly."

Unmindful of his own words:

"That men in great place are thrice servants: servants of the sovereign in state; servants of fame; and servants of business: so as they have no freedom neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times. Power they seek, and lose liberty: they seek power over others, and lose power over themselves."

Unmindful of his own advice:

"Accustom your mind to judge of the proportion or value of things, and do that substantially and not superficially; for, if you observe well, you shall find the logical part of some men's minds good, but the mathematical part nothing worth: that is, they can judge well of the mode of attaining the end, but ill of the value of the end itself; and hence some men fall in love with access to princes; others, with popular fame and applause, supposing they are things of great purchase, when, in many cases, they are but matters of envy, peril, and impediment."

Unmindful of his own doctrine, how much

"Worldly pursuits divert and interrupt the prosecution and advancement of knowledge, like unto the golden ball thrown before Atalanta, which, while she goeth aside and stoopeth to take up, the race is hindered.

Declinat cursus, aurumque volubile tollit."

Regardless of these important truths, so deeply impressed upon his mind, he, in an evil hour, accepted the offer. *One of the consequences* was, the sacrifice of his favorite work, upon which he had been engaged for thirty years, and had twelve times transcribed with his own hand. In his letter to the king, dated 16th October, 1620, and sent with the *Novum Organum*, he says: "The reason why I have published it now specially, being imperfect, is, to speak plainly, because I number my days and would have it saved." The same sentiment was expressed by him in the year 1607. "But time, in the interim, being on the wing, and the author too much engaged in civil affairs, especially considering the uncertainties of life, he would willingly hasten to secure some part of his design from contingencies."

Another consequence was, the injury to his reputation; a subject upon which, although we hope, at some future time, to be more explicit, we cannot refrain from subjoining a few observations. When the Chancellor first heard of the threatened attack upon him by the very Parliament, convened by his advice for the detection of abuses, he wrote to the House of Lords, requesting to be heard: and he thus wrote to the Marquis of Buckingham:

"Your lordship spoke of purgatory. I am now in it; but my mind is in a calm, for my fortune is not my felicity; I know I have clean hands, and a clean heart; and I hope a clean house for friends or servants. But Job himself, or whosoever was the justest judge, by such hunting for matters against him, as hath been used against me, may, for a time, seem foul, especially in a time when greatness is the mark, and accusation is the game. And if this be to be a chancellor,

I think, if the great seal lay upon Hounslow Heath, nobody would take it up. But the king and your lordship will, I hope, put an end to these my straits one way or other."

By what way the king and his lordship did put an end to these straits, is stated by Bushel in his old age, in the year 1659, thirty-three years after the death of the Chancellor. As the tract is very scarce, we subjoin the statement.

"But before this could be accomplished to his own content, there arose such complaints against his lordship and the then favorite at court, that for some days put the king to this query, whether he should permit the favorite of his affection, or the oracle of his council, to sink in his service; whereupon his lordship was sent for by the king, who, after some discourse, gave him this positive advice, to submit himself to his house of peers, and that (upon his princely word) he would then restore him again, if they (in their honors) should not be sensible of his merits. Now though my lord foresaw his approaching ruin, and told his majesty there was little hopes of mercy in a multitude, when his enemies were to give fire, if he did not plead for himself; yet such was his obedience to Him from whom he had his being, that he resolved his majesty's will should be his only law, and so took leave of him with these words: 'Those that will strike at your chancellor, it's much to be feared will strike at your crown;' and wished, that as he was then the first, so he might be the last of sacrifices. Soon after (according to his majesty's commands) he wrote a submissive letter to the house, and sent me to my Lord Windsor to know the result, which I was loath, at my return, to acquaint him with; for, alas! his sovereign's favor was not in so high a measure, but he, like the phœnix, must be sacrificed in flames of his own raising, and so perished, like Icarus, in that his lofty design, the great revenue of his office being lost, and his titles of honor saved but by the bishop's votes; whereto he replied, that he was only bound to thank his clergy; the thunder of which fatal sentence did much perplex my troubled thoughts, as well as others, to see that famous lord, who procured his majesty to call this parliament, must be the first subject of their revengeful wrath; and that so unparalleled a master should be thus brought upon the publick stage for the foolish miscarriages of his own servants, whereof with grief of heart I confess myself to be one. Yet shortly after, the king dissolved the parliament, but never restored that matchless lord to his place, which made him then to wish the many years he had spent in state policy and law study had been solely devoted to true philosophy: for, said he, the one at best doth but comprehend man's frailty in its greatest splendour, but the other the mysterious knowledge of all things created in the six days' work."

That there was a private interview between the chancellor and the king, thus appears from the journals of the House of Lords, 17th April, 1621.

"The lord treasurer signified, that in the interim of this cessation, the lord chancellor was an humble suitor unto his majesty, that he might see his majesty, and speak with him; and although his majesty, in respect of the lord chancellor's person, and of the place he holds, might have given his lordship that favour, yet, for that his lordship is under trial of this house, his majesty would not on the sudden grant it.

That on Sunday last, the king calling all the lords of this house which were of his council before him, it pleased his majesty to shew their lordships, what was desired by the lord chancellor, demanding their lordship's advice therein.

The lords did not presume to advise his majesty; for that his majesty did suddenly propound such a course as all the world could not devise better, which was that his majesty would speak with him privately.

That yesterday, his majesty admitting the lord chancellor to his presence, &c.

It was thereupon ordered, That the lord treasurer should signify unto his majesty, that the lords do thankfully acknowledge this his majesty's favour, and hold themselves highly bound unto his majesty for the same."

In the morning of the 24th of April, a few days after this interview, the king was present in the House of Lords, commended the complaint of all public grievances, and protested, that he would prefer no person whomsoever before the public good; and, in the evening of the same day, the Prince of Wales signified to the lords, that the Lord Chancellor had sent a submission.—The sentence was passed. The king remitted all which it was in his power to pardon.

That the time would arrive when it would be proper to investigate the whole nature of these proceedings, Bacon foresaw. —In a paper written in November, 1622, in Greek characters, and found amongst his papers, he says,

"Of my offences, far be it from me to say, *Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas:* but I will say what I have good warrant for, they were not the greatest offenders in Israel, upon whom the wall of Shilo fell:"

And in his will, after desiring to be buried by his mother, he says,

"For my name and memory I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations and the next ages."

It is hoped that documents are now in existence, by which the whole of this transaction may, without impropriety, be elucidated. It seems that, from the intimacy between Archbishop Tenison and Dr. Rawley, the chancellor's chaplain and secretary, all the facts were known to the Archbishop, who published his *Baconiana* in the year 1679, "too near to the heels of truth and to the times of the persons concerned;" in which he says,

"His lordship owned it under his hand, 'that he was frail and did partake of the abuses of the times.' And surely he was a partaker of their severities also. The great cause of his suffering is to some a secret. I leave them to find it out by his words to King James. 'I wish, as I am the first, so I may be the last sacrifice in your times, and, when from private appetite it is resolved, that a creature shall be sacrificed, it is easy to pick up sticks enough, from any thicket, whither it hath strayed, to make a fire to offer it with.'"

But, returning from this digression, we must quit the introduction with venturing to intimate, that the doctrine of Idols, most important as it is, ought to have been classed, as in the *Advancement of Learning*, not under the head of Invention, but of Judgement: and we are more confirmed in this opinion from the belief that these were Bacon's own sentiments, and that he explained these Idols in the *Novum Organum*, solely to comply with the prejudices of the times.

"Many, (he says,) will, doubtless, be inquisitive to know, what this just and proper method is; and require it to be told them naked and artless, without any preamble; that they may exercise their own judgements upon it; and we wish, indeed, matters were so well with them, that we might gratify their request. But the truth is, the minds of men have the ways and passages up to them so thick beset, and obstructed with such dark, deep-rooted, and inveterate idols, as in no wise to be soon cleared, laid level, and polished, to receive the true and native images of things. Whence we are obliged to use our utmost address to insinuate and slide into these dark and thick coverts. For, as lunatics are only to be cured by art, and proper applications; but are rather made worse by force, opposition, and rough usage; the same course are we obliged to take, and use a gentle method in the cure of this universal madness."

And again,

"And yet, unless we were greatly unskilled in the nature of men's minds, and of things, and desired to enter the road at once, without making the least trial thereof, it lies upon us to remember, that inveterate errors can only be rooted out by art and gentle treatment; and that, therefore, a certain prudence and compliance must be used, so far as may comport with candour and simplicity, in order to prevent opposition before it is made."

These reasons, we confess, did not appear to us to be satisfactory. Instead of these or any compliances with the times, a great philosopher might have trusted confidently to the progress of truth, and having "held out a light to posterity by this new torch set up in the obscurity of philosophy," have left it with the consciousness that it would dissipate error, and diffuse blessings through all succeeding ages.

XUM

It is now time we should proceed to the Art itself of Interpreting Nature.

The discovery of the properties of creatures, and the imposition of names, was the occupation of Adam in Paradise; and to attain this, all the different creatures were brought before him.

"It was not the pure knowledge of nature and universality, a knowledge, by the light whereof man did give names unto other creatures in Paradise, as they were brought before him, according unto their properties, which gave the occasion of the fall: but it was the proud knowledge of good and evil, with an intent in man to give law unto himself, and to depend no more upon God's commandments.

With the full consciousness of our infirmities, the Art of Invention endeavours by the same mode to discover the laws of nature; by an examination, not of any one isolated creature, but of all the different existences:—

To accomplish this object, the *Novum Organum* suggests certain tables of invention for all subjects of inquiry, for the passions of anger, fear, modesty, and the like; for models of government and civil affairs; and, for the mental actions of the memory, composition, division, judgement, &c., for heat, cold, light, vegetation, &c.

"Natural and Experimental History," he says, "is so copious and diffusive a thing, as to confound and distract the understanding, unless such history be digested and ranged in proper order: therefore *Tables and subservient chains of Instances* are to be formed and digested in such a manner, that the understanding may commodiously work upon them."

The nature of these tables is shewn for the sake of illustration, merely by the instance of "Heat." Should, therefore, any modern chemist object to the experiments, we hope he will pardon us for reminding him of the lawyer, who refused to proceed in a work because it contained a bad will:—for the object of Bacon, in this place, is not Philosophy but Logic: it is not Invention, but to explain in what the art of Invention consists. For this purpose he thus admonishes his readers.

"Some, without doubt, upon reading our history and tables of invention, will meet with experiments not well verified, or even absolutely false; and may thence, perhaps, be apt to suspect, that our inventions are built upon doubtful principles, and erroneous foundations. But this is nothing: for such slips must necessarily happen in the beginning; however, if this objection be rightly weighed, what must be thought of the common natural history, which, in comparison of ours, is so negligent and remiss; or, what of the philosophy and sciences,

built upon such quicksands? Let no one, therefore, be concerned, if our history has its errors."

We will endeavor concisely to exhibit specimens of these different Tables, referring our readers, if we fail in a clear statement, to the work itself.

There are five tables.

1. Affirmative Table.
2. Negative Table.
3. Table of Comparisons.
4. Table of Exclusions.
5. Table of Results.

Table I. or Affirmative Table.

A collection of all the known instances that agree in the same nature.

Thus, let the nature sought be

Heat.	*Light.*
The Sun's direct Rays.	The Heavenly Bodies.
Forked Lightning.	Rotten Wood.
Flame.	Putrid scales of Fish.
Blood of Terrestrial Animals.	Glow Worms.
Living Animals.	Sugar scraped.
Pepper masticated.	Eyes of certain Animals.
&c. &c.	Drops of Salt water from ours.
	Silk stockings rubbed.
	&c. &c.

The use of this table is to shew the error of attempting to discover the nature of anything in the thing itself: of the magnet, for instance, without considering all attractive bodies: or canine madness, without considering all spasm and irregular action of the vital spirit.

Annexed to this table there are the following admonitions.

1. Let these instances be collected from subjects however dissimilar or sordid.

2. Be not deterred by the number of particulars.

3. Let the collection be made, with remembrance of our tendency to generalize, and, therefore, without any hasty indulgence of speculation.

4. The mind may accidentally form a correct conclusion from an inspection of this table, the probable correctness varying according to the ingenuity of the inspector.

Table II. or Negative Table.

A collection of all the known instances of similar bodies, which do not agree in the same nature.

Thus, let the nature sought be Heat.

Affirmative Table.	*Negative Table.*
The Sun's direct Rays.	The Moon's Rays.
Blood of Terrestrial Animals.	Blood of Fish.
Living Animals.	Dead Animals.
&c.	&c.

This table, from the limited nature of our powers, is necessarily confined to *similar* natures: for, although to form an indisputable conclusion, every instance should be collected in which the sought nature is absent; yet such an attempt would be hopeless and endless.

God, the great giver and creator of forms, doubtless knows them, by immediate affirmation, at the first glance of the understanding: and so, perhaps, may angels and such sublime intelligences, but this far exceeds the human capacity, which can only proceed by negatives, and lastly, after a perfect exclusion, end in affirmatives.

"It was," says the eloquent divine to whom we have already referred our readers, "Adam's happiness, in the state of innocence, to have his faculties clear and unsullied. He came into the world a philosopher, which sufficiently appeared by his writing the nature of things upon their names: he could view essences in themselves, and read forms without the comment of their respective properties: he could see consequents yet dormant in their principles, and effects yet unborn and in the womb of their causes. Could any difficulty have been proposed, the resolution would have been as early as the proposal; it could not have had time to settle into doubt. Like a better Archimedes, the issue of all his enquiries was an εὑρηκα, an εὑρηκα, the offspring of his brain, without the sweat of his brow. I confess 'tis difficult for us, who date our ignorance from our first being, and are still bred up with the same infirmities about us with which we were borne, to raise our thoughts and imagination to those intellectual perfections that attended our nature in the time of innocence, as it is for a peasant, bred up in the obscurities of a cottage, to fancy in his mind the unseen splendours of a court. We may, however, collect the excellency of the understanding then, by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building, by the magnificence of its ruins. And, certainly, that must needs have been very glorious, the decays of which are so admirable; he that is comely when old and decrepit, surely was very beautiful when he was young. An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise."

The first use of this table is, as a correction of the affirmative table, to prevent hasty generalization. "As if Samuel should have rested in those sons of Jesse which were brought before him in the house, and should not have sought David who was absent in the field."—Thus, when it appears that the blood of terrestrial animals is hot, and the blood of fish cold, the hasty generalization, that the blood of animals is hot, is corrected.

Another use of this table is to discover the nature sought, by observing its qualities which are absent in the analogous nature, "like the images of Cassius and Brutus, in the funeral of Junia: of which, not being represented as many others were," Tacitus saith, "*Eo ipso præfulgebant, quod non visebantur.*" Thus boiling water is hot: ice is cold: living bodies are hot; dead bodies are cold; but in boiling water and in living bodies there is motion of parts: in ice and dead bodies they are fixed.—Does it not seem, therefore, that motion of parts is of the nature of heat?

Table III.—Of Comparisons.

A table of comparisons of quantity, of the nature sought in the same bodies and in different bodies.

Thus,

Comparisons of Heat.

In different bodies.	*In the same body.*
There is no solid body naturally hot.	*In animals.*
All bodies are, in different degrees, capable of heat.	Animal heat varies from minute perceptibility to about the heat of the hottest day.
There is no whole vegetable hot to the external touch.	It is always endurable.
Living Animals.	It is increased by food, venery, exercise, fever, &c.
Flame.	In some fevers the heat is constant, in others intermittent, &c.
Anvil struck by hammer.	Heat varies in different parts of the same body.
The continuance of a body in heat.	Animals differ in heat, &c.
Boiling Water.	*Flame.*
Boiling Lead.	1. The lambent flame, related by historians to have appeared on the heads of children, gently playing about the hair.
Gas.	2. The corruscations seen in a clear night on a sweating horse.
Lightning.	3. Of the glow-worm.
Acids.	4. Of the Ignis Fatuus.
&c. &c.	5. Of spirits of wine.
	6. Of vegetables, straw, dry leaves, &c.
	7. Of boiling metals.
	8. Of blast furnaces.
	&c. &c.

The first use of the table of comparisons is to shew the nature sought in its *process from existence to non-existence.* Thus, vegetables or common water do not exhibit heat to the touch, but masticated pepper or boiling water are hot Now the question is, what alteration has taken place in the water whilst it passes from cold to boiling; or in the pepper whilst masticating? *Does any thing more take place than motion of the parts?*

The second use of the table of comparisons is of the same sort as the first, viz.—to shew the alteration in the nature sought when in existence, in its increase and in its decrease. Thus, flame is hotter than the human body: boiling water than warm. *Is there any difference except in the motion of the parts?*

Table IV.—Table of Exclusions.

A table of such natures as do not always attend the sought nature, or which vary according to some inverse law of the sought nature;—that is, in other words, a table of such natures as may be absent when the sought nature is present; or present when the sought nature is absent; or which increase as the sought nature decreases; or decrease as the sought nature increases.

Thus,—

Table of Exclusions in Heat.

Natures not always present with the sought nature.		*Natures varying according to some inverse law of the sought nature.*	
Which may be absent when the sought nature is present.	Which may be present when the sought nature is absent.	Which may increase as the sought nature decreases.	Which may decrease as the sought nature increases.
Light.	Fluidity.	Quiescence of parts.	Light.
Quiescence of parts.	Motion of the whole body.	&c.	Iron may be heated to a greater heat than the flame of spirit of wine.
&c.	Quiescence of parts.		Quiescence of parts.
			&c.

The use of this table is to sift nature by proper rejections and exclusions, to making a perfect resolution and separation, not by fire, but by the mind, which is, as it were, the divine fire; and, after the rejection and exclusion is duly made, to see the affirmative and true nature as the result of the operation, whilst the volatile opinions go off in fume; a thing never yet done, nor

attempted, unless by Plato, who made some little use of this form of induction in the sifting of definitions and ideas. Thus in enquiring into the nature of heat, light may be rejected, for in the discovery of the nature of heat, the object is to find that which is always present when heat is present: absent when it is absent: which increases with its increase, and decreases with its decrease: for although by a knowledge of the nature of heat as it appears in light, we may arrive at new inventions in a subject somewhat similar, yet he who understands the laws of heat in all cases, will perceive the unity of nature, and produce such things with respect to the regulation of heat, as have not entered into the heart of men to conceive; for instance, the regulation of fevers, inflammations, &c.

Table V.—Of Result.

The first Vintage or Dawn of Doctrine:—

or a collection of such natures as always accompany the sought nature, increase with its increase, and decrease with its decrease.

It appears, that, in all instances, the nature of heat is motion of parts; flame is perpetually in motion; hot or boiling liquors are in continual agitation; the sharpness and intensity of heat is increased by motion, as in bellows and blasts; existing fire and heat are extinguished by strong compression, which checks and puts a stop to all motion; all bodies are destroyed or, at least, remarkably altered by heat; and when heat escapes the body it rests from its labours; and hence it appears, that heat is motion, and nothing else. The sort of motion is the next subject of inquiry, which, after a very minute investigation, to which we must refer our readers, he explains.

The various objections to Bacon's method appear to be reduceable to two. The one, lately stated in a note to Dr. Brown's valuable inquiry on cause and effect; the other, by Mr. Coleridge, in one of his volumes of Essays, abounding with thought and with beauty. The one objection is, that the truth of which Bacon is in search, does not exist: the other, that if it do exist, his mode is not the one to discover it.

"It is (says Dr. Brown) this mistake as to the universality of certain forms or essential principles, corresponding with all the variety of changes in the phenomena of the universe, and necessarily similar wherever the changes are similar,—a mistake which was very naturally accompanied with the belief, that, by the communication of the supposed form, any property might be superinduced on any substance,—that appears to me to constitute the great error of Lord Bacon's general view of physical science, and to have been that which seduced him into some of those extravagant anticipations of an almost unlimited

empire of man over nature, in which his magnificent fancy delighted to indulge. To those who have a clear notion of the relation of Cause and Effect, it may be almost superfluous to repeat, that, there are no 'forms,' in the wide sense which Lord Bacon gives to that word, as one common operative principle of all changes that are exactly similar. The powers, properties, qualities, of a substance, do not depend on any thing *in* a substance. They are truly the substance itself, considered in relation to certain other substances, and nothing more."

To these objections, not unforeseen by Bacon himself, we must content ourselves with referring our readers to the beginning of the second part of the *Novum Organum,* and to that part of his *Advancement of Learning* in which he treats of metaphysics, where he says,

"An opinion hath prevailed, and is grown inveterate, that the essentiall formes and true differences of things can by no diligence of man be found out. Which opinion, in the mean, gives and grants us thus much; that the invention of formes is of all other parts of knowledge the worthiest to be sought, if it be possible they may be found. And as for possibility of invention, there are some faint-hearted discoverers, who, when they see nothing but aire and water, think there is no farther land. But it is manifest that Plato, a man of an elevated wit, and who beheld all things as from a high cliffe, in his doctrine of ideas, did descry that formes were the true objects of knowledge; however he lost the reall fruit of this most true opinion, by contemplating and apprehending formes, as absolutely abstract from matters, and not confined and determined by matter: whereupon it came to passe that he turned himselfe to theologicall speculations, which infected and distained all his naturall philosophy. But if we keep a watchfull and a severe eye upon action and use, it will not be difficult to trace and find out what are the formes; the disclosure whereof would wonderfully enrich and make happy the estate of man."

"And if any one shall think that our forms have somewhat abstracted in them, because they appear to mix and join together things that are heterogeneous, as the heat of the celestial bodies, and the heat of fire; the fixed redness of a rose, and the apparent redness of the rainbow, the opal or the diamond; death by drowning, and death by burning, stabbing, the apoplexy, consumption, &c. which, though very dissimilar, we make to agree in the nature of heat, redness, death, &c. he must remember, that his own understanding is held and detained by custom, things in the gross, and opinions. For it is certain, that the things above-mentioned, however heterogeneous and foreign they may seem, agree in the form, or law, that ordains heat, redness, and death. Nor can the human power be otherwise freed, and set at liberty from the common course of nature, and extended and exalted to new efficients, and new ways of working, than by disclosing and investigating this kind of forms."

The words of Mr. Coleridge are:

"Let any unprejudiced naturalist turn to Lord Bacon's questions and proposals for the investigation of single problems; to his Discourse on the Winds; and put it to his conscience, whether any desirable end could be hoped for from such a process; or to enquire of his own experience, or historical recollections, whether any important discovery was ever made in this way. For though Bacon never so far deviates from his own principles, as not to admonish the reader that the particulars are to be thus collected, only that by careful selection they may be concentrated into universals; yet so immense is their number, and so various and almost endless the relations in which each is to be separately considered, that the life of an ante-diluvian patriarch would be expended, and his strength and spirits have been wasted, in merely polling the votes, and long before he could commence the process of simplification, or have arrived in sight of the law which was to reward the toils of the over-tasked Psyche."

In answer to this, Bacon says,

"Let no man shrink at the multitude of particulars required, but turn this also to an argument of hope. For the particular phænomena of arts and nature are all of them like sheaves, in comparison of the inventions of genius, when disjoined and metaphysically separated from the evidence of things. The former road soon ends in an open plain, whilst the other has no issue, but proves an infinite labyrinth; for men have hitherto made little stay in experience, but passed lightly over it; and, on the other hand, spent infinite time in contemplation and the inventions of genius, whereas, if we had any one at our elbow who could give real answers to the questions we should put about nature, the discovery of causes and of all the sciences would be a work but of a few years."

And, so far from doubting whether any desirable end can be expected from this process, we are satisfied, not only that an enquirer cannot proceed with safety in the discovery of any given nature without a due consideration of all analogous natures; of the magnet, for instance, without considering all attraction: but that it is the mode by which, in fact, we do proceed in making our discoveries, and by which, after the lapse of centuries, the same truths are discovered in different parts of the globe by different enquirers, after the facts have, during this long interval, been ascertained and sifted, and our intermediate results deduced. To abridge the infinity of this long labour is the object of this work.

Having thus explained the mode of investigating any nature, by an examination of all and each of its peculiar properties, he proceeds from these tables to what he has termed *Subservient Chains of Instances.*

"For the understanding," he says, "left to itself and its

own spontaneous motion, is unequal to the work. Neither the hand without instruments, nor the unassisted understanding can do much, they both require helps to fit them for business; and, as the instruments of the hand either serve to excite motion or direct it, so the instruments of the mind either suggest to, or guard and preserve the understanding."

He then states nine topics upon which he proposes to treat; of which the first only is completed.—They are as follows.

"1. of prerogative instances; 2. of the helps of induction; 3. of the rectification of induction: 4. of the method of varying enquiries, according to the nature of the subject; 5. of prerogative natures for enquiry, or what subjects are to be enquired into first, what second; 6. of the limits of enquiry, or an inventory of all the natures in the universe; 7. of reducing enquiries to practice, or making them subservient to human uses; 8. of the preliminaries to enquiry; 9. and lastly, of the ascending and descending scale of axioms."

We will endeavour concisely to state his twenty-seven prerogative Instances, with a more minute explanation of some few, which, with the hope of exhibiting this sort of assistance in viewing nature, we shall select.

1.—Solitary Instances, *where bodies differ or agree in every thing save in the nature sought.* Thus, if the nature sought be colour, a rainbow and a piece of glass in a stable window, *differ* in every thing, save in the colour, and the different parts of the same piece of marble, or the different parts of the same leaf of a variegated tulip, *agree* in every thing save in the colour; or, if the nature sought be heat, flame and a heated stone *differ* in every thing: and a cold and a heated stone *agree* in every thing, save in the heat. The *use* of these instances is to exclude all qualities, except those which relate to the subject of enquiry: and occasionally, by the exclusion of what is irrelevant, to discover the nature sought; by a separation of the chaff to discover the wheat.—Thus is not colour produced by refraction: and heat by some motion of the parts of bodies?

2.—Travelling Instances, *where bodies approach to or recede from existence.* Thus clear water and glass are transparent; agitate the water or pulverize the glass, and the surfaces are white; the whiteness has *travelled* from non-existence to existence; froth subsiding or snow dissolving are instances of whiteness, receding from existence; masticated pepper, striking a light, are instances of heat travelling into existence.—The *use* of these instances is to drive the nature sought into a narrow compass, for the inquiry is limited to the change produced during the transmigration. Thus, is not heat some motion of the parts?

3.—Glaring Instances, *where the nature sought appears most conspicuous.* Thus, if the inquiry be into the expansive motion of heat—the sudden lighting of gas, supposing flame to partake of the nature of heat, exhibits its expansive nature to the sense, but is momentary. Mr. Leslie's experiment on ignited solids shews the expansive nature of heat, but the progress is not immediately visible to the senses. The thermometer shews the expansive nature of heat, *both in its progress and duration,* and is a glaring instance of the expansive nature of heat.

4.—Clandestine Instances, *where the nature appears in its weakest virtue and imperfect state,* as froth or bubbles, or the looking glasses made by children, in a loop of a rush, in bubbles of soapy water, &c.

5.—Constituent Instances, *or a separation of the nature sought into the different natures, of which it is composed.*

Thus, let the inquiry be "memory," or the means of exciting and helping the memory.

Things sink deepest in the mind which are made when it is *free and disengaged,* as in childhood; or when it is in a state of repose, as upon approaching sleep, or just after having awoke; or when alien thoughts are excluded by the influence of strong passions; as impressions which are new, are caused by fear or accompanied by blushing, delight, &c. When parish-boys walk the bounds of their parishes, they are struck to impress the fact on their minds.

Things sink deepest on the mind which are impressed by a *multitude of circumstances;* as proving the same geometrical proposition by different forms of proof; algebraic, fluxional, geometrical, &c.; or learning the same moral truth in prose and in verse, and in different styles in each.

Difficulty of acquisition seems to be another mode of fixing the impression, according to the proverb,—Light come, light go.

It seems, therefore, that one of the constituent parts of the *Art of Memory* is the *Art of making strong impressions;* and that it depends upon the state of the patient, or on freedom of mind; and upon the conduct of the agent in variety and difficulty of acquisition.

The Art of recalling any given Impression forms another constituent part of the Art of Memory.

That which is addressed to the senses strikes more forcibly than that which is addressed to the intellect; the image of a huntsman pursuing a hare, or an apothecary setting his boxes in order, or a man making a speech, or a boy reciting verses by heart, or an actor upon the stage, are more easily remembered than the notions of invention, disposition, elocution,

memory, and action. Images, therefore, and places for artificial memory greatly help it, and raise it far above its natural powers. This doctrine upon which there are many valuable treatises, lately enumerated in a work published upon this branch of the Art of Memory, it seems that Bacon himself practised: for Aubrey, in his description of Lord Bacon's house at Gorhambury, says: "Over this portico is a stately gallery, where glass windows are all painted; and every pane with several figures of beast, bird, or flower: perhaps his lordship might use them as topics for local memory." One part, therefore, of the Art of recalling given Impressions, consists in *reducing intellectual to sensible things.*

Another branch consists in certain rules for *technical memory*, to assist the recollection by association, as verse, and the infinity of modes, by which, with some chance of injury to the mind, circumstances are recalled. In such different modes of limiting an indefinite seeking, or of cutting off infinity, of hunting the fallow deer in a park instead of a forest, the constituent parts of the *Art of recalling Impressions* consists.

The doctrine of memory and its constituent parts may, therefore, be thus exhibited:

- 1. The Art of making strong Impressions.
  - 1. Freedom of Mind.
  - 2. Variety and Difficulty of Impressions.
- 2. The Art of recalling Impressions.
  - 1. Reducing intellectual to sensible things.
  - 2. Technical Rules.

6.—Conformable Instances, *or instances in other natures where there is any conformity with the nature sought, or resemblances in apparent differences;* as gums and gems, which are exudations of juices; the one of trees, the other of rocks: hairs of beasts and feathers of birds, &c.

7.—Singular Instances; *Instances, which, in regular course, are solitary amidst their own natures,* as quicksilver amongst metals; the carrier pigeon amongst birds; the loadstone amongst stones; the letter S amongst consonants, which may be compounded with three consonants, as *strong;* &c.

8.—Deviating Instances, *where nature departs from her ordinary course,* or monsters.

9.—Frontier Instances, *those species of bodies which seem composed of two species, or to be rudiments betwixt one species and another,* as sensitive plants, flying fish, bats, the ape, &c.

10.—INSTANCES OF POWER, *the most noble inventions in every art and science.*

"If we do but cast our eyes backward to those works already attained, are they not like so many fair provinces conquered and taught a new language? Have there not lately been discovered certain glasses, by means whereof, as by boats or little ships of intelligence, a nearer commerce is opened and carried on with the celestial bodies? Does not the mariner also find, by the help of a small magnet, a safe path in the waters, and wing his way to the harbour as surely as doth heaven's own bird?

11.—ACCOMPANYING AND HOSTILE INSTANCES, *in which the sought nature always appears, or never appears.* Thus, heat always appears in flame; quiescence of parts never appears with heat.

12.—SUBJUNCTIVE INSTANCES *Extremes,* or *maxima and minima,* as gold in weight; iron in hardness; the whale in greatness of bulk; the minute worms in the skin in smallness; the hound in scent; &c.

13.—INSTANCES OF ALLIANCE, *where natures, supposed to be heterogeneous, are homogeneous, or resemblances in supposed differences.* The heat of the sun and culinary heat; the branches and roots of trees; &c.

14.—CRUCIAL INSTANCES, *which, when the mind is in equilibrio between two causes, marks the cause of the sought nature.*

15.—INSTANCES OF DIVORCE. *The separation of such natures as are generally united.* Light and heat are generally united; but hot water is without light, and moon-light is often cold.

16.—INSTANCES OF THE PORTAL *are such as assist the immediate action of the senses,* as microscopes and telescopes, &c.

17.—CITING INSTANCES, *which bring down insensible things to such as are sensible,* as the discovery of the nature of vital spirit from its effects.

18.—JOURNEYING INSTANCES. *Such as indicate the motions of nature gradually continued or connected,* as the vegetation of plants, the vivification of eggs, &c.

19.—SUPPLEMENTAL INSTANCES. Such as afford information where the senses wholly fail; which are either by *approximation,* as, although the loadstone acts through all mediums, an approximation to the medium where its action would cease, may be made, by discovering a medium in which its power, although not destroyed, is diminished; or *by analogy,* by discovering the laws of a nature *not within* the cognizance of the senses, by considering the actions of similar bodies *within* their cognizance. As the mixture of vital spirits of different

animals, by considering the mixture of flames from different bodies.

20.—Lancing Instances. *Such as remind the understanding of the admirable and exquisite subtlety of natures*—Which we have already explained.

21.—Terminating Instances. *Those which note the limits in space to the action of bodies.* As the distance at which amber or jet, or the magnet, attract bodies, or bubbles attract each other.

22.—Hydrometical Instances, *or such as measure nature by moments of time.* As the flash of a gun is seen before the sound is heard, or lightning before the thunder.

23.—Instances of Quantity, *or such as inquire into the proportion of the quantity of a body with respect to the measure of its virtue,*—concerning which a very diligent care is to be taken, seeing it is encompassed with many errors. For men are of opinion that if the quantity be augmented and multiplied, the virtue is proportionably augmented and multiplied; and this commonly is with them a postulatum, and a supposed truth, as if the matter were a mathematical certitude; which is utterly untrue. One drachm of sulphur mingled with half a pound of steel, will make it fluid and liquid; will therefore an ounce of sulphur suffice to the dissolving of four pounds of steel? But that follows not; for it is certain that the obstinacy of the matter in the patient is more increased by quantity, than the activity of the virtue in the agent. Men should therefore remember the mockery of Æsop's housewife, who conceited that by doubling her measure of barley, her hen would daily lay her two eggs. But the hen grew fat and laid none.

24.—Instances of Reluctance.—*Which shew the predominancy, or subjection of virtues to one another.*—This includes the doctrine of all the different motions in nature, gravity, magnetical, &c., and is divided into nineteen different species of motions, of which we select a few specimens. They may be thus exhibited,

- 1. Tendencies of bodies to *preserve* their natures.
- 2. Tendencies of bodies to *propagate* their natures.
  - Excitation,
  - Impression,
  - Assimilation.

The motion of *excitation* is that which disposes an excited body to assume the nature of the matter exciting. As heat and cold, which may produce their effects, not by a communica-

tion of their own substances, but by exciting the parts of the body to that motion of parts in which heat consists. As the magnet which may give iron a new disposition of parts, and a conformable motion without losing any of its virtue.

The motion of *impression* is that which impresses the body only as long as the exciter is present, as in light, which vanishes the moment the luminous body is removed: or sound, when the bell string is still, &c.

The motion of *assimilation* is that by which bodies convert others into their own substance and nature, as flame multiplies upon unctuous exhalations and oily bodies: and the spirit of animals feeds and supplies itself from the body, plants, &c.

The Political Motion,—Is that by which parts of the body are restrained from their own immediate appetites or tendencies, to unite in such a state as may preserve the existence of the whole body.—Thus the spirit which exists in all living bodies keeps all the parts in due subjection: when it escapes, the body decomposes, or the similar parts unite, as metals rust; fluids turn sour: and in animals, when the spirit which held the parts together escapes, all things are dissolved, and return to their own natures or principles: the oily parts to themselves: the aqueous also to themselves, &c.: upon which necessarily ensues that odour, that unctuosity, that confusion of parts observable in putrefaction: so true is it, that in nature all is beauty: that notwithstanding our partial views and distressing associations, the forms of death, misshapen as we suppose them, are but the tendencies to union in similar natures.—To the astronomer, the setting sun is as worthy of notice as its golden beams of orient light.

25.—Intimating Instances.—*Intimating Instances are such as point out things which principally appertain to the uses of life.*

26.—Sovereign Instances, *such as regard a variety of instances and occur frequently:* which includes all the different modes of experimenting, with a knowledge of instruments in every science.

These instances may be thus exhibited:

- 1. Simple.
  - 1. Natural.
    - 1. Continuance.
    - 2. Exclusion.
    - 3. Regulation of Motions.
    - 4. Particular Consents.
  - 2. Artificial.
    - 5. Compressing, Extending, Agitating.
    - 6. Heat and Cold.
- 2. Compound and Changing;

of which we take one or two specimens.

Continuance.—When a body is left to itself a considerable time guarded from external force, that the intestine motions may take their own course: the works of time being more subtle than the works of fire.

Regulation of Motion, which generally consists in the form of the vessels. As certain vegetables, cucumbers, melons, compelled by the form of a vessel to assume the form of animals, &c.

26.—Magical Instances, *or those instances where a great effect is produced from an apparently small cause.* As the loadstone animates numberless bodies without loss or diminution of its virtues: by the rapid and powerful expansion of gunpowder into flame, vast effects are produced: and by a drop of poison, the most powerful and noble animals may in a moment be destroyed.—

The magical effects of poisons seem, to use Bacon's words, to be amongst the most glaring, of which we select a few, made by Mons. Condamine, with the vegetable poison of *ticunas* mixed with that of *lamas:* he says,

"I made a very small incision with a lancet between the ears of a cat, and with a pencil I put into it a drop of the poison: in an instant the creature died in my hands.

I pricked a hawk in the left claw: into the puncture I introduced a small drop of the poison, and then set the creature at liberty; but he could not fly: the utmost he could do was to perch on a stick, which was within six inches of the ground. He shook his head several times, as if to get rid of something that seemed troublesome in his throat. His eyes were restless, and his feathers were all bristled up. His head fell between his legs, and in three minutes he died.

M. le Chevalier de Grossée had an eagle, which he kept a good while in his court-yard, and intended to make a present of it to M. Reaumur, to adorn his cabinet, but wanted to know how to put it to death without injuring its feathers. M. de Reaumur sent him an arrow fresh dipped in the poison: it was stuck into the wing of this large bird, the eagle dropped down dead in an instant."

"These magical effects," Bacon adds, "are produced three ways; viz. (1.) by self-multiplication, as in fire, and those poisons, called specific; as also in motions, which pass and increase, as they go, from wheel to wheel; (2.) by excitation, or invitation, in another body; as the loadstone animates numberless needles, without loss, or diminution of its virtue: and we find the same kind of virtue in yeast, &c. (3.) by the pre-occupation of motion, as we above observed in gunpowder, guns, and mines."

The pre-occupation, to which this allusion refers, is an examination, under the doctrine of motions, of the effects produced *where the motion of impulse is quicker than the motion of recovery:*

or where a new impression is received, before the effect of a former impression is discharged. Thus, when a musical string is struck, it vibrates, and the strings appear double, treble, &c.; rings twirled upon an axis appear spheres; a lighted stick moved quickly in a circle, appears a circle of fire. Upon the same principle, he says, the effects produced by gunpowder are occasioned by the impelling force being quicker than the force of resistance: and such great masses of matter, as in an elephant or a whale, are moved by a small portion of animal spirit; and the animal spirit itself is put to flight and almost instantly condensed by a small quantity of opium. The modes of producing magical effects, which require a knowledge of the measures of motions, are, therefore,

- 1. By consents of sympathies.
  - 1. Self multiplication.
  - 2. Excitement.
- 2. By antipathies.
  - Pre-occupation of motion.

Such is a faint view, a most imperfect outline, of Bacon's doctrine of Prerogative Instances:—If any of our readers should be induced from these specimens to examine the work itself, we will venture to recommend to his consideration the *Instances of Reluctance*, which include the science of all the different motions in nature: and the Sovereign Instances, or all the different arts of experimenting.

In the conclusion of the *Novum Organum* (App. 52,) Bacon enumerates and endeavours to arrange these different instances.

- 1. For Information.
  - 1. To the Senses.
  - 2. To the Understanding.
- 2. For Practice.

And he thus concludes:

"For the instances honoured and ennobled with these prerogatives are like a soul among vulgar instances of view; and as we said at the first, a few of them serve instead of many, and therefore when we make tables, such instances are studiously to be sought out, and set down therein. The doctrine of them was also necessary to what we design shall follow; and therefore a preparatory account thereof was here requisite.

And now we should proceed to the helps and rectification of induction, then to concretes, latent processes, concealed structures

&c. as mentioned in order, under the twenty-first aphorism; that at length, like faithful guardians, we might possess mankind of their fortunes, and release and free the understanding from its minority, upon which an amendment of the state and condition of mankind, and an enlargement of their power over nature, must necessarily ensue. For by the fall, man at once forfeited his innocency and his dominion over the creatures, though both of them are, in some measure, recoverable, even in this life: the former by religion and faith; and the latter by arts and sciences. For the world was not made absolutely rebellious by the curse, but in virtue of that denunciation, "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread;" it is at length, not by disputes, or indolent magical ceremonies, but by various real labours, subdued, and brought in some degree to afford the necessaries of life."

But Bacon accepted the Great Seals, and no further progress was made in the *Novum Organum*. He died in the year 1626; and, according to his wish, is buried in the same grave with his mother. Near to him lies his faithful secretary; and although only a few letters of his name, scarcely legible, can now be traced, he will ever be remembered for his affectionate attachment to his master and friend. Upon the monument which he raised to Lord Bacon, who appears sitting in deep but tranquil thought, he has inscribed this epitaph:

FRANCISCUS BACON BARO DE VERULAM S: ALBANI VIC$^{\text{US}}$
SEU NOTIORIBUS TITULIS
SCIENTIARUM LUMEN, FACUNDIÆ LEX
SIC SEDEBAT.

QUI POSTQUAM OMNIA NATURALIS SAPIENTIÆ
ET CIVILIS ARCANA EVOLVISSET
NATURÆ DECRETUM EXPLEVIT
COMPOSITA SOLVANTUR.
AN$^{\text{O}}$ D$^{\text{NI}}$ M.D.C. XXVI.
ÆTAT$^{\text{IS}}$ LXVI.

TANTI VIRI
MEM.
THOMAS MEAUTUS
SUPERSTITIS CULTOR
DEFUNCTI ADMIRATOR
H. P.

ART. VIII. *The Memoirs of* Sigr. Gaudentio di Lucca: *taken from his confession and examination before the fathers of the Inquisition at Bologna, in Italy; making discovery of an unknown Country in the midst of the vast Deserts of Africa, as ancient, populous and civilized as the Chinese: with an account of their antiquity, origine, religion, customs, polity, &c. and the manner*

how they got first over those vast deserts: interspersed with several most surprising and curious incidents. Copied from the original manuscript kept in St. Mark's Library at Venice: with critical notes of the learned Signor Rhedi, *late Library-keeper of the said Library. To which is prefixed, a letter of the secretary of the Inquisition to the same* Signor Rhedi, *giving an account of the manner and causes of his being seized. Faithfully translated from the Italian, by* E. T. Gent. *London,* 1737, 8*vo. pp.* 335.

The above very copious title page in some measure explains the way in which these Memoirs first came to be published. The author or publisher as he calls himself, has however thought fit in his address to the reader, and in the letter ascribed to the erudite Signor Rhedi, to give a very minute and matter of fact account of the whole affair of the seizure of Signor Gaudentio di Lucca, and the manner in which the manuscript came into his hands; and this he has done in a style of great pleasantry. The hero of this narrative had, it seems, when past the prime of life, settled as a physician at Bologna, where, being possessed of a fine presence and polite address, he gained the good opinion of persons of both sexes. Having in the course of conversation muttered strange things of an unknown nation, and dropped certain words as if he were skilled in judicial astrology, the Holy Inquisition thought him a proper subject for their tribunal. He was commanded to deliver to the Inquisitors a written history of his life, which, fortunately for us, he very readily did. A copy of this precious manuscript was sent by the secretary of the Inquisition to his intimate friend, the most grave and learned Signor Rhedi, who, out of his especial favour, allowed the discriminating publisher to take a copy of it, who, in his turn, allowed the printer to print it; and by this lucky train of circumstances it has become our lot to review it, a task which we enter upon with great satisfaction.

The work is partly a romance and partly a scheme of Patriarchal Government. It sets out by giving a particular account of the parentage and birth of Signor Gaudentio. We must content ourselves however by briefly observing that he was born at Ragusa, and was sent to the University of Paris to complete his education. At the age of nineteen, the death of his father, a merchant, in embarrassed circumstances, obliged him to leave the University. His elder brother and himself embarked the wreck saved from their father's property, in a small trading vessel for the purposes of traffic. As they were sailing towards Cyprus, they were attacked by two pirates, whom they resisted with the greatest possible heroism, but heroism was vain—every man was killed except our adventurer, who was spared for the

sake of amusing the world with his memoirs. He too had a narrow escape,—his obstinate resistance, and the fact of his having slain the brother of the victorious pirate, had nearly drawn down vengeance on his head. The extraordinary interposition of a fair Persian Lady, whose story we have not space to relate, although she again appears in these Memoirs, saves him from any other punishment than that of being sold for a slave. He is taken to Grand Cairo, and offered to a stranger merchant for sale. The stranger was richly clad, and although he did not appear more than forty years of age, he had the most serene and venerable look imaginable. He eyed Gaudentio from top to toe with a most penetrating look. And then having enquired into his qualifications, and particularly his knowledge of the arts, sciences, laws, and customs of the Christians, he paid his price, without a word, only requiring that all his books, mathematical instruments, &c. should be delivered with him. Full of sorrowful reflections for his enslaved lot, Gaudentio is conducted to the merchant's house, the magnificence of which, especially the richness of the furniture, struck him with admiration. His master received him with an engaging affability, which excited his surprize, but he was filled with still greater surprise, when that person addressed him in the following words.

"Young man, said he, by the laws of this country you are mine; I have bought you at a very high price, and would give twice as much for you, if it were to be done again: but, continued he, with a more serious air, I know no just laws in the universe, that can make a free-born man become a slave to one of his own species. If you will voluntarily go along with us, you shall enjoy as much freedom as I do myself: you shall be exempt from all the barbarous laws of these inhuman countries, whose brutal customs are a shame to the dignity of a rational creature, and with whom we have no commerce, but to enquire after arts and sciences, which may contribute to the common benefit of our people. We are blest with the most opulent country in the world: we leave it to your choice to go along with us if you please; if you will not, I here give you your liberty, and restore to you all that remains to you of your effects, with what assistance you want, to carry you back again into your own country."

The effect of such a speech upon a young and ardent mind may be easily conceived. Gratitude and curiosity alike incited him to visit this unknown and glorious country, for such he learned it was, from the handsome youths who accompanied the merchant, and who, although attending upon him, were treated more like sons than servants. From them he collected that they were called Mezoranians or children of the Sun, and that the merchant was a governor in his own country, or as they called

him a Pophar, which, in their language, signifies "Father of his People." They usually stayed a year before they returned into their own country, and spared no cost to make their banishment, as they termed it, as easy as they could. As the time for their return was not yet arrived, the Pophar resolved to go down to Alexandria, to see if he could meet with any more European curiosities. While they were at this place, an incident happened, which is so well contrived, and so delightfully told, that we must give the whole of it in the author's own words. As they were walking about the public places, they met the Bassa of Grand Cairo.

"His wife and daughter were then both along with him: the wife was one of the grand Signor's sisters, seemingly about thirty, and a wonderful fine woman. The daughter was about sixteen, of such exquisite beauty and lovely features, as were sufficient to charm the greatest prince in the world. When he perceived them, the Pophar, who naturally abhorred the Turks, kept off, as if he were treating privately with some merchants. But I, being young and inconsiderate, stood gazing, though at a respectful distance, at the Bassa's beautiful daughter, from no other motive but mere curiosity. She had her eyes fixed on my companions and myself at the same time, and, as I supposed, on the same account. Her dress was so magnificent, and her person so charming, that I thought her the most beautiful creature I had ever seen in my life. If I could have foreseen the troubles that short interview was going to cost both the Pophar and myself, I should have chose sooner to have looked on the most hideous monster. I observed that the young lady, with a particular sort of emotion, whispered something to an elderly woman that attended her, and she did the same to a page, who immediately went to two natives of the place, whom the Pophar used to hire to carry his things: this was to enquire of them who we were. They, as appeared by the event, told them, I was a young slave lately bought by the Pophar. After a while, the Bassa with his train went away, and for my own part I thought no more of the matter. The next day, as the Pophar and we were walking in one of the publick gardens, a little elderly man like an eunuch, with a most beautiful youth along with him, having dogged us to a private part of the walks, came up to us, and addressing themselves to the Pophar, asked him what he would take for his young slave, pointing at me, because the Bassa desired to buy him. The Pophar seemed to be more surprized at this unexpected question, than I ever observed him at any thing before, which confirmed me more and more in the opinion of the kindness he had for me. But soon coming to himself, as he was a man of a great presence of mind, he said very sedately that I was no slave; nor a person to be sold for any price, since I was as free as he was. They, taking this for a pretext to enhance the price, produced some oriental pearls, with other jewels of immense value, and bid him name what he would have, and it should be paid immediately: adding, I was to be the companion of the Bassa's son, where I might make my fortune for ever, if I would go along with them. The Pophar persisted in the same

answer, and said he had no power over me: they insisted I had been bought as a slave but a short time ago, in the grand Signor's dominions, and they would have me. Here I interposed and answered briskly, that though I had been taken prisoner by the chance of war, I was no slave, nor would I part with my liberty but at the price of my life. The Bassa's son, for so he now declared himself to be, instead of being angry at my resolute answer, replied with a most agreeable smile, that I should be as free as he was, making the most solemn protestations by his holy Alcoran, that our lives and deaths should be inseparable. Though there was something in his words the most persuasive I ever felt within myself; yet, considering the obligations I had to the Pophar, I was resolved not to go, but answered with a most respectful bow, that though I was free by nature, I had indispensable obligations not to go with him, and hoped he would take it for a determinate answer. I pronounced this with such a resolute air, as made him see there was no hopes. Whether his desire was more inflamed by my denial, or whether they took us for persons of greater note than we appeared to be, I can't tell; but I observed he put on a very languishing air, with tears stealing down his cheeks, which moved me to a degree I can't express. I was scarce capable of speaking, but cast down my eyes, and stood as immoveable as a statue. This seemed to revive his hopes; he recovered himself a little, and, with a trembling voice, replied, suppose it be the Bassa's daughter you saw yesterday, that desires to have you for her attendant, what do you say? I started at this, and casting my eyes on him more attentively, I saw his swimming in tears, with a tenderness enough to pierce the hardest heart. I looked at the Pophar, who I saw was trembling for me: and feared it was the daughter herself that asked me the question. I was soon put out of doubt, for she, finding she had gone too far to go back, discovered herself, and said I must go along with her, or one of us must die." * * *

"I considered she was a Turk, and I a Christian: that my death must certainly be the consequence of such a rash affair, were I to engage in it. That whether she concealed me in her father's court, or attempted to go off with me, it was ten thousand to one, we should both be sacrificed: neither could the violence of such a sudden passion ever be concealed from the Bassa's spies. In a word I was resolved not to go; but how to get off was the difficulty. I saw the most beautiful creature in the world all in tears before me, after a declaration of love, that exceeded the most romantic tales; youth, love, and beauty, and even an inclination on my side pleaded her cause. But at length the consideration of the endless miseries I was likely to draw on the young lady, should I comply with what she desired, prevailed above all others. I was resolved to refuse, for her sake more than my own, and was just going to tell her so on my knees, with all the arguments my reason could suggest to appease her; when an attendant came running in haste to the other person, who also was a woman, and told her the Bassa was coming that way. She was roused out of her lethargy at this: the other woman, without any demur snatched her away, as the Pophar did me."

Gaudentio was well pleased on reflection that he had not

complied with the wishes of this enchanting object, and the Pophar, thinking the affair might not end so, resolved to make off as fast as they could. They pretend to depart for Cyprus, instead of which they go that evening to Grand Cairo, to get all things ready for their return into their own country. Having prepared every thing for their departure, they left Grand Cairo a little before sun-set. After travelling about a league up the river Nile, they are passed by five or six men on horseback.

" I was the hindmost but one of our train, having staid to give our dromedaries some water. Soon after these, came two ladies riding on little Arabian jennets, with prodigious rich furniture, by which I guessed them to be persons of quality, and the others gone before their attendants. They were not quite over against where I was, when the younger of the two ladies' jennet began to snort and start at our dromedaries, and became so unruly, that I apprehended the lady could scarce sit him. At that instant, one of the led dromedaries coming pretty near, that and the rustling of its loading, so frighted the jennet, that he gave a bound all on a sudden, and being on the inside of us towards the river, he ran full speed towards the edge of the bank, where not being able to stop his career, he flew directly off the precipice into the river, with the lady still sitting him; but the violence of the leap, threw her off two or three yards into the water. It happened very luckily there was a little island just by where she fell, and her cloaths keeping her up for some minutes, the stream carried her against some stakes that stood just above the water; the stakes caught hold of her cloaths, and held her there. The shrieks of the other lady brought the nighest attendants up to us; but those fearful wretches durst not venture into the river to her assistance. I jumped off my dromedary with indignation, and throwing off my loose garment and sandals, swam to her, and with much difficulty getting hold of her hand, and loosing her garments from the stakes, I made a shift to draw her a-cross the stream, till I brought her to land. She was quite senseless for some time; I held down her head, which I had not yet looked at, to make her disgorge the water she had swallowed; but I was soon struck with a double surprize, when I looked at her face, to find it was the Bassa's daughter, and to see her in that place, whom I thought I had left at Alexandria. After some time, she came to herself, and looking fixed on me a good while, her senses not being entirely recovered: at last she cried out, O Mahomet, must I owe my life to this man! and fainted away. The other lady who was her confident, with a great deal of pains brought her to herself again; we raised her up, and endeavoured to comfort her as well as we could: No, says she, throw me into the river once more; let me not be obliged to a Barbarian for whom I have done too much already. I told her in the most respectful terms I could think of, that providence had ordered it so, that I might make some recompence for the undeserved obligations she had laid on me; that I had too great value for her merit, ever to make her miserable, by loving a slave such as I was, a stranger, a christian, and one who had indispensible obligations to act as I did. She startled a little

at what I said; but after a short recollection answered, whether you are a slave, an infidel, or whatever you please, you are one of the most generous men in the world. I suppose your obligations are on account of some more happy woman than myself; but since I owe my life to you, I am resolved not to make you unhappy, any more than you do me. I not only pardon you, but am convinced my pretensions are both unjust, and against my own honour. She said this with an air becoming her quality. She was much more at ease, when I assured her I was engaged to no woman in the world; but that her memory should be ever dear to me, and imprinted in my heart till my last breath.

* * * * * * *

She pulled off this jewel, your reverences see on my finger, and just said, with tears trickling down her beautiful cheeks: take this, and adieu! She then pulled her companion away, and never looked at me more."

This troublesome adventure disposed of, they proceeded on their journey, being eleven in number, five elderly and five young men, our hero being a supernumerary person. They went up the Nile directly for Upper Egypt, visiting the intervening towns under pretence of merchandizing, which was not really their object. Having procured proper provisions and water for the great voyage across the desert, they at length commenced this dreary enterprize, the progress of which is described in a striking manner. Gaudentio had not yet been able to guess with any satisfaction what these extraordinary people were. An unexpected accident however in the course of their journey, shewed that he was in fact more nearly connected with them than he had imagined: for the heat of the sun having compelled the young men to throw off their upper garments, he observed that one of them wore a bright gold medal, with the figure of the sun engraved on it, surrounded with unknown characters. He asked the meaning of that medal, since he had one of the very same make which his mother used to wear. An *eclaircissement* takes place, and Gaudentio turns out to be the son of one of the twin sisters of the Pophar, who had been lost in their infancy in Egypt. At length our adventurer approached the land of Promise—the Eden, in which virtue, love, and courtesy are the natural and almost sole produce of the soil.

The author has a very agreeable talent at description, of which the account of Gaudentio's first view of this happy country will be a good specimen.

"The sun now had broke through the clouds, and discovered to us the prospect of the country, but such a one as I am not able to describe; it looked rather like an immense garden than a country: at that distance I could see nothing but trees and groves; whether I looked towards the hills or vales, all seemed to be one continued wood,

though with some seemingly regular intervals of squares and plains, with the glittering of golden globes or suns through the tops of the trees, that it looked like a green mantle spangled with gold. I asked the Pophar if they lived all in woods, or whether the country was only one continued immense forest; he smiled and said, when we come thither you shall see something else besides woods, and then bid me look back and compare the dreary sands we had lately passed with that glorious prospect we saw before us: I did so, and found the dismal barrenness of the one enhanced the beautiful delight of the other. The reason, says he, why it looks like a wood, is, that besides innumerable kinds of fruits, all our towns, squares and streets, as well as fields and gardens, are planted with trees both for delight and conveniency, though you will find spare ground enough for the produce of all things sufficient to make the life of man easy and happy. The glittering of gold through the tops of the trees, are golden suns on the tops of the temples and buildings: we build our houses flat and low on account of hurricanes, with gardens of perfumed ever-greens on the top of them, which is the reason you see nothing but groves. We descended gradually from off the desert through the scattered shrubs, and were saluted every now and then with a gale of perfumes quite different from what are brought us Europeans from foreign parts. The fresh air of the morning, together with their being exhaled from the living stocks, gave them such a fragrancy as can't be expressed."

We have now conducted our hero to this seat of Utopian felicity, in our progress to which we have confined ourselves to the bare narration of his journey and adventures, without reference to the incidental observations of his companions and his own reflections upon their origin, manners, and customs, with which it is interspersed. This we have done for the sake of brevity and convenience, in order that we might concentrate the whole in one view. We have more than once expressed the interest we feel in all schemes, visionary though they appear to us in the present state of society, which have the amelioration of the species for their object, and point out the road to possible perfection. One of these schemes we have before us in these Memoirs, and of it we shall proceed to give a succinct account, embracing the origin, civil and religious polity of this people, their manners and employments, and the happiness which they enjoyed. The author himself does not enter into any lengthened detail on these subjects. Indeed, from the simplicity and artlessness by which he represents them to have been characterized, from the want of commercial intercourse with foreign nations, from the absence of war and the fertility of their imaginary country, their legislative provisions were necessarily few and of the most simple kind.

They derived their origin from Egypt, anciently called Mezorania, from Mezoraim, the name of their first king. They had a tradition amongst them, that when the earth rose from

the water, six persons, three men and three women, rose along with it, either produced by the sun, or sent by the deity to inhabit it. This Mezoraim was one of the six, and he made choice of Egypt for the place of his habitation, and there settled with his children and grand-children, governing them as a real father, and instructing them to live together as brothers of one and the same family. Here they flourished, say the Memoirs, four hundred years, increasing in number and in knowledge, without guile or deceit, until the descendants of the other men, who were as wicked and envious as the Mezoranians were innocent and happy, invaded them, committing all manner of violence upon the aboriginal inhabitants. The Mezoranians, ignorant of the art of war, and abhorring the shedding of blood, were unable to resist their enemies. Some were subdued, and others expelled from their once happy country. The father of the present nation, justly imagining that there must be some habitable place beyond the great deserts, resolved upon an expedition to explore them. His success was equal to his wishes, and he settled with his children in a delicious valley situated in the midst of the deserts. Here they lived undisturbed and happily for some time, till their number became too great to allow them to continue longer in this valley, and induced them to make one more emigration, which ended in their final settlement in their present country.

Their first Pophar, having five sons, divided his kingdom into five nomes or districts, over each of which he placed one of his sons with the title of Pophar, but still being subordinate to their father, who assumed the title of Chief Patriarch or Grand Pophar. "Each father of a family governs all his descendants, married or unmarried, as long as he lives; if his sons are fathers they have a subordinate authority under him: if he dies before he comes to such an age, the eldest son or eldest uncle takes care of them till they are sufficient to set up a family of themselves. The father, on extraordinary occasions, is liable to be inspected by five of the most prudent heads of that district; these last, by the heads of the five nomes, and all the nomes by the Grand Pophar, assisted with three hundred and sixty-five elders or senators chosen out of every nome." Although they are all equal in birth, yet an entire dependency or natural subordination of eldership runs through their whole economy. They have all a certain portion of land assigned to them, of which they are lords or proprietors, although the Grand Pophar and Governors can dispose of every thing for the public benefit, because they look upon him to be as much the father of all as the immediate natural father is of his proper children. The mode in which the right of succession is regulated is somewhat intricate. It will be sufficient to state generally, that it depends entirely

upon eldership, and is in a particular manner hereditary. In a word, they form one great family of brothers—all masters and all servants. Generally speaking, the younger sort wait upon the elder, changing their offices as their superiors think proper. They all join in building their towns and public places, and in laying up stores and provisions over and above their own consumption. "They live in some measure in common, every man going into whatever house he pleases as if it were his own home. This they are perpetually doing throughout the whole country, rather visiting than merchandizing, exchanging the rarities of each respective place with those of other parts, just like friends making presents to each other."

The author anticipates the most obvious objection to which a community or partial community of property is liable,—that there is a danger it may give a check to industry; but he endeavours to get rid of it by substituting the love of the grandeur of their country, in which they place their individual glory, and the emulation caused by a judicious distribution of public honours, and "a thousand other arts of shew and pageantry, and this for the most minute arts, that were it not for the fraternal love ingrafted in them from their infancy, they would be in danger of raising their emulation to too great a height."

Laws for the government of such a community must necessarily be few and simple; and accordingly we are told, that their laws were nothing but the first principles of natural justice judged and explained by the elders. Their chief and golden rule was, "Thou shalt do no wrong to any one," without entering into nice definitions of what was right or wrong, which, say they, may easily be decided by any man of sense and equity. Besides, they think that the promulgation of precept upon precept and laws upon laws makes the fundamental principles to be forgotten, and indeed oftener shews people how they may ingeniously contrive to do an injury than how to avoid it. They have express laws, however; one of the most singular and characteristic of which is described in the following extract.

"There is a positive law amongst them, not to shed human blood voluntarily. They carry this fundamental law of nature to such a height, that they never put any one to death, even for murder, which very rarely happens; that is, once in several ages. If it appears that a person has really murdered another, a thing they think almost impossible, the person convicted is shut up from all commerce of men, with provisions to keep him alive as long as nature allows. After his death the fact is proclaimed, as it was when they shut him up, over all the nomes. His name is blotted out of their genealogies; then his dead body is mangled just in the same manner as he killed the innocent, and afterwards burnt to ashes, which are carried up to the highest part of the deserts, and then tost up into the air, to be carried away

by the winds blowing from their own country: nor is he ever more to be reckoned as one of their race, and there is a general mourning observed throughout the kingdom for nine days."

There is also an express law against adultery, which is likewise punished after death; but public disgraces are the sole punishments for all other offences.

On the subject of their religion, we must observe that they are idolaters; for although they acknowledge one supreme God, the maker of all things, yet they consider the sun as the chief instrumental cause of all productions, and on this account offer up their prayers to it. The men look upon the moon to be a material being dependent on the sun; but the women, remarks the author very archly, seem to make a goddess of her, by reason of the influence she has over that sex.

"The sum therefore of the theoretical part of their religion is, first, that the El is the supreme intellectual, rational, and most noble of all beings; that it is the duty of all intellectual beings to imitate the just laws of reason in him, otherwise they depart from the supreme rule of all their actions, since what is contrary to the most perfect reason in God, must be contrary to our own, and by consequence a deformity, highly blameable in his sight; all their prayers, and whatever they ask of this supreme being, is, that they may be just and good as he is."

They have also a superstitious worship of their deceased ancestors, which is partly a religious and partly a politic institution; "because their government being patriarchal, the inviolable respect they shew to their parents makes them obey their governors and elders, not only with the most dutiful observance, but even with a filial love and alacrity." This reverential feeling it was that led them, as the star in the east did the wise men, from their adopted country to the strange lands where the objects of their veneration reposed, for the purpose of performing their devotions to their ancestors' tombs. The very dust around them was sacred, and they collected small portions of it in the course of their journey, which were put into golden urns, to be deposited in their temples, the performance of which forms one of the chief ceremonials of their religion. They believe in the immortality of the soul, and

"The rewards and punishments in the next life, they believe will chiefly consist in this; that in proportion as their actions have been conformable to the just ideas of the Supreme Being in this life, partaking still more and more of his infinite wisdom, so their souls will approach still nearer to the beautiful intelligence of their divine model in the next. But if their actions in this life have been inconsistent with the supreme reason in God, they shall be permitted to go on for ever

in that inconsistency and disagreement, till they become so monstrously wicked and enormous, as to become abominable even to themselves."

The author pleasantly ridicules the metempsychosis, by ascribing to them the belief of the transmigration of souls of a very different kind from that held by the ancient heathen philosophers, not as a punishment in the next but in this life. The substance of this creed is, that the souls of different kinds of brutes enter into the souls of men—a creed which makes them consummate physiognomists.

The subject of education forms a very important branch of the civil polity of the Mezoranians. All the children are taught at the public expense and they have no other distinction than personal merit. The sublimest sciences are most in request with them, and are chiefly the employment of their great men and governors, contrary to the custom of other countries, rightly conceiving that those who excel in the most rational sciences, are not only fittest to govern a rational people, but of making themselves masters of what they undertake; and they are accordingly marked out for governors. On the subject of education, the author has the following judicious observations.

"But now I am speaking of their youth, as they look upon them as seeds of the common-wealth, which if corrupted in the bud will never bring forth fruit, so their particular care is laid out in their education, in which I believe they excel all nations yet known. One cannot say there is one person in the whole nation who may be called an idle person, though they indulge their youth very much in proper recreations, endeavouring to keep them as gay as they can, because they are naturally inclined to gravity, and besides daily recreations, they have set times and seasons for public exercises, as riding, vaulting, running, but particularly hunting wild beasts, and fishing for crocodiles and alligators, in their great lakes, which I shall describe on another occasion; yet they are never suffered to go alone, that is, a company of young men together, without grave men and persons in authority along with them, who are a guard to them in their actions: nay, they are never suffered to lye together, each lying in a single bed, though in a publick room, with some grave person in the same room with them. Their women are kept much in the same manner, which to prevent inconveniences I shall touch upon when I come to the education of their women, and this so universally, that as there are no idle companions to lead them into extravagancies, so there are no idle and loose women to be found to corrupt their purity. Their whole time, both for men and women, is taken up in employments or publick recreations, which, with the early care to instruct them in the fundamental principles of the morality of the country, prevents all those disorders of youth we see elsewhere. Hence comes that strength of body and mind in their men, and modest bloomy beauty in their women; so that among this people nature seems to have kept itself up to its

primitive and original perfection. Beside that universal likeness in them, proceeding from their conjugal fidelity and exclusion of all foreign mixture in their breed, where all the lineaments of their ancestors, direct and collateral, meet at last in their offspring, gives the parents the comfort of seeing their own bloom and youth renewed in their children, though in my opinion this universal likeness is rather a defect; not but the treasures of nature are so inexhaustible, that there are some distinguishing beauties in every face. Their young men and women meet frequently, but then 'tis in their publick assemblies, with grave people mixt along with them; at all publick exercises the women are placed in view to see and be seen, to enflame the young men with emulation in their performances. They are permitted to be decently familiar on those publick occasions, and can chuse their lovers respectively, according to their liking, there being no such thing as dowries, or interest, but mere personal merit in the case; but more of this in the next paragraph, where I shall speak more particularly of the education of their women and marriages."

From the observations of our Utopian legislator on the female sex, it may be conjectured that he had not a very high opinion of them; indeed he seldom loses an opportunity of giving them a sly hit. The women, he says, caused the governors most trouble of any thing in the commonwealth, so that they were obliged to have frequent consultations on the mode in which they ought to be treated. The most effectual method after all was found to be, to make marriage esteemed the happiest state that could be wished in this life: and as they animated their young men to glory, by all ways capable of stirring up generous minds, they did the same with the women, by means adapted to their genius. And he continues,

"There is a peculiar method allowed by them, in which they differ from all other nations; for whereas other nations endeavour to preserve their young people from love, lest they should throw themselves away, or make disadvantageous matches, these people having no interested views in that respect, encourage a generous and honourable love, and make it their care to fix them in the strictest love they can, as soon as they judge by their age and constitution how they are inclined; this they do sometimes by applauding them on their choice, but mostly by raising vast difficulties, contrived on purpose both to try and enhance their constancy. They have histories and stories of heroic examples of fidelity and constancy in both sexes, but particularly for the young women, by which they are taught rather to suffer ten thousand deaths than violate their plighted faith; one may say, they are a nation of faithful lovers, the longer they live together the more their friendship encreases; and infidelity in either sex is looked upon as a capital crime. Add to this, that being all of the same rank and quality, except the regard paid to eldership and public employments, nothing but personal merit and a liking of each other determines the choice. There must be signal proofs produced that the

woman prefers the man before all others, as his service must be distinguished in the same manner. Where this is approved of by the governours or elders, if the woman insists on her demands, 'tis an inviolable law, that that man must be her husband. Their hands first are joined together in public, then they clasp each other in the closest embrace, in which posture the Elder of the place puts a circle of the finest tempered steel, to shew that this union is never to be dissolved. It is all woven with flowers, and first laid over their necks, as they are thus clasping each other, then round their waist, and last of all, round their breasts or hearts, to signify that the ardency of their love must terminate in an indissoluble friendship, with infinite acclamations and congratulations of the whole assembly. I believe the world cannot furnish such examples of conjugal chastity as are preserved between them by these means. Widowers and widows never marry single persons, and but rarely at all, except left young, when they are to gain each other as before. By such prudent precautions infinite disorders are prevented, proceeding not only from disproportionate and forced marriages, but from the licentiousness of idle persons, who either marry for money, or live on the spoil of other people, till they can get an advantageous match, which often occasions great misfortunes in a commonwealth."

The above is a summary of the constitution of this primitive government, in which the author has depicted the highest degree of perfection and happiness attainable by the light of nature alone. Abstractly considered, a plan more coherent in its parts, and more symmetrical in the whole, cannot well be imagined. The simple patriarchal dependency—the unanimity and singleness of purpose which circulate through all the veins of the nation, animating it, as it were, with one common pulse of kindness and love—the paternal nature of the laws, and of the punishment for their violation, are in perfect harmony with each other. No law disproportionate to the offence, no sanguinary punishment of the offender, disfigures this imaginary system. On the contrary, it exhibits a most exhilarating picture of legislative simplicity and human benignity. What can be more beautiful, and at the same time, more removed from commonly received notions, particularly at the time our author wrote, than the principle, that it is highly criminal to shed the blood of any human being, either with or without the authority of the ruling power? Or what more purely benevolent than his extension of this principle to the total rejection of the art of war? Nor are the punishments assigned to crime less singular and characteristic. The most heinous crime, the taking of the life of another, is punished by the privation of social intercourse during life and disgraceful treatment of the body after death. This species of punishment is a beautiful illustration of the Egyptian practice of sitting in judgement upon the dead previous

to allowing them the right of sepulture. The crime of adultery is punished in a similar manner to that of murder; but for common offences the only punishments are public disgraces.

The scheme of our author is founded on truer and more disinterested principles of liberty, and on larger and more benevolent views of the destiny of man, than the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More. The Mezoranians have no such thing as slavery in their commonwealth; virtue is their only distinction, and honour their only reward. They neither shed the blood of brethren at home, nor of enemies abroad. It is also less impracticable than the *Utopia*, not being incumbered with such trifling and foolish regulations as that celebrated work. How far indeed any such system is practicable, is another question; but whether practicable or not, it may still be delightful as an ingenious speculation, or valuable as a means of conveying useful knowledge. Indeed, the work which we are now reviewing is as valuable for the hints thrown out for the improvement of man in his social character, and for the simplifying and softening down the too harsh laws supposed necessary to keep him in peace and subjection, as it is beautiful as an Utopian scheme. And yet it is in some measure modelled after a government which actually existed, refined and improved it is true, but still bearing strong resemblance to its prototype. Ancient Egypt, the inhabitants of which appear to have arrived at great perfection in their civil polity, as well as in arts and sciences, was the model the author seems to have taken for the kingdom of Mezorania. From that country he has derived the polished race, with which he has peopled his delightful settlement. But he has assigned to them a country superior, in natural beauty and fertility, even to Egypt itself, once "the finest country in the world, the most fertile by nature, and the best cultivated by art." The towns of the Mezoranians are as magnificent, and their temples as superb, as those of the Egyptians, and, like them, they seem as if they intended to "wrestle a fall with time" in the perpetuity of their edifices. He represents the Mezoranians to have the same serious disposition, and to be distinguished by the same inventive mind—to have the same equal respect for all employments which contributed to the public service, and to be imbued with the same ardent love of country. Their legal institutions were as simple as those of the Egyptians, and their observance of them as scrupulous and exact. They had a similar preference for such arts as were most useful, and a similar dislike of any one being idle or useless to the commonwealth. And from the Egyptians he has borrowed the peculiar custom of punishing criminals after death. His plan for the regulation of marriages and the intercourse of the sexes is as charming and disinterested as it is uncommon,

and, in some of its parts, fanciful. As, for instance, his mode of courtship, which is this:

"If the man be the person the woman likes, he presents her with a flower just in the bud, which she takes and puts in her breast. If she is engaged before, she shews him one, to signify her engagement; which if in the bud only, shews the courtship is gone no further than the first proposal and liking; if half blown, or the like, 'tis an emblem of further progress; if full blown, it signifies that her choice is determined, from whence they can never recede; that is, she can change the man that presents it, but he cannot challenge her till she has worn it publickly."

As a romance, it is also worthy of admiration, the incidents being well contrived and most agreeably related. In short, it contains such just principles of benevolence, is adorned with so rich and playful a fancy, and is composed in such a clear, simple, and unconstrained style, that it has not only our approbation but our perfect love.

We must now return to the personal history of Gaudentio di Lucca himself, the remainder of which we shall state in very few words. The Pophar, now elevated to the dignity of Regent, took Gaudentio into his own family, as his constant companion, treating him with the most distinguishing marks of his favour. Our adventurer, after a due probation, marries the divine Isyphena, the Pophar Regent's daughter, with whom he lives very happily, and has several children by her. But his wife and all his children paying the debt of nature, he sets out on his return to his native land, accompanied by the Pophar Regent, who has resolved to enquire into the truths of Christianity at the fountain-head. They arrive in due course at Alexandria, where they embark on board a ship bound for Venice. Shortly after they have embarked, the good Pophar falls ill and dies. The ship touched at Candy, where, as Gaudentio is walking on the seashore, reflecting on the loss he has sustained by the death of the Pophar, he has the happiness of shewing his gratitude to the fair Persian, to whom he owed his own life, by saving her's from the fury of the pirate whom she had married. They fly, are pursued, and made prisoners. Being conveyed to Constantinople, our hero's interest with the Grand Sultaness, whom he discovers to be no other than the Bassa's daughter mentioned in the early part of his memoirs, procures the release of the ship and crew. After staying a month at Constantinople, receiving the greatest possible marks of distinction from the Grand Sultaness, he departs for Venice with the Persian lady, and finally settles at Bologna, as before related.

Such of our readers as have not read these memoirs, should know, that the Persian lady, being seized by the officers of the

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Holy Inquisition at the same time with her companion, turns out, on her examination, to be the twin-sister of Gaudentio's mother. They will also, we are quite sure, have great satisfaction in learning that our hero, being found a good catholic, obtains his liberty, after a residence of nearly three years in the cells of the Inquisition.

This work has been generally attributed to Bishop Berkeley; but Mr. Chalmers, in the sketch of his life in the *General Biography*, asserts that it was *certainly* not written by him, without however producing any authority for such an assertion. We are not aware of the existence of any extrinsic evidence of Berkeley's being the author of Gaudentio di Lucca, except general report.* In the absence, therefore, of all other *positive* testimony on the subject, we are disposed, from internal evidence, to think that it has been properly assigned to that virtuous character. There are not many minds capable of conceiving a scheme of action so beautiful and so pure, so simple and so benevolent, as that developed in the book before us. The mind of Berkeley was one of these—there is nothing beautiful or grand or useful which his mind was not only capable of comprehending, but of carrying into effect, from the meanest mechanical art to the most sublime sciences. He united in his character qualities which are seldom found in the same person. A finished gentleman, he possessed manners the most sweet and fascinating, and knowledge the most extensive and profound, talents the most acute and ingenious, and an imagination the most chaste and beautiful. Those whom his eloquence and enthusiasm delighted, his disinterestedness and kindness unalterably attached to him. His mind was the seat of the noblest thoughts, and his heart of the purest benevolence for his species. The self-love and self-interest, which would have preferred personal security and a rich benefice to hazardous exertions, accompanied with comparative poverty, for the good of the human race, were alike strangers to his breast. Such innocence and such exalted goodness are rather of the nature of angels than of men. If to be a visionary, is to be such a character, would that all men were visionaries.

The internal evidence on which we rely, as corroborating our opinion that this book was written by Bishop Berkeley, is the agreement between the feelings and opinions developed in it, and in his acknowledged works. Such as his preference of simplicity of manners, and his detestation of luxury. His respect of men according to their personal merit, and his con-

* *Gentleman's Magazine for January*, 1777. *Biographia Britannica*. Art. Berkeley.

tempt of mercenary feelings. His wishes for the encouragement of architecture and for the erection of national buildings. The ardent love of country and its institutions, which he inculcates as a general obligation in many of his writings, and which is, in a peculiar manner, characteristic of the Mezoranians. His proposal to stimulate the public spirit of this nation, by means similar to those employed in the Utopian commonwealth, namely, by making the love of fame and reputation subservient to promoting this principle. Thus he would inspire magnanimity and virtue, by commemorating services done to the public by statues, columns, inscriptions, and other monuments,* which is the custom of the Mezoranians. To these may be added, the general benevolence of his views, and, in particular, his noble project for civilizing America, which is almost as far removed from common notions as his imaginary kingdom. Nor should we omit to remark, that *Gaudentio di Lucca* is distinguished by the same purity of imagination, and chasteness and simplicity of style, as the other works of this most excellent man. So that, upon the whole, we think, there is every reason to suppose it has been properly attributed to him.

ART. IX. *Bussy D'Ambois. A Tragedie, as it hath been often presented at Paule's. London,* 1607.

The Conspiracie and Tragedie of Charles, Duke of Byron, Marshall of France. Acted lately in two playes, at the Black-Friers. Written by George Chapman. *London,* 1608.

Cæsar and Pompey. A Roman Tragedy, declaring their Warres. Out of whose events is evicted this proposition; only a just man is a free man. *By* George Chapman. *London,* 1631.

Revenge for Honour. A Tragedie, by George Chapman. *London,* 1654.

The Tragedy of Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany. By George Chapman, Gent. *London,* 1654.

After Shakspeare, George Chapman may be considered the first, in point of time, of the great fathers of the English drama, who flourished in the latter years of Queen Elizabeth and

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* See particularly his *Essay towards preventing the Ruin of Great Britain.*

the reigns of the first James and his successor Charles. For this and other accidental causes, we commence, with him, a review which we intend to take of the works of these extraordinary men. Chapman, indeed, is not one whom we would have voluntarily presented *first* to the notice of the reader, unacquainted with the dramatic writings of these contemporaries of Shakspeare, for he is far from being the best of them, and to a superficial reader, on the whole, repulsive and often even incomprehensible. Inasmuch as we should esteem it a proud distinction, could we contribute to make these writers more generally known, we cannot but lament that the forbidding aspect of Chapman must first meet the eye of the uninitiated, which perhaps may, like the surly countenance of an ill-looking host standing at his gate, induce the literary traveller to pass on, in hopes of a warmer welcome and a less churlish entertainer on a different road, or at a farther stage of his journey. George Chapman, however, is made of stern stuff, wears well, and is better for knowing; and, such as he is, we venture to introduce him, in a *new* character, to our readers. For, as a translator, we have already endeavoured to convey an impression, though, we fear, but a faint one, of his eminent merits.

Of the biography of our author, few particulars remain. We learn, that he was born in the year 1557, and that he died at the age of seventy-seven, in 1634. He is called by Browne, in his pastorals, "the fair shepherd of Hitching-hill," which place, in Hertfordshire, is hence concluded by some to have been his birth-place. He was warmly patronized by Sir Francis Walsingham, Henry Prince of Wales, and Carr, Earl of Somerset; and claims the much higher honour of having been the friend of Spenser, Shakspeare, Jonson, and other distinguished contemporaries. He was educated at one or both of the universities certainly: he spent some time at Oxford, and, it is supposed, completed his studies at Cambridge. During the course of his long life, he appears to have been, according to Wood, temperate and religious in his habits, and venerable in his aspect, and universally esteemed by his friends for the dignity and respectability of his character. His works are numerous, and display the scholar as clearly as the man of genius. Besides his translations of *Homer*, and parts of *Hesiod*, and the *Erotopægnion of Musæus*, and some original poems, he gave to the stage no less than twenty dramas; sixteen of which have come down to us. They consist both of tragedy and comedy, and bear the following titles:—*The blind Beggar of Alexandria*, a comedy, first printed in 1598. *Humorous day's mirth*, a comedy, 1599. *All Fools*, a comedy, 1605. *Eastward Hoe*, a comedy, 1605; in which he was assisted by Jonson and

Marston, who were imprisoned in the Fleet by James I., together with Chapman, for certain reflections which this play contained upon the Scotch nation. *Gentleman Usher*, a comedy, 1606. *Monsieur D'Olive*, a comedy, 1606. *Bussy D'Ambois*, a tragedy, 1607. *Cæsar and Pompey*, a tragedy, 1607. *The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Charles Duke of Byron*, in two parts, tragedies, 1608. *May Day*, a comedy, 1611. *Widow's Tears*, a comedy, 1612. *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois*, a tragedy, 1613. *Two Wise Men and all the rest Fools*, a comedy, 1619. *Alphonsus Emperor of Germany*, and *Revenge for Honour*, both tragedies, printed after the author's death in 1654.

Thus, Chapman, like all his contemporaries before the literary division of labour had taken place, indifferently applied himself to the composition of both tragedy and comedy; but he differs from them in this respect, that he very seldom mixes them up in the same play—a peculiarity which will render the separate consideration of his comedies and tragedies much less difficult, and much more complete, than it could otherwise have been. The fact is, that so numerous are these productions, and so copious the extracts which must necessarily be made from them, that, in the present article, we intend to discuss alone the tragedies and tragic talents of Chapman, and shall defer our observations on all that relates to his comedies and his comic powers, and our examples of them, to our next number.

Chapman was an older man, and wrote at a somewhat earlier period than the dramatists, except Shakspeare, with whom he is usually classed. Thus, like Marlow, he fell into the vices of an unformed stage. The first step from the puerilities and stupid absurdities of the old mysteries and moralities, was an elevation of tone and sentiment, rather than a nearer approach to the representation of nature. The most obvious mode of avoiding the cold and dull was to become bold and impassioned; and, instead of childish simplicity, to substitute loud and thundering declamation. The spirited rants of a Tamburlaine were sure to meet with the warm approbation of men who compared them not with nature, but with the representations which such dramas exploded. What life, what fire, what lofty eloquence, would such a hero appear to be inspired with. What a change from lifeless stupidity to vigorous activity, supernatural daring, and a spirit which the gods themselves could not tame. How little would such an audience be inclined to look nicely into the justness of thought, or the propriety of imagery. If all sounded grand, if the hero looked and talked big, and strutted his hour upon the stage, unconquered and unconquerable, they would all retire from the "Bull," or the "Bear," mightily well pleased, and with mighty

good reason. When plays were written to be acted, and not to be published as literary compositions, fustian would always be in great request. The actors would love it—they have ever done so—for it gives them a good opportunity of spouting and ranting to their hearts' content, and affords a much better chance of pleasing the multitude, who are too commonly like Partridge in *Tom Jones*, and think the man who plays the king really *acts*, while they themselves could do as well as Garrick. In the rapidity of utterance, there is little time for criticism; and a pompous delivery, a round voice, and graceful action, can frequently conceal, in the representation, the most palpable absurdities of thought and imagery. Thus are spectators deceived, like Dryden, who says of one of the plays of this very author, he wondered, in the reading, what was become of those glaring colours which had amazed him upon the theatre, but when he had taken up what he supposed a fallen star, he found he had been cozened with a jelly. It was the historical play which brought the English drama down to the level of nature. Writers for the stage, when they no longer sought their subjects in the Bible, looked for the next authentic history. They versified the chronicles of English history, and grew natural in spite of themselves. From the affecting scenes which they copied from our annals, the step was a short one to the traditional histories of private life and humble pathos. When Chapman's taste was formed, the drama had not yet undergone this purification, or he took his ideas of dramatic excellence from some different model. The faults of his compositions are vital—they are dramas, and yet cannot be justly called dramatic—their language and thoughts are commonly turgid and inflated to the highest degree, and it is but very rare that the gross hyperboles with which they abound, sink into just and natural conceptions. When we have added, that from one end of his plays to the other, we do not recollect one touch of pathos, nor a single powerful appeal to any one natural passion, we think we have settled his claims to be considered a great tragedian. Nevertheless in all these plays does the genius of the man break forth in frequent instances of redeeming excellence; and, though we cannot be brought to esteem him a great dramatist, yet his talents were of no ordinary kind, and amply deserve such notice as we can give him.

We have said, that the plays of Chapman are undramatic, and they are so for this reason, that our author seems quite incapable of throwing himself into the character of another. He is quite unable to imagine to himself the state of feeling and course of thought, which, according to the different natures of men, they must necessarily undergo in any critical situation. In the whole of his tragedies, there is but one character which has

any claim to be considered as a distinct and developed form, and that was probably the character of Chapman himself. It is when he pourtrays a man who boasts himself above all circumstances, who feels so intensely his own powers and qualities, that he vainly imagines himself indestructible; one who by his unbounded confidence in himself succeeds in attempts which no other man durst undertake, and which the impudence of the attempt itself mainly contributes to effect. This is the character of Bussy D'Ambois, of the Duke Byron, and indeed of all his leading persons, where they have a character at all. If this was the character of the poet himself, we may say, he is very good in Chapman, but he certainly fails in his endeavour to personate any other. In the glowing language, the passionate demeanour, the uncontrolable energies, of this hyperbolical person, he is so much at home, expresses himself with so much fluency and vigour, that we cannot help thinking that it was the only temperament he had ever actually experienced. This then is all the dramatic merit—such as it is—which Chapman is entitled to claim. When the characters have so little variety, and are so faintly marked, much interest could scarcely be expected in the scenes themselves, and, generally speaking, they possess but a very small portion. A deficiency certainly not compensated for by the artificial construction of the plot, which is commonly of the most naked and uninteresting description: unless, perhaps, we except the two plays, printed after the author's death, the *Revenge for Honour*, and *Alphonsus Emperor of Germany*, where there is considerable intricacy of plan, but entirely divested of the poetry with which the other plays are adorned. It seems as if these plays had been written in the old age of the author, when the fire of his imagination had cooled, and left him calm and collected for the arrangement of the business and incidents of the drama. What is it then which makes the tragedies of Chapman valuable? The author was a poet, had a vivid imagination, an impassioned and energetic style; and, in the midst of fustian and hyperbole, it is not uncommon for us to find the most spirited sketches of manners, the loftiest images of grandeur, and the boldest strokes of magnanimity. Yet for more than all this, the tragedies, or, at least, three or four of them, are precious for an elevated strain of didactic observation, very similar to the wise and noble speculations in which Shakspeare himself so constantly indulges. In no author have we richer contemplations upon the nature of man and the world, where the shrewdness of the remark is ennobled and enforced by the splendour of imagery and the earnestness of passion. But true as this is, we cannot conceal, that these veins of excellence are buried to so great a depth by the surrounding mass of worthless matter, that they often dis-

appoint the explorer by suddenly ceasing, and as often are continued into, and amalgamated with, a base and spurious ore. Chapman seems always to have written with vehemence, and this is the chief characteristic of his style. Animated with this vehemence, which is rather that of temperament than of mind, he hurries forward without much care or selection. Satisfied with expressing force and power, he dashes out ideas without regarding their fitness; or should the idea be in itself mean or weak, or should even no idea at all come to his aid, he lavishes his passion on mere words, and fills the ear with sounds of the most appalling fierceness. The reader, however, soon becomes too well aware of their hollowness to be deceived by a fire of empty words, however hotly kept up; and would pass on, paying but little attention to so false a battery, did he not sometimes bring to bear a real and substantial artillery of thought and imagery.

The general notion, however, which we have here attempted to convey of the nature and merits of these plays, will be better understood by a particular consideration of the principal tragedies of this author: to this we now turn.

Bussy D'Ambois, the earliest tragedy on the list of Chapman's plays, has usually been considered the best, and, on the whole, perhaps deservedly so. It is an exhibition and a description of the exploits of the hero whose name it bears, weaved together with very little art, and, as a whole, with no great effect. The sudden rise, the extraordinary character, the bold bravadoings, the duel, the intrigue, and the death of this swaggering person, form the subject of the play; and though there is no general plot by which they are connected together, yet some of the scenes, taken separately, are the works of no vulgar hand. The passages which we shall extract will, we think, not only illustrate the observations already thrown out, respecting the general manner of Chapman, but, at the same time, gratify the reader by some vigorous specimens of our poet's muse. The play opens with the soliloquizings of D'Ambois himself, who, bearing about with him a pretty lively impression of his own merits, finds himself neglected by the court and plunged in poverty and distress. Wandering in a wood, "in mean apparel," near the court of France in the reign of Henry III., he thus finely expresses his discontent with the "state of things."

> "*D'Amb.* Fortune, not reason, rules the state of things;
> Reward goes backwards, honour on his head;
> Who is not poor, is monstrous; only need
> Gives form and worth to every human seed.
> As cedars beaten with continual storms,
> So great men flourish; and do imitate

Unskilful statuaries, who suppose
(In forming a Colossus) if they make him
Straddle enough, strut, and look big, and gape,
Their work is goodly: so men merely great
(In their affected gravity of voice,
Sourness of countenance, manners, cruelty,
Authority, wealth, and all the spawn of fortune)
Think they bear all the kingdom's worth before them;
Yet differ not from those Colossic statues,
Which, with heroic forms without o'erspread,
Within are nought but mortar, flint, and lead.
Man is a torch borne in the wind; a dream
But of a shadow, summ'd with all his substance;
And as great seamen, using all their wealth
And skills in Neptune's deep invisible paths,
In tall ships richly built and ribb'd with brass,
To put a girdle round about the world,
When they have done it (coming near their haven)
Are fain to give a warning piece, and call
A poor stayed fisherman, that never past
His country's sight, to waft and guide them in:
So when we wander furthest through the waves
Of glassy glory and the gulfs of state,
Topp'd with all titles, spreading all our reaches,
As if each private arm would sphere the earth,
We must to virtue for her guide resort,
Or we shall shipwreck in our safest port."

Monsieur, the king's brother and the heir to the throne, who has observed D'Ambois enter the wood, follows and finds him laid on the grass. Monsieur himself sufficiently explains his purpose in so doing, after which a very animated dialogue ensues.

" *Mons.* There is no second place in numerous state
That holds more than a cypher: in a king
All places are contain'd. His words and looks
Are like the flashes and the bolts of Jove;
His deeds inimitable, like the sea
That shuts still as it opes, and leaves no tracks,
Nor prints of precedent for mean men's facts:
There's but a thread betwixt me and a crown;
I would not wish it cut, unless by nature;
Yet to prepare me for that possible fortune,
'Tis good to get resolved spirits about me.
I follow'd D'Ambois to this green retreat;

A man of spirit, beyond the reach of fear,
Who (discontent with his neglected worth)
Neglects the light, and loves obscure abodes;
But he is young and haughty, apt to take
Fire at advancement, to bear state, and flourish;
In his rise therefore shall my bounties shine:
None loathes the world so much, nor loves to scoff it,
But gold and grace will make him surfeit of it.
What, D'Ambois?

D'Amb. He, sir.

Mons. Turn'd to earth, alive?
Up, man, the sun shines on thee.

D'Amb. Let it shine.
I am no mote to play in't, as great men are.

Mons. Callest thou men great in state, motes in the sun?
They say so that would have thee freeze in shades.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * Do thou but bring
Light to the banquet Fortune sets before thee,
And thou wilt loathe lean darkness like thy death.
Who would believe thy metal could let sloth
Rust and consume it? If Themistocles
Had liv'd obscur'd thus in th' Athenian state,
Xerxes had made both him and it his slaves.
If brave Camillus had lurk'd so in Rome,
He had not five times been Dictator there,
Nor four times triumph'd. If Epaminondas
(Who liv'd twice twenty years obscur'd in Thebes)
Had liv'd so still, he had been still unnam'd,
And paid his country nor himself their right;
But putting forth his strength, he rescu'd both
From imminent ruin; and, like burnish'd steel,
After long use, he shin'd; for as the light
Not only serves to show, but render us
Mutually profitable; so our lives
In acts exemplary, not only win
Ourselves good names, but do to others give
Matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live.

D'Amb. What would you wish me?

Mons. Leave the troubled streams,
And live where thrivers do, at the well-head.

D'Amb. At the well-head? Alas! what should I do
With that enchanted glass? see devils there?

Or (like a strumpet) learn to set my looks
In an eternal brake; or practise juggling,
To keep my face still fast, my heart still loose;
Or bear (like dames' school-mistresses their riddles)
Two tongues, and be good only for a shift;
Flatter great lords, to put them still in mind
Why they were made lords: or please humorous ladies
With a good carriage, tell them idle tales,
To make their physic work; spend a man's life
In sights and visitations, that will make
His eyes as hollow as his mistress' heart;
To do none good, but those that have no need;
To gain being forward, though you break for haste
All the commandments ere you break your fast;
But believe backwards, make your period
And creed's last article, I believe in God:
And, hearing villanies preach'd, t' unfold their art
Learn to commit them; 'tis a great man's part.
Shall I learn this there?

Mons. No, thou need'st not learn,
Thou hast the theory, now go there and practise.

D'Amb. Ay, in a threadbare suit; when men come there,
They must have high naps, and go from thence bare:
A man may drown the parts of ten rich men
In one poor suit; brave barks and outward gloss
Attract court loves, be in-parts ne'er so gross.

Mons. Thou shalt have gloss enough, and all things fit,
T' enchase in all shew thy long smother'd spirit:
Be rul'd by me then. The old Scythians
Painted blind Fortune's powerful hands with wings,
To show her gifts came swift and suddenly,
Which if her favourite be not swift to take,
He loses them for ever. Then be wise;
Stay but awhile here, and I'll send to thee."

D'Ambois is soon afterwards introduced at court by Monsieur, and loaded with favours. Previous to his presentation to the king, the monarch is represented in conversation with his courtiers of both sexes, in the course of which we have an interesting eulogy on the court of Queen Elizabeth, and some observations on the prevalent imitation of French manners. The king observes to the Duchess of Guise:

"Duchess of Guise, your grace is much enrich'd
In the attendance of that English virgin,
That will initiate her prime of youth,

Dispos'd to court conditions, under the hand
Of your preferr'd instructions and command,
Rather than any in the English court,
Whose ladies are not match'd in Christendom,
For graceful and confirm'd behaviours,
More than the court where they are bred is equall'd.

Guise. I like not their court fashion, it is too crest-fall'n
In all observance; making demi-gods
Of their great nobles; and of their old queen
An ever-young, and most immortal goddess.

Mont. No question she's the rarest queen in Europe.

Guise. But what's that to her immortality?

K. Hen. Assure you, cousin Guise, so great a courtier,
So full of majesty and royal parts,
No queen in Christendom may vaunt herself;
Her court approves it; that's a court indeed;
Not mix'd with clowneries us'd in common houses;
But (as courts should be) th' abstracts of their kingdoms,
In all the beauty, state, and worth, they hold;
So is hers, amply, and by her inform'd.
The world is not contracted in a man
With more proportion and expression,
Than in her court, her kingdom: our French court
Is a mere mirror of confusion to it:
The king and subject, lord and every slave,
Dance a continual hay; our rooms of state,
Kept like our stables; no place more observ'd
Than a rude market-place; and though our custom
Keep this assur'd confusion from our eyes,
'Tis ne'er the less essentially unsightly;
Which they would soon see, would they change their form
To this of ours, and then compare them both;
Which we must not affect, because in kingdoms,
Where the king's change doth breed the subject's terror,
Pure innovation is more gross than error.

Mont. No question we shall see them imitate
(Though afar off) the fashions of our courts,
As they have ever ap'd us in attire;
Never were men so weary of their skins,
And apt to leap out of themselves as they;
Who when they travel to bring forth rare men,
Come home delivered of a fine French suit:
Their brains lie with their tailors, and get babies
For their most complete issue; he's sole heir
To all the moral virtues, that first greets

The light with a new fashion; which becomes them,
Like apes disfigur'd with the attires of men.
K. Hen. No question they much wrong their real worth,
In affectation of outlandish scum;
But they have faults, and we more: they foolish proud,
To jet in other's plumes so haughtily;
We proud, that they are proud of foolery,
Holding our worths more complete for their vaunts."

Bussy has not been long at court, where he conducts himself with the most consummate effrontery, before he involves himself in a quarrel with three courtiers, L'Anou, Barrisor, and Pyrhot. He himself is backed by two others, Brisac and Melynell, and a fierce duel ensues, in which all except Bussy are slain. The author puts a very animated, though somewhat exaggerated description of the fight into the mouth of a messenger. The following is an extract:

"So Barrisor (advis'd)
Advanc'd his naked rapier 'twixt both sides,
Ripp'd up the quarrel, and compar'd six lives,
Then laid in balance with six idle words;
Offer'd remission and contrition too;
Or else, that he and D'Ambois might conclude
The others' dangers. D'Ambois lik'd the last:
But Barrisor's friends (being equally engag'd
In the main quarrel) never would expose
His life alone, to that they all deserv'd.
And for the other offer of remission,
D'Ambois (that like a laurel put in fire,
Sparkled and spit) did much, much more than scorn
That his wrong should incense him so like chaff,
To go so soon out; and, like lighted paper,
Approve his spirit at once both fire and ashes.
So drew they lots, and in them fates appointed,
That Barrisor should fight with fiery D'Ambois;
Pyrhot with Melynell; with Brisac, L'Anou:
And then, like flame and powder, they commixt,
So sprightly, that I wish'd they had been spirits,
That the ne'er-shutting wounds they needs must open,
Might, as they open'd, shut and never kill.
But D'Ambois' sword that lighten'd as it flew,
Shot, like a pointed comet, at the face
Of manly Barrisor; and there it stuck:
Thrice pluck'd he at it, and thrice drew on thrusts
From him, that of himself was free as fire;

Who thrust still as he pluck'd, yet (past belief!)
He, with his subtle eye, hand, body, 'scap'd;
At last the deadly-biting point tugg'd off,
On fell his yet undaunted foe so fiercely,
That, only made more horrid with his wound,
Great D'Ambois shrunk, and gave a little ground;
But soon return'd, redoubled in his danger,
And at the heart of Barrisor seal'd his anger:
Then, as in Arden I have seen an oak
Long shook with tempests, and his lofty top
Bent to his root, which being at length made loose,
Even groaning with his weight, he 'gan to nod
This way and that, as loath his curled brows,
Which he had oft wrap'd in the sky with storms,
Should stoop, and yet his radical fibres burst.
Storm-like he fell, and hid the fear-cold earth.
So fell stout Barrisor, that had stood the shocks
Of ten set battles in your highness' war,
'Gainst the sole soldier of the world, Navarre."

The intrigue of D'Ambois with the Countess of Mountsurry, a lady of the strictest honour and highest reputation in the court, next affords an opportunity for displaying the matchless valour of this hero in another point of view. He has long been enamoured of this lady, the wife of one of Henry's courtiers, who is now in her turn taken with the attractions which D'Ambois exhibited before the king. A father confessor acts the convenient personage, and introduces the gallant lover through a trap-door in the dead of the night. The whole of this part of the play, with the exception of absurdly raising up Behemoth, is conducted with an interest and solemn effect not common with our author. Much talent is also shewn in the drawing of Tamyra, an arch hypocrite, who plays the adultress with the precise air of a puritan, and treats with her go-between, the friar, in the strictest language of religion and virtue. She thus dismisses her husband, who informs her he must spend the night at court.

" Farewell, my light and life: but not in him,
In mine own dark love and light, bent, to another.
Alas! that in the wane of our affections
We should supply it with a full dissembling,
In which each youngest maid is grown a mother.
Frailty is fruitful, one sin gets another:
Our loves like sparkles are that brightest shine,
When they go out; most vice shows most divine.

Go, maid, to bed; lend me your book; I'll pray,
Not like yourself, for form. I'll this night trouble
None of your services; make sure the doors,
And call your other fellows to their rest.

* * * * * *

Now all ye peaceful regents of the night,
Silently-gliding exhalations,
Languishing winds, and murmuring falls of waters,
Sadness of heart, and ominous secureness,
Enchantments, dead sleeps, all the friends of rest,
That ever wrought upon the life of man,
Extend your utmost strengths; and this charm'd hour
Fix like the centre: make the violent wheels
Of Time and Fortune stand; and great existence,
The maker's treasury, now not seem to be,
To all but my approaching friends and me:
They come; alas! they come; fear, fear and hope
Of one thing, at one instant fight in me:
I love what most I loathe, and cannot live
Unless I compass that which holds my death:
For life's mere death, loving one that loathes me,
And he I love, will loathe me, when he sees
I fly my sex, my virtue, my renown,
To run so madly on a man unknown."

At this point the vault opens and discloses the Friar and Bussy. The lady, though her visitants have come at her express desire, pretends to object to the unseasonableness of the hour, and will not be pacified until an excuse is urged, with which she herself has furnished the friar.

"O father, but at this suspicious hour
You know how apt best men are to suspect us,
In any cause, that makes suspicion's shadow
No greater than the shadow of a hair:
And you're to blame: what though my lord and husband
Lie forth to night? and since I cannot sleep
When he is absent, I sit up to night,
Though all the doors are sure, and all our servants
As sure bound with their sleeps; yet there is one
That wakes above, whose eye no sleep can bind:
He sees through doors, and darkness, and our thoughts;
And therefore as we should avoid with fear,
To think amiss, ourselves before his search;
So should we be as curious to shun
All cause that others think not ill of us."

Tamyra soon begins to feel the fearfulness of guilt, and thus describes her anxiety to her lover, who endeavours to console her.

" *Tam.* Before I was secure 'gainst death and hell;
But now am subject to the heartless fear
Of every shadow, and of every breath,
And would change firmness with an aspen-leaf;
So confident a spotless conscience is;
So weak a guilty: oh, the dangerous siege
Sin lays about us! and the tyranny
He exercises when he hath expugn'd.
Like to the horror of a winter's thunder,
Mix'd with a gushing storm, that suffer nothing
To stir abroad on earth, but their own rages,
Is sin, when it hath gathered head above us,
No roof, no shelter, can secure us so;
But he will drown our cheeks in fear or woe.
D'Amb. Sin is a coward, madam, and insults
But on our weakness, in his truest valour;
And so our ignorance tames us, that we let
His shadows fright us; and, like empty clouds,
In which our faulty apprehensions forge
The forms of dragons, lions, elephants,
When they hold no proportion, the sly charms
Of the witch policy makes him like a monster,
Kept only to show men for servile money:
That false hag often paints him in her cloth
Ten times more monstrous than he is in troth:
In three of us, the secret of our meeting,
Is only guarded, and three friends as one
Have ever been esteem'd: as our three powers
That in one soul, are, as in one united:
Why should we fear then? for myself I swear,
Sooner shall torture be the sire to pleasure,
And health be grievous to one long time sick,
Than the dear jewel of your fame in me,
Be made an outcast to your infamy."

D'Ambois soon deserts the interests of his patron, Monsieur, now grown envious of the favour which the king bestows upon this " Fortune's proud mushroom," as he is called, " shot up in a single night." Bussy, who fears nothing and dares every thing, is not slow in shewing the contempt in which he holds his former protector. In the following spirited scene, he is represented as entering the stage to Monsieur, as if snatching

at a crown in the air, on which he is intently gazing, thus to mock and ridicule the ambitious desires of the heir to the throne; after which, follows a compact of a most extraordinary description, part of which we quote.

" *D'Amb.* Oh, royal object!
Mons. Thou dream'st awake: object in th' empty air?
D'Amb. Worthy the brows of Titan, worth his chair.
Mons. Pray thee, what mean'st thou?
D'Amb. See you not a crown
Empale the forehead of the great king Monsieur?
Mons. Oh, fie upon thee!
D'Amb. Prince, that is the subject
Of all these your retir'd and sole discourses.
Mons. Wilt thou not leave that wrongful supposition?
D'Amb. Why wrongful? to suppose the doubtless right
To the succession worth the thinking on.
Mons. Well, leave these jests: how I am overjoyed
With thy wish'd presence, and how fit thou com'st,
For, of mine honour, I was sending for thee.
D'Amb. To what end?
Mons. Only for thy company,
Which I have still in thought, but that's no payment
On thy part made with personal appearance.
Thy absence so long suffered, oftentimes
Puts me in some little doubt thou dost not love me.
Wilt thou do one thing therefore now sincerely?
D'Amb. Ay, any thing, but killing of the king.
Mons. Still in that discord, and ill-taken note?
How most unseasonably thou playest the cuckoo
In this thy fall of friendship?
D'Amb. Then do not doubt,
That there is any act within my nerves,
But killing of the king, that is not yours.
Mons. I will not then; to prove which by my love
Shown to thy virtues, and by all fruits else
Already sprung from that still flourishing tree,
With whatsoever may hereafter spring,
I charge thee utter, even with all the freedom
Both of thy noble nature and thy friendship,
The full and plain state of me in thy thoughts.
D'Amb. What, utter plainly what I think of you?
Mons. Plain as truth.
D'Amb. Why this swims quite against the stream of greatness.
Great men would rather hear their flatteries,

And if they be not made fools, are not wise.
Mons. I am no such great fool, and therefore charge thee
Even from the root of thy free heart display me.
D'Amb. Since you affect it in such serious terms,
If yourself first will tell me what you think
As freely and as heartily of me,
I'll be as open in my thoughts of you.
Mons. A bargain of mine honour; and make this,
That prove we in our full dissection
Never so foul, live still the sounder friends.
D'Amb. What else, sir? come pay me home, I'll bide it bravely.
Mons. I will swear. I think thee then a man,
That dares as much as a wild horse or tiger;
As headstrong and as bloody; and to feed
The ravenous wolf of thy most cannibal valour,
Rather than not employ it, thou would'st turn
Hackster to any whore, slave to a Jew,
Or English usurer, to force possessions,
And cut mens' throats of mortgaged estates;
Or thou would'st tire thee like a tinker's strumpet,
And murder market folks, quarrel with sheep,
And run as mad as Ajax; serve a butcher,
Do any thing but killing of the king:
That in thy valour thou'rt like other naturals,
That have strange gifts in nature, but no soul
Diffus'd quite through, to make them of a piece,
But stop at humours, that are more absurd,
Childish and villanous than that hackster, whore,
Slave, cut-throat, tinker's bitch, compar'd before;
And in those humours wouldst envy, betray,
Slander, blaspheme, change each hour a religion;
Do any thing, but killing of the king:
That in thy valour (which is still the dunghill,
To which hath reference all filth in thy house)
Thou'rt more ridiculous and vain-glorious
Than any mountebank; and impudent
Than any painted bawd; which, not to sooth
And glorify thee like a Jupiter Hammon,
Thou eat'st thy heart in vinegar; and thy gall
Turns all thy blood to poison; which is cause
Of that toad-pool that stands in thy complexion,
And makes thee, with a cold and earthy moisture,
Which is the dam of putrefaction,
As plague to thy damn'd pride, rot as thou liv'st;

To study calumnies and treacheries,
To thy friends' slaughters; like a screech-owl sing,
And do all mischiefs, but to kill the king."

D'Ambois returns this furious onset with interest, not however in so happy a strain as to induce us to quote the abuse he showers on his bitter friend.

Monsieur, who is himself the unsuccessful lover of Tamyra, discovers D'Ambois to be his fortunate rival by means of the lady's attendants. He is not long in informing Mountsurry of the practices of his wife. The unfortunate husband makes Tamyra herself the instrument of Bussy's death, by compelling her to write him an invitation to come to her at the usual time and place, in the blood which streams from the wounds he inflicts in the rage of the first discovery. She at last consents, and D'Ambois is attacked by assassins, whom however he beats back, but is at length shot from a concealed covert by Monsieur and the Duke of Guise. The scene in which Mountsurry forces the Countess to write for D'Ambois, and to betray the name of the agent employed between them, though characterized in parts by some of the vices and absurdities of Chapman's manner, is written with considerable power. As Lord Byron says of himself, we do not pretend always to understand our author, when he is *very* fine.

Tam. Oh, my good lord, forbear
In wreak of great faults to engender greater,
And make my love's corruption generate murder.
Mount. It follows needfully as child and parent;
The chain-shot of thy lust is yet aloft,
And it must murder; 'tis thine own dear twin:
No man can add height to a woman's sin.
Vice never doth her just hate so provoke,
As when she rageth under virtue's cloak—
Write; for it must be, by this ruthless steel,
By this impartial torture, and the death
Thy tyrannies have invented in my entrails,
To quicken life in dying, and hold up
The spirits in fainting, teaching to preserve
Torments in ashes, that will ever last!
Speak, will you write?
Tam. Sweet lord! enjoin my sin
Some other penance than what makes it worse:
Hide in some gloomy dungeon my loath'd face,
And let condemned murderers let me down
(Stopping their noses) my abhorred food;

Hang me in chains, and let them eat these arms
That have offended; bind me face to face
To some dead woman, taken from the cart
Of execution, till death and time
In grains of dust dissolve me; I'll endure:
Or any torture that your wrath's invention
Can fright all pity from the world withal:
But to betray a friend with show of friendship,
That is too common for the rare revenge
Your rage affecteth: here then are my breasts,
Last night your pillows; here my wretched arms,
As late the wished confines of your life:
Now break them as you please, and all the bounds
Of manhood, noblesse, and religion.

Mount. Where all these have been broken, they are kept,
In doing their justice there with any show
Of the like cruel cruelty: thine arms have lost
Their privilege in lust, and in their torture
Thus they must pay it. [*stabs her.*

Tam. O Lord!

Mount. Till thou writest,
I'll write in wounds (my wrong's fit characters)
Thy right of sufferance. Write.

Tam. Oh, kill me, kill me!
Dear husband! be not crueller than death:
You have beheld some Gorgon; feel, oh, feel!
How you are turn'd to stone; with my heart blood
Dissolve yourself again, or you will grow
Into the image of all tyranny.

Mount. As thou art of adultery. I will ever
Prove thee my parallel, being most a monster:
Thus I express thee yet. [*stabs her again.*

Tam. And yet I live.

Mont. Ay, for thy monstrous idol is not done yet,
This tool hath wrought enough: now, torture! use

Enter Servants.

This other engine on the habituate powers
Of her thrice damn'd and whorish fortitude.
[*Servants fix her on the rack.*
Use the most madding pains in her that ever
Thy venoms soak'd through, making most of death,
That she may weigh her wrongs with them, and then,
Stand, vengeance! on thy steepest rock, a victor.

Tam. Oh, who is turned into my lord and husband?

Husband? my lord? none but my lord and husband?
Heaven, I ask thee remission of my sins,
Not of my pains: husband, oh, help me, husband!
[*The Friar ascends with a sword drawn.*
Friar. What rape of honor and religion?
O wrack of nature! [*falls and dies.*
Tam. Poor man: oh, my Father!
Father, look up: oh let me down, my lord,
And I will write!
Mount. Author of prodigies!
What new flame breaks out of the firmament,
That turns up counsels never known before?
Now is it true, earth moves, and heaven stands still;
Even heaven itself must see and suffer ill:
The too huge bias of the world hath sway'd
Her back part upwards, and with that she leaves
This hemisphere, that long her mouth hath mocked:
The gravity of her religious face,
(Now grown too weighty with her sacrilege,
And here discerned sophisticate enough)
Turns to the antipodes; and all the forms
That her illusions have impress'd in her,
Have eaten through her back, and now all see,
How she is rivetted with hypocrisy:
Was this the way? was he the mean betwixt you?
Tam. He was, he was, kind worthy man he was.
Mount. Write, write a word or two.
Tam. I will, I will.
I'll write, but with my blood, that he may see
These lines come from my wounds and not from me."

Even in death, the spirit of D'Ambois does not forsake him—he will not die, if he is to die, like an ordinary man.

" I'll not complain to earth yet, but to heaven,
And (like a man) look upwards even in death,
And if Vespasian thought in majesty
An emperor might die standing, why not I?
[*She offers to help him.*
Nay without help, in which I will exceed him;
For he died splinted with his chamber grooms.
Prop me, true sword, as thou hast ever done:
The equal thought I bear of life and death,
Shall make me faint on no side; I am up
Here like a Roman statue: I will stand

Till death hath made me marble: oh, my fame!
Live in despight of murder! Take thy wings,
And haste thee where the grey-eyed morn perfumes
Her rosy chariot with Sabæen spices:
Fly, where the evening from th' Iberian vales,
Takes on her swarthy shoulders Hecate
Crown'd with a grove of oaks; fly where men feel
The burning axle tree; and those that suffer
Beneath the chariot of the snowy bear;
And tell them all that D'Ambois now is hasting
To the eternal dwellers; that a thunder
Of all their sighs together (for their frailties
Beheld in me) may quit my worthless fall
With a fit volley for my funeral.

Ghost. Forgive thy murderers.

D'Amb. I forgive them all;
And you, my lord, their Fautor; for true sign [*to Mount.*
Of which unfeign'd remission, take my sword;
Take it, and only give it motion,
And it shall find the way to victory
By his own brightness and the inherent valour
My fight hath still'd into it, with charms of spirit.
Now let me pray you, that my weighty blood
Laid in one scale of your impartial spleen,
May sway the forfeit of my worthy love
Weigh'd in the other; and be reconcil'd
With all forgiveness to your matchless wife.

Tam. Forgive thou me, dear servant, and this hand
That led thy life to this unworthy end;
Forgive it for the blood with which 'tis stain'd;
In which I writ the summons of thy death:
The forced summons, by this bleeding wound,
By this, here in my bosom, and by this
That makes me hold up both my hands embru'd
For thy dear pardon.

D'Amb. Oh, my heart is broken!
Fate, not these murderers, Monsieur, nor the Guise
Have any glory in my death, but this,
This killing spectacle; this prodigy:
My sun is turn'd to blood, in whose red beams
Pindus and Ossa (hid in drifts of snow
Laid on my heart and liver) from their veins
Melt like two hungry torrents, eating rocks
Into the ocean of all human life,
And make it bitter, only with my blood:

Oh, frail condition of my strength, valour, virtue
In me, (like warning fire upon the top
Of some steep beacon, on a steeper hill)
Made to express it! like a falling star
Silently glanc'd, that like a thunder bolt
Look'd to have struck and shook the firmament."

There are many particular passages scattered up and down this play which we should wish to extract, did our limits allow, or could we always disentangle them from bombast, which had better rest in oblivion. Some of them however we will glean. The ghost of the Friar appears to D'Ambois to warn him of his danger—it speaks, however, in such equivocal terms, that D'Ambois is compelled to have recourse again to Behemoth, who, when previously summoned by the Friar, also a magician, had promised to appear at his call. After the disappearance of the ghost, D'Ambois says,

" Methought the spirit
(When he had utter'd his perplex'd presage,)
Threw his chang'd countenance headlong into clouds;
His forehead bent, as it would hide his face;
He knock'd his chin against his darken'd breast,
And struck a churlish silence through his powers.
Terror of darkness! oh thou king of flames!
That with thy music-footed horse doth strike
The clear light out of chrystal on dark earth,
And hurl'st instructive fire about the world;
Wake, wake the drowsy and enchanted night,
That sleeps with dead eyes in this heavy riddle:
Oh, thou great prince of shades, where never sun
Sticks his far-darted beams, whose eyes are made
To shine in darkness, and see ever best
Where men are blindest! open now the heart
Of thy abashed oracle, that, for fear
Of some ill it includes, would fain lie hid,
And rise thou with it in thy greater light."

Monsieur thus speaks of D'Ambois, and the necessity of yielding to the power of fortune:

" Here will be one
Young, learned, valiant, virtuous, and full man'd;
One on whom nature spent so rich a hand,
That with an ominous eye she wept to see
So much consum'd her virtuous treasury;

Yet as the winds sing through a hollow tree,
And (since it lets them pass through) lets it stand,
But a tree solid (since it gives no way
To their wild rage) they rend up by the root;
So this whole man,
(That will not wind with every crooked way,
Trod by the servile world,) shall reel and fall
Before the frantic puffs of blind-born chance,
That pipes through empty men and makes them dance.
Not so the sea raves on the Lybian sands,
Tumbling her billows in each others neck;
Not so the surges of the Euxian sea
(Near to the frosty pole, where free Bootes,
From those dark deep waves, turns his radiant team,)
Swell (being enraged from their inmost drop)
As fortune swings about the restless state
Of virtue, now thrown into all men's hate."

D'Ambois thus promises his mistress that he will be cautious, who fears that he will rashly revenge himself on Monsieur for his curiosity.

" I'll soothe his plots, and strew my hate with smiles,
Till all at once the close mines of my heart
Rise at full date, and rush into his blood:
I'll bind his arm in silk, and rub his flesh,
To make the vein swell, that his soul may gush
Into some kennel, where it longs to lie,
And policy shall be flank'd with policy.
Yet shall the feeling centre where we meet
Groan with the weight of my approaching feet:
I'll make the inspired thresholds of his court
Sweat with the weather of my horrid steps
Before I enter: yet will I appear
Like calm security before a ruin:
A politician must, like lightning, melt
The very marrow, and not taint the skin;
His ways must not be seen: the superficies
Of the green centre must not taste his feet:
When hell is plough'd up with his wounding tracks,
And all his harvest reap'd by hellish facts.

We will conclude our extracts from this play with the following short passages, which are worth quoting in themselves, or which shew the nature and extent of Chapman's powers. When D'Ambois becomes a favourite at court, the king calls

him his "eagle," and directs him to pounce upon all the evil characters about him. Bussy, in answer, describes various kinds of men worthy to be made his prey; among others, these two:—

"Show me a clergyman, that is in voice
A lark of heaven, in heart a mole of earth;
That hath good living, and a wicked life;
A temperate look, and a luxurious gut;
Turning the rents of his superfluous cures
Into your pheasants and your partridges;
Venting their quintessence as men read Hebrew:
Let me but hawk at him, and, like the other,
He shall confess all, and you then may hang him.
Show me a lawyer that turns sacred law
The equal renderer of each man his own,
The scourge of rapine and extortion,
The sanctuary and impregnable defence
Of retir'd learning, and besieged virtue,
Into a harpy, that eats all but 's own,
Into the damned sins it punisheth;
Into the synagogue of thieves and atheists;
Blood into gold, and justice into lust:
Let me but hawk at him, as at the rest,
He shall confess all, and you then may hang him."

Monsieur thus expresses his opinion of the unfathomable nature of women's hearts.

"Oh, the unsounded sea of women's blood,
That when 'tis calmest, is most dangerous;
Not any wrinkle creaming in their faces,
When in their hearts are Scylla and Charybdis,
Which still are hid in dark and standing fogs,
Where never day shines, nothing ever grows
But weeds and poisons, that no statesman knows.
Not Cerberus ever saw the damned nooks
Hid with the veils of women's virtuous looks."

We must give the following as an example of the excessive absurdity and unmeaning fustian which too often occur in the writings of Chapman.

"Were your king, brother, in you, all your powers
(Stretch'd in the arms of great men and their bawds)
Set close down by you, all your stormy laws
Spouted with lawyers' mouths and gushing blood,

Like to so many torrents, all your glories,
(Making you terrible, like enchanted flames
Fed with bare coxcombs and with crooked hams)
All your prerogatives, your shames and tortures,
All daring heaven, and opening hell about you,
Were I the man ye wrong'd so, and provok'd,
(Though ne'er so much beneath you) like a box tree
I would (out of the roughness of my root)
Ram hardness, in my lowness, and like death
Mounted on earthquakes, I would trot through all
Honors and horrors, through foul and fair,
And from your whole strength toss you into the air."

After all this, the king observes, "here's nought but whispering with us!" He does this, however, in four such beautiful lines, that we cannot help transcribing them.

"Here's nought but whispering with us: like a calm
Before a tempest, when the silent air
Lays her soft ear close to the earth to hearken
For that she fears steals on to ravish her."

The *Conspiracy* and *Tragedy of the Duke of Byron* are two plays, the second of which continues the story of the first, if either of them can be said to contain a story. The *Conspiracy* describes the enticement of Byron into a design against the king, Henry IV., whom a few serious words from that monarch recal to his loyalty, and the play ends. On the opening of the *Tragedy*, it appears that the duke has relapsed; upon which he is summoned to court, tried, and executed. In point of interest and artificial arrangement, these plays are inferior to *Bussy D'Ambois*, but they contain scenes of a more dramatic cast, and many finer passages are scattered over them than are to be found in the other. The *Conspiracy* opens with the arrival of the Duke of Savoy at the court of Henry, ostensibly, as his own ambassador, but with the secret design of drawing over Byron, the Marshal of France, and the first man in the kingdom, after the king, in fortune and favour. Savoy thus commences the play, in an address to his own ambassador.

"*Sav.* I would not, for half Savoy, but have bound
France to some favor, by my personal presence
More than yourself, my Lord Ambassador,
Could have obtain'd; for all ambassadors,
You know, have chiefly these instructions:
To note the state and chief sway of the court
To which they are employ'd; to penetrate

The heart and marrow of the king's designs,
And to observe the countenances and spirits
Of such as are impatient of the rest,
And wring beneath some private discontent:
But past all these, there are a number more
Of these state-criticisms, that our personal view
May profitably make, which cannot fall
Within the powers of our instruction
To make you comprehend. I will do more
With my mere shadow, than you with your persons.
All you can say against my coming here,
Is that which, I confess, may, for the time,
Breed strange affections in my brother Spain;
But when I shall have time to make my cannons
The long-tongued heralds of my hidden drifts,
Our reconcilement will be made with triumphs."

La Fin, a needy adventurer, whom the cessation of war has thrown out of his element, is another object for Savoy to gain—and the task easy enough before, is rendered doubly so by Henry's rough rejection of La Fin's suit, as described in the following scene. Savoy plays the diplomatist, and masks his purpose by abusing the man he intends for his agent, and by flattering the king. Henry enters with La Fin—the "king's aspect folded in clouds."

"*Hen.* I will not have my train
Made a retreat for bankrupts, nor my court
A hive for drones: proud beggars and true thieves,
That, with a forced truth they swear to me,
Rob my poor subjects, shall give up their arts,
And henceforth learn to live by their deserts.
Though I am grown, by right of birth and arms,
Into a greater kingdom, I will spread
With no more shade than may admit that kingdom
Her proper, natural, and wonted fruits:
Navarre shall be Navarre, and France still France:
If one may be the better for the other
By mutual right, so neither shall be worse.
Thou art in law, in quarrels, and in debt,
Which thou would'st quit with count'nance. Borrowing
With thee is purchase, and thou seek'st by me,
(In my supportance) now our old wars cease,
To wage worse battles with the arms of peace.
Laf. Peace must not make men cowards, nor keep calm
Her pursie regiment with men's smother'd breaths.

I must confess my fortunes are declin'd,
But neither my deservings nor my mind.
I seek but to sustain the right I found
When I was rich, in keeping what is left,
And making good my honour as at best,
Though it be hard: man's right to every thing
Wanes with his wealth; wealth is his surest king.
Yet justice should be still indifferent.
The overplus of kings, in all their might,
Is but to piece out the defects of right:
And this I sue for; nor shall frowns and taunts,
(The common scare-crows of all good-men's suits,)
Nor mis-construction, that doth colour still
Licentiate justice, punishing good for ill,
Keep my free throat from knocking at the sky,
If thunder chid me from my equity.

Hen. Thy equity is to be ever banish'd
From court, and all society of noblesse,
Amongst whom thou throw'st balls of all dissention.
Thou art at peace with nothing but with war;
Hast no heart but to hurt, and eat'st thy heart
If it but think of doing any good:
Thou witchest with thy smiles, suck'st blood with praises;
Mock'st all humanity; society poison'st;
Cozen'st with virtue; with religion
Betray'st and massacre'st; so vile thyself,
That thou suspect'st perfection in others:
A man must think of all the villanies
He knows in all men, to decypher thee,
That art the centre to impiety.
Away, and tempt me not.

Laf. But you tempt me,
To what, thou Sun be judge, and make him see. [*Exit.*

Sav. Now by my dearest Marquisate of Salusse,
Your Majesty hath with the greatest life
Describ'd a wicked man; or rather thrust
Your arm down through him to his very feet,
And pluck'd his inside out, that ever yet
Mine ears did witness, or turn'd ears to eyes;
And those strange characters writ in his face,
Which, at first sight, were hard for me to read,
The doctrine of your speech hath made so plain,
That I run through them like my natural language.
Nor do I like that man's aspects, methinks,
Of all looks where the beams of stars have carv'd

Their pow'rful influences. And (O rare)
What a heroic, more than royal spirit,
Bewray'd you in your first speech, that defies
Protection of vile drones, that eat the honey
Sweat from laborious virtue, and denies
To give those of Navarre, though bred with you,
The benefits and dignities of France.
When little rivers by their greedy currents
Far, far, extended from their mother springs,
Drink up the foreign brooks still as they run,
And force their greatness, when they come to sea,
And justle with the ocean for a room,
O how he roars, and takes them in his mouth,
Digesting them so to his proper streams,
That they are no more seen, he nothing rais'd
Above his usual bounds, yet they devour'd
That of themselves were pleasant, goodly floods."

At the time of Savoy's arrival, Byron happens to be ambassador at the court of the Arch-Duke, where attempts are also made to draw him from his allegiance. The character of Byron is precisely that of D'Ambois, with the addition of an inordinate love of flattery, which appears to have the effect of intoxication upon him. We have the same daring boldness in the field, the same unblushing boasting of his own achievements, the same exalted opinion of his merits, and, in addition, a doating love of adulation, which his enemies know how to take advantage of. On his embassy, he is insidiously approached with the most profound respect, and is thus ushered in to the sound of music:

"*Byr.* What place is this, what air, what region,
In which a man may hear the harmony
Of all things moving? Hymen marries here
Their ends and uses, and makes me his temple.
Hath any man been blessed and yet liv'd?
The blood turns in my veins; I stand on change,
And shall dissolve in changing; 'tis so full
Of pleasure, not to be contain'd in flesh;
To fear a violent good, abuseth goodness,
'Tis immortality to die aspiring,
As if a man were taken quick to heaven:
What will not hold perfection, let it burst:
What force hath any cannon, not being charg'd,
Or being not discharg'd? To have stuff and form,
And to lie idle, fearful, and unus'd,

Nor form, nor stuff shews. Happy Semele,
That died comprest with glory. Happiness
Denies comparison, of less, or more,
And not at most, is nothing.—Like the shaft,
Shot at the sun by angry Hercules,
And into shivers by the thunder broken,
Will I be if I burst: and in my heart
This shall be written, yet 'twas high and right.
Here too! they follow all my steps with music,
As if my feet were numerous, and trod sounds
Out of the centre, with Apollo's virtue,
That out of every thing his each part touch'd
Struck musical accents. Whereso'er I go
They hide the earth from me with coverings rich,
To make me think that I am here in heaven." [*Music again.*

The duke does not instantly fall into the designs of the enemies of his master, but, in reply to a long speech made by one of their agents inciting him to join them, he replies:

" *Byr.* O 'tis a dangerous and a dreadful thing
To steal prey from a lion, or to hide
A head distrustful in his open'd jaws;
To trust our blood in others' veins, and hang
'Twixt heaven and earth in vapours of their breaths:
To leave a sure space on continuate earth,
And force a gate in jumps from tower to tower,
As they do that aspire from height to height.
The bounds of loyalty are made of glass,
Soon broke, but can in no date be repair'd;
And as the Duke D'Aumall (now here in court)
Flying his country, had his statue torn
Piece-meal with horses; all his goods confiscate;
His arms of honour kick'd about the streets;
His goodly house at Annet raz'd to th' earth;
And, for a strange reproach to his foul treason,
His trees about it cut off by their waists;
So, when men fly the natural clime of truth,
And turn themselves loose, out of all the bounds
Of justice, and the straightway to their ends,
Forsaking all the sure force in themselves,
To seek, without them, that which is not theirs,
The forms of all their comforts are distracted;
The riches of their freedoms forfeited;
Their human noblesse sham'd; the mansions

Of their cold spirits eaten down with cares,
And all their ornaments of wit and valour,
Learning and judgement, cut from all their fruits."

La Fin, being brought over by the Duke of Savoy, is made the means of seducing Byron. He commences his operations in the excellent scene which we are about to quote, where he throws himself in the duke's way, in a pretended fit of furious indignation. It may be necessary to observe that La Fin here hints at the super-natural gifts and skill in magic which he was supposed to possess, and the duke supposed to believe in.

" *Byr.* Here is the man. My honour'd friend, Lafin,
Alone and heavy count'nanc'd! On what terms
Stood th' insultation of the King upon you?
Laf. Why do you ask?
Byr. Since I would know the truth.
Laf. And when you know it, what?
Byr. I'll judge betwixt you,
And, as I may, make even th' excess of either.
Laf. Alas, my lord, not all your loyalty,
Which is in you more than hereditary,
Nor all your valour, which is more than human,
Can do the service you may hope on me,
In sounding my displeas'd integrity.
Stand for the King, as much in policy
As you have stir'd for him in deeds of arms,
And make yourself his glory, and your country's,
Till you be suck'd as dry, and wrought as lean
As my flay'd carcase: you shall never close
With me as you imagine.
Byr. You much wrong me
To think me an intelligencing lord.
Laf. I know not how your so affected-zeal
To be reputed a true-hearted subject,
May stretch or turn you. I am desperate;
If I offend you, I am in your power:
I care not how I tempt your conq'ring fury;
I am pre-destin'd to too base an end
To have the honour of your wrath destroy me,
And be a worthy object for your sword.
I lay my hand, and head too, at your feet,
As I have ever; here I hold it still:
End me directly, do not go about.
Byr. How strange is this! The shame of his disgrace
Hath made him lunatick.

Laf. Since the King hath wrong'd me,
He thinks I'll hurt myself: no, no, my lord;
I know that all the kings in Christendom,
If they should join in my revenge, would prove
Weak foes to him, still having you to friend.
If you were gone (I care not if you tell him)
I might be tempted then to right myself. [*Exit.*

Byr. He has a will to me, and dares not shew it:
His state decay'd, and he disgrac'd, distracts him.

Re-enter Lafin.

Laf. Change not my words, my lord. I only said
I might be tempted then to right myself—
Temptation to treason is no treason;
And that word "tempted" was conditional too,
If you were gone. I pray inform the truth.

Byr. Stay, injur'd man, and know I am your friend.
Far from these base and mercenary reaches
I am, I swear to you.

Laf. You may be so;
And yet you'll give me leave to be Laffin,
A poor and expuate humour of the court:
But what good blood came out with me; what veins
And sinews of the triumphs now it makes,
I list not vaunt; yet will I now confess,
And dare assume it, I have power to add
To all his greatness, and make yet more fix'd
His bold security. Tell him this, my lord;
And this (if all the spirits of earth and air
Be able to enforce) I can make good.
If knowledge of the sure events of things,
Even from the rise of subjects into kings,
And falls of kings to subjects, hold a power
Of strength to work it, I can make it good.
And tell him this too: if in midst of winter
To make black groves grow green; to still the thunder;
And cast out able flashes from mine eyes,
To beat the light'ning back into the skies,
Prove power to do it, I can make it good.
And tell him this too: if to lift the sea
Up to the stars, when all the winds are still,
And keep it calm when they are most enrag'd;
To make earth's driest palms sweat humourous springs;
To make fix'd rocks walk, and loose shadows stand;
To make the dead speak; midnight see the sun;

Mid-day turn midnight; to dissolve all laws
Of nature and of order—argue power
Able to work all, I can make all good;
And all this tell the King.
Byr. 'Tis more than strange,
To see you stand thus at the rapier's point
With one so kind and sure a friend as I.
Laf. Who cannot friend himself, is foe to any,
And to be fear'd of all, and that is it
Makes me so scorn'd: but make me what you can,
Never so wicked and so full of fiends,
I never yet was traitor to my friends.
The laws of friendship I have ever held
As my religion; and, for other laws,
He is a fool that keeps them with more care
Than they keep him, rich, safe, and popular.
For riches and for popular respects
Take them amongst ye, minions; but for safety
You shall not find the least flaw in mine arms,
To pierce or taint me. What will great men be
To please the King, and bear authority! [*Exit.*
Byr. How fit a sort were this to hansell fortune!
And I will win it though I lose myself.
Though he prove harder than Egyptian marble,
I'll make him malleable as th' Ophir gold.
I am put off from this dull shore of East,
Into industrious and high-going seas,
Where, like Pelides in Scamander's flood,
Up to the ears in surges I will fight," &c.

The king, it seems, suspecting the staunchness of Byron's loyalty, had secretly despatched Roiseau, a spy in his train, who gives him this animated account of the treatment which the duke met with in his embassy. The wise and humane speech of King Henry ends in a eulogy on England, (which Chapman is never backward in introducing) as beautiful, as we hope it was and is, true.

" *Hen.* Was he so courted?
Rois. As a city-dame
Brought by her jealous husband to the court,
Some elder courtiers entertaining him,
While others snatch a favour from his wife;
One starts from this door, from that nook another,
With gifts, with junkets, and with printed phrase
Steal her employment, shifting place by place

Still as her husband comes: so Duke Byron
Was woo'd and worship'd in the Arch-duke's court;
And as th' assistants that your Majesty
Join'd in commission with him, or myself,
Or any other doubted eye appear'd,
He ever vanish'd: and, as such a dame,
As we compar'd with him before, being won
To break faith to her husband, lose her fame,
Stain both their progenies, and coming fresh
From underneath the burthen of her shame,
Visits her husband with as chaste a brow,
As temperate and confirm'd behaviour,
As she came quitted from confession:
So from his scapes, would he present a presence.
The practice of his state adultery
And guilt, that should a graceful bosom strike,
Drown'd in the set lake of a hopeless cheek.

Hen. It may be he dissembled, or, suppose
He be a little tainted: men whom virtue
Forms with the stuff of fortune, great and gracious,
Must needs partake with fortune in her humour
Of instability; and are like shafts
Grown crook'd with standing, which to rectify
Must twice as much be bow'd another way.
He that hath borne wounds for his worthy parts,
Must for his worst be borne with. We must fit
Our government to men, as men to it.
In old time, they that hunted savage beasts
Are said to clothe themselves in savage skins:
They that were fowlers, when they went on fowling,
Wore garments made with wings resembling fowls:
To bulls we must not shew ourselves in red,
Nor to the warlike elephant in white.
In all things govern'd, their infirmities
Must not be stir'd, nor wrought on. Duke Byron
Flows with adust and melancholy choler,
And melancholy spirits are venomous,
Not to be touch'd but as they may be cur'd.
I therefore mean to make him change the air,
And send him further from those Spanish vapours,
That still bear fighting sulphur in their breasts,
To breathe awhile in temperate English air,
Whose lips are spic'd with free and loyal counsels;
Where policies are not ruinous but saving;
Wisdom is simple, valour righteous,

Humane, and hating facts of brutish force
And whose grave natures scorn the scoffs of France,
The empty compliments of Italy,
The any-way encroaching pride of Spain,
And love men modest, hearty, just, and plain."

The Duke of Savoy, in pursuance of his design, conceives he shall the sooner detach Byron from the interests of his sovereign, if he can succeed in making the king jealous of the fame of his general, which he attempts, by exaggerating the merits of the duke, and by bestowing on him applause which rightly belonged to the king himself. He thus commences:

"*Sav.* Your majesty hath miss'd a royal sight;
The Duke Byron, on his brave beast Pastrana,
Who sits him like a full-sail'd argosie
Danc'd with a lofty billow, and as snug
Plies to his bearer, both their motions mix'd:
And being consider'd in their site together,
They do the best present the state of man,
In his first royalty ruling, and of beasts
In their first loyalty serving; one commanding,
And no way being mov'd; the other serving,
And no way being compell'd; of all the sights
That ever my eyes witness'd: and they make
A doctrinal and witty hieroglyphic
Of a blest kingdom: to express and teach
Kings to command as they could serve, and subjects
To serve as if they had power to command."

The king, however, being piqued by the exclusiveness of Savoy's praise, will not permit the supremacy of Byron's merits, and sets up against him, as a superior general, Lord Norris, an Englishman, "as great a captain as the world affords;" after whom he thus proceeds to mention and characterize another English officer.

"*Hen.* And here was then another, Colonel Williams,
A worthy captain, and more like the duke,
Because he was less temperate than the general;
And being familiar with the man you praise,
Because he knew him haughty and incapable
Of all comparison, would compare with him,
And hold his swelling valour to the mark
Justice had set in him, and not his will:
And as in open vessels fill'd with water,

And on men's shoulders borne, they put treene cups
To keep the wild and slippery element
From washing over, follow all his sways,
And tickle aptness to exceed his bounds
And at the brim contain him: so this knight
Swam in Byron, and held him, but to right."

Savoy turns this depreciation of Byron to his own advantage, by repeating it to the vain-glorious general, who is thus prepared for the machinations of La Fin. In the following long, though beautiful, scene they are put in action.

Enter La Fin, Byron *following, unseen.*

" *Laf.* A feigned passion in his hearing now,
(Which he thinks I perceiv'd not) making conscience
Of the revolt which he hath urg'd to me
(Which now he means to prosecute) would sound
How deep he stands affected with that scruple.—
As when the moon hath comforted the night,
And set the world in silver of her light,
The planets, asterisms, and whole state of heaven,
In beams of gold descending; all the winds
Bound up in caves, charg'd not to drive abroad
Their cloudy heads; an universal peace,
Proclaim'd in silence, of the quiet earth;
Soon as her hot and dry fumes are let loose,
Storms and clouds mixing suddenly put out
The eyes of all those glories; the creation's
Turn'd into chaos, and we then desire,
For all our joy of life, the death of sleep:
So when the glories of our lives, men's loves,
Clear consciences, our fames, and loyalties,
That did us worthy comfort, are eclips'd,
Grief and disgrace invade us; and for all
Our night of life besides, our misery craves
Dark earth would ope and hide us in our graves.

Byr. How strange is this!

Laf. What, did your highness hear?

Byr. Both heard and wonder'd, that your wit and spirit,
And profit in experience of the slaveries
Impos'd on us, in these mere politic terms,
Of love, fame, loyalty, can be carried up
To such a height of ignorant conscience,
Of cowardice, and dissolution
In all the free-born powers of royal man.
You that have made your way through all the guards

Of jealous states, and seen on both your sides
The pikes' points charging heaven to let you pass,
Will you, in flying with a scrupulous wing
Above those pikes to heav'n-ward, fall on them.
This is like men that, spirited with wine,
Pass dangerous places safe, and die for fear
With only thought of them, being simply sober.
We must, in passing to our wished ends
Through things call'd good and bad, be like the air
That evenly interpos'd betwixt the seas
And the opposed element of fire,
As either toucheth but partakes with neither;
Is neither hot nor cold, but with a slight
And harmless temper mix'd of both th' extremes.

Laf. 'Tis shrewd.

Byr. There is no truth of any good
To be discern'd on earth: and by conversion
Nought therefore simply bad: but as the stuff
Prepar'd for Arras pictures, is no picture
Till it be form'd, and man hath cast the beams
Of his imaginous fancy through it,
In framing ancient kings and conquerors
As he conceives they look'd and were attir'd,
Though they were nothing so: so all things here
Have all their price set down from men's conceits,
Which make all terms and actions, good or bad,
And are but pliant and well colour'd threads
Put into feigned images of truth,
To which to yield and kneel. * * *

* * * * * *

Laf. Believe it this is reason.

Byr. 'Tis the faith
Of reason and of wisdom.

Laf. You persuade
As if you could create. What man can shun
The searches and compressions of your grace.

Byr. We must use these lures when we hawke for friends,
And wind about them, like a subtle river
That, seeming only to run on his course,
Doth search yet as he runs, and still finds out
The easiest parts of entry on the shore;
Gliding so slily by, as scarce it touch'd
Yet still eats something in it: so must those,
That have large fields and currents to dispose.

Come, let us join our streams; we must run far,
And have but little time. The Duke of Savoy
Is shortly to be gone, and I must needs
Make you well known to him.
Laf. But hath your highness
Some enterprise of value join'd with him?
Byr. With him, and greater persons.
Laf. I will creep
Upon my bosom in your princely service.
Vouchsafe to make me known."

The mind of Byron being filled with doubt and anxiety, by reflecting on the temerity of the projects he entertained, and the dangerous tendency of the suggestions, to which he had listened, seeks to soothe his care and allay his apprehensions by consulting an astrologer on his future fortunes. He enters dressed in disguise.

" *Byr.* This hour, by all rules of astrology,
Is dangerous to my person, if not deadly.
How hapless is our knowledge to foretell,
And not be able to prevent a mischief.
O! the strange difference 'twixt us and the stars!
They work with inclinations strong and fatal
And nothing know: and we know all their working,
And nought can do or nothing can prevent.
Rude ignorance is beastly; knowledge wretched.
The heavenly powers envy what they enjoin:
We are commanded to imitate their natures,
In making all our ends eternity,
And in that imitation we are plagued.
* * * * * *
Daily and hourly proof
Tells us prosperity's, at the highest degree,
The fount and handle of calamity.
Like dust before a whirlwind, those men fly,
That prostrate on the grounds of fortune lie:
And being great, like trees that broadest sprout
Their own top-heavy state, grubs up the root.
These apprehensions startle all my powers,
And arm them with suspicion 'gainst themselves,—
In my late projects I have cast myself
Into the arms of others, and will see
If they will let me fall, or toss me up
Into th' affected compass of a throne.

God save you, Sir. * *

Labross. You're welcome friend: what would you?

Byr. I would entreat you for some crowns I bring,
To give your judgment of this figure cast.
To know by his nativity there seen,
What sort of end the person shall endure,
Who sent me to you, and whose birth it is.

Lab. I'll herein do my best, in your desire.
The man is rais'd out of a good descent,
And nothing older than yourself I think:
Is it not you?

Byr. I will not tell you that:
But tell me on what end he shall arrive.

Lab. My son, I see that he whose end is cast
In this set figure, is of noble parts,
And by his military valour rais'd
To princely honours; and may be a king
But that I see a *Caput Algol* here,
That hinders it I fear.

Byr. A *Caput Algol!*
What's that, I pray?

Lab. Forbear to ask me, son.
You bid me speak what fear bids me conceal.

Byr. You have no cause to fear, and therefore speak.

Lab. You'll rather wish you had been ignorant,
Than be instructed in a thing so ill.

Byr. Ignorance is an idle salve for ill;
And therefore do not urge me to enforce
What I would freely know: for, by the skill
Shown in thy aged hairs, I'll lay thy brain
Here scatter'd at my feet, and seek in that
What safely thou may'st utter with thy tongue,
If thou deny it.

Lab. Will you not allow me
To hold my peace! What less can I desire,
If not be pleas'd with my constrained speech?

Byr. Was ever man yet punish'd for expressing
What he was charg'd! Be free and speak the worst.

Lab. Then briefly this; the man hath lately done
An action that will make him lose his head.

Byr. Curs'd be thy throat and soul! Raven, screetch owl, hag!

Lab. O hold! for heaven's sake hold!

Byr. Hold on I will.

Vault and contractor of all horrid sounds,
Trumpet of all the miseries in hell,
Of my confusions, of the shameful end
Of all my services; witch, end, a accurst
For ever be the poison of thy tongue,
And let the black fume of thy venom'd breath
Infect the air, shrink heaven, put out the stars,
And spread so fell, and blue a plague on earth,
That all the world may falter with my fall.
Lab. Pity my age, my Lord.
Byr. Out, prodigy.
Remedy of pity, mine of flint.
Whence, with my nails and feet, I'll dig enough
Horror and savage cruelty to build
Temples to massacre. Dam of devils take thee!
Hadst thou no better end to crown my parts.
The bulls of Colchos, nor his triple neck
That howls out earthquakes; the most mortal vapours
That ever stifled and struck dead the fowls
That flew at never such a sightly pitch,
Could not have burn'd my blood so.
Lab. I told truth,
And could have flatter'd you.
Byr. O that thou hadst;
Would I had given thee twenty thousand crowns
That thou hadst flatter'd me. There's no joy on earth,
Never so rational, so pure, and holy,
But is a jester, parasite, a whore
In the most worthy parts, with which they please,
A drunkenness of soul and a disease.
Lab. I knew you not.
Byr. Peace, dog of Pluto, peace!
Thou knew'st my end to come, not me here present!
Pox of your halting human knowledges."

Soon after this, the king has an interview with Byron, and succeeds in persuading him to leave his traitorous practices, and disappoint the enemies of the state. We extract the following exhortation.

" So of all judgements, if within themselves
They suffer spleen and are tumultuous,
They cannot equal differences without them;
And this wind that doth sing so in your ears,
I know is no disease bred in yourself,

But whisper'd in by others; who in swelling
Your veins with empty hopes of much, yet able
To perform nothing, are like shallow streams
That make themselves so many heavens to sight,
Since you may see in them the moon and stars,
The blue space of the air, as far from us,
To our weak senses, in those shallow streams,
As if they were as deep as heaven is high;
Yet with your middle finger only sound them,
And you shall pierce them to the very earth:
And therefore leave them and be true to me."

We must now proceed to the *Tragedy*, only stopping by the way to collect some short passages, chiefly *similes* which have struck us in our perusal of the *Conspiracy*. Our author thus compares the state of a man whose fortunes have shot beyond the foundation of his merits.

" As you may see a mighty promontory,
More digg'd and under-eaten than may warrant
A safe supportance to his hanging brows,
All passengers avoid him; shun all ground
That lies within his shadow, and bear still
A flying eye upon him; so great men
Corrupted in their grounds, and building out
Too swelling fronts for their foundations,
When most they should be prop'd are most forsaken,
And men will rather thrust into the storms
Of better-grounded states, than take a shelter
Beneath their ruinous and fearful weight;
Yet they so oversee their faulty bases,
That they remain securer in conceit;
And that security doth worse presage
Their near destructions, than their eaten grounds."

Byron describes his own manner in this spirited comparison.

" To whom I came, methought, with such a spirit
As you have seen a lusty courser shew,
That hath been long time at his manger tied,
High fed, alone, and when, his head-stall broken,
He runs his prison, like a trumpet neighs,
Cuts air in high curvets, and shakes his head;
With wanton stoopings 'twixt his forelegs, mocking
The heavy centre; spreads his flying crest,

Like to an ensign ; hedge and ditches leaping,
Till in the fresh meat, at his natural food
He sees free fellows, and hath met them free."

Henry addressing Byron, thus speaks of Queen Elizabeth, a topic upon which our poet is always eloquent.

" And now for England you shall go, my lord,
Our lord ambassador to that matchless Queen.
You never had a voyage of such pleasure,
Honour and worthy objects. There's a Queen
Where nature keeps her state, and state her court,
Wisdom her study, continence her fort;
Where magnanimity, humanity,
Firmness in counsel, and integrity,
Grace to her poorest subjects, majesty
To awe the greatest, have respects divine,
And in her each part, all the virtues shine."

Chapman in this manner alludes to the common practice of the old writers, who always ushered their works into the world, with a " battalous array" of eulogistical poems.

" And as a glorious poem, fronted well
With many a goodly herald of his praise,
So far from hate of praises to his face,
That he prays men to praise him, and they ride
Before, with trumpets in their mouths, proclaiming
Life to the holy fury of his lines;
All drawn as if with one eye he had leer'd
On his lov'd hand, and led it by a rule;
That his plumes only imp the muse's wings ;
He sleeps with them, his head is rapt with bays,
His lips break out with nectar, his tun'd feet
Are of the great last, the perpetual motion,
And he, puff'd with their empty breath, believes
Full merit, eas'd those passions of wind,
Which yet serve but to praise, and cannot merit,
And so his fury in their air expires."

The character of Henry through both these plays is represented as wise and humane, easy to forgive, and unwilling to judge harshly. In the beginning of the *Tragedy of Byron,* this fine blessing upon his infant son is put into his mouth.

" *Hen.* Have thy old father's angel for thy guide;
Redoubled be his spirit in thy breast;

Who when this state ran, like a turbulent sea,
In civil hates and bloody enmity,
Their wraths and envies, like so many winds,
Settled and burst, and like the halcyon's birth,
Be thine to bring a calm upon the shore,
In which the eyes of war may ever sleep,
As overmatch'd with former massacres,
When guilty, mad noblesse fed on noblesse;
All the sweet plenty of the realm exhausted:
When the nak'd merchant was pursued for spoil,
When the poor peasants frighted neediest thieves
With their bare leanness, nothing left on them
But meagre carcases sustain'd with air,
Wand'ring like ghosts affrighted from their graves;
When with the often and incessant sounds
The very beasts knew the alarum bell,
And, hearing it, ran bellowing to their home:
From which unchristian broils and homicides
Let the religious sword of justice free
Thee and thy kingdoms govern'd after me."

When Byron is recalled from his government to court, under a strong suspicion of his having entered into a treasonable correspondence, he is of course in disgrace with the king, and consequently receives but little countenance from his courtiers. Whereupon the Duke makes some bitter reflections on the servility of mankind, and the fickleness of court-favour, in which he is heartily joined by his friend and companion in misfortune, D'Auvergne.

" But men themselves, instead of bearing fruits,
Grow rude and foggy, overgrown with weeds,
Their spirits and freedoms smother'd in their ease;
And as their tyrants and their ministers
Grow wild in prosecution of their lusts,
So they grow prostitute, and lie, * * * *,
Down and take up to their abhor'd dishonors.
The friendless may be injur'd and oppress'd,
The guiltless led to slaughter, the deserver
Given to the beggar; right be wholly wrong'd,
And wrong be wholly honour'd,—till the strings
Of every man's heart crack; and who will stir
To tell authority that it doth err.
All men cling to it, though they see their bloods
In their most dear associates and allies

Pour'd into kennels by it, and who dares
Look well in the breast whom that impairs!
How all the court now look askance on me!
Go by without saluting, shun my sight,
Which, like a March sun, agues breeds in them,
From whence of late 'twas health to have a beam.
D'Auv. Now none will speak to us, we thrust ourselves
Into men's companies, and offer speech,
As if not made for their diverted ears,
Their backs turn'd to us, and their words to others,
And we must like obsequious parasites,
Follow their faces, wind about their persons
For looks and answers, or be cast behind,
No more view'd than the wallet of their faults.
* * * * * *
Byr. Is't not an easy loss to lose their looks,
Whose hearts so soon are melted?
D'Auv. But methinks,
Being courtiers, they should cast best looks on men
When they thought worst of them.
Byr. O no, my Lord:
They ne'er dissemble but for some advantage.
They sell their looks and shadows, which they rate
After their markets, kept beneath the state.
Lord, what foul weather, their aspects do threaten!
See, in how grave a track he sets his vizard:
Passion of nothing, see, an excellent gesture.
Now courtship goes a ditching in their foreheads,
And we are fallen into those dismal ditches.
Why ev'n thus dreadfully would they be rapt
If the king's butter'd eggs were only spilt."

It is not without frequent attempts on the part of the King to induce Byron to confess his error, and receive a pardon, that he permits his ministers to proceed to extremities against the unfortunate marshal. Byron however still holds out, and persists in insolently maintaining his innocence, though Henry hints at his having in his possession undeniable proofs of his guilt. The king is represented as much agitated on the subject of the delinquency of his favourite, and its necessary consequences.

In one of his solitary reflections on the subject, he gives utterance to these noble and elevated thoughts.

"O thou that govern'st the keen sword of kings,
Direct my arm in this important stroke,

Or hold it, being advanc'd. The weight of blood,
Even in the basest subject, doth exact
Deep consultation in the highest king:
For in one subject, death's unjust affrights,
Passions and pains, though he be ne'er so poor,
Ask more remorse than the voluptuous spleens
Of all kings in the world deserve respect.
He should be born grey-headed, that will bear
The sword of empire: judgment of the life,
Free state, and reputation of a man,
If he be just and worthy, dwells so dark,
That it denies access to sun and moon;
The soul's eye, sharpen'd with that sacred light
Of whom the sun itself is but a beam,
Must only give that judgment. O how much
Err those kings then that play with life and death,
And nothing put into their serious states
But humour and their lusts! For which alone
Men long for kingdoms, whose huge counterpoise
In cares and dangers, could a fool comprise,
He would not be a king, but would be wise."

Byron and D'Auvergne are, at length, committed to prison, and the former is afterwards brought to trial. The evidence of his confidential agent, La Fin, is brought against him, and in spite of his passionate defence of himself, and his own belief, he is condemned. From the moment of his committal to prison to that of his death, he behaves like a madman, with comparatively lucid intervals, if, at least, he may not be said to have done so from the opening of the play. In his confinement he is described:

"As a bird
Enter'd a closet, which unwares is made
His desperate prison, being pursued, amaz'd
And wrathful, beats his breast from wall to wall,
Assaults the light, strikes down himself, not out,
And, being taken, struggles, gasps, and bites,
Takes all his taker's strokings to be strokes,
Abhorreth food, and, with a savage will,
Frets, pines, and dies, for former liberty."

And when brought to the scaffold, this simile is applied to him:

"As a savage boar, that, hunted long
Assailed and set up, with his only eyes,

Swimming in fire, keeps off the baying hounds,
Though sunk himself, yet holds his anger up,
And snows it forth in foam, holds firm his stand,
Of battalous bristles—feeds his hate to die,
And whets his tusks with wrathful majesty.
So fares the furious duke, and, with his looks,
Doth teach death horrors, makes the hangman learn
New habits for his bloody impudence."

The scenes of his execution are perhaps the best part of the second half of the play. The fierce impatience of the prisoner, his persisting in believing the trial and sentence a trick to frighten him, his constant delay in hopes of "mercy yet," and when he finds he must die, his determining to have a "will" in his death, and die just at the moment he pleases, are all in admirable keeping, and shew his outrageous character in a more natural light, than that in which it had hitherto been exhibited. When the archbishop desires to administer to him religious consolation, he exclaims:

"Let me alone in peace,
Leave my soul to me, whom it most concerns:
You have no charge of it; I feel her free;
How she doth rouse, and, like a falcon, stretch
Her silver wings, as threat'ning death with death;
At whom I joyfully will cast her off.
I know this body but a sink of folly,
The groundwork and rais'd frame of woe and frailty;
The bond and bundle of corruption;
A quick corpse, only sensible of grief;
A walking sepulchre or household thief;
A glass of air broken with less than breath;
A slave bound face to face to death, till death;
And what said all you more? I know, besides,
That life is but a dark and stormy night,
Of senseless dreams, terrors, and broken sleeps;
A tyranny, devising pains to plague
And make man long in dying, racks his death,
And death is nothing: what can you say more?
I bring a long globe, and a little earth,
Am seated like earth betwixt both the heavens,
That if I rise, to heaven I rise; if fall,
I likewise fall to heaven: what stronger faith
Hath any of your souls? what say you more?
Why lose I time in these things? Talk of knowledge,
It serves for inward use. I will not die

Like to a clergyman; but like the captain
That pray'd on horseback, and with sword in hand
Threaten'd the sun, commanding it to stand:
These are but ropes of sand.
Chan. Desire you then
To speak with any man?
Byr. I would speak with La Force and St. Blancart.
Do they fly me!
Where is Prevost, comptroller of my house?
Pra. Gone to his house i'th' country, three days since.
Byr. He should have staid here; he keeps all my blanks.
O all the world forsakes me! Wretched world,
Consisting most of parts, that fly each other;
A firmness, breeding all inconstancy;
A bond of all disjunction. Like a man
Long buried, is a man that long hath liv'd;
Touch him, he falls to ashes. For one fault
I forfeit all the fashion of a man.
Why should I keep my soul in this dark light,
Whose black beams lighted me to lose myself,
When I have lost my arms, my fame, my wind,
Friends, brother, hopes, fortunes, and even my fury?
O happy were the man could live alone,
To know no man, nor be of any known!
Har. My lord, it is the manner once again
To read the sentence.
Byr. Yet more sentences!
How often will ye make me suffer death,
As ye were proud to hear your powerful dooms!
I know and feel you were the men that gave it,
And die most cruelly to hear so often
My crimes and bitter condemnation urg'd.
Suffice it, I am brought here and obey,
And that all here are privy to my crimes.
Chan. It must be read, my lord; no remedy.
Byr. Read, if it must be, then; and I must talk."

As he is proceeding to execution, he says:

"Good sir, I pray
Go after and beseech the Chancellor,
That he will let my body be interr'd
Amongst my predecessors at Byron.
Desc. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*
Byr. Go, go! can all go thus!

And no man come with comfort! Farewell, world:
He is at no end of his actions blest
Whose ends will make him greatest, and not best.
They tread no ground, but ride in air on storms,
That follow state, and hunt their empty forms.
Who see not that the valleys of the world
Might even right with the mountains: that they grow
Green and lie warmer; and ever peaceful are
When clouds spit fire at hills, and burn them bare.
Not valley's part, but we should imitate streams
That run below the vallies, and do yield
To every mole-hill; every bank embrace
That checks their currents; and when torrents come,
That swell and raise them past their natural height,
How mad they are and troubled; like low strains
With torrents crown'd are men with diadems.

Vit. My lord, 'tis late; wilt please you to go up?

Byr. Up! 'tis a fair preferment, ha, ha, ha!
There should go shouts to upshots. Not a breath
Of any mercy yet! Come, since we must.
Who's this?

Pral. The executioner, my lord.

Byr. Death, slave, down! or by the blood that moves me
I'll pluck thy throat out. Go, I'll call you straight."

The archbishop again exhorts the dying man, now blinded for execution, to turn his thoughts to heaven; but meets with a similar repulse. After which, the duke arranges matters with his executioner, appeals to the soldiery in vain, and then submits to his fate.

" *Arch.* My lord, now you are blind to this world's sight,
Look upwards to a world of endless light.

Byr. Ay, ay, you talk of upward still to others,
And downwards look, with headlong eyes yourselves.
Now come you up, sir; but not touch me yet:
Where shall I be now?

Hang. Here, my lord.

Byr. Where's that?

Hang. There, there, my lord.

Byr. And where, slave, is that there?
Thou see'st I see not, yet speak as I saw.
Well, now is't fit?

Hang. Kneel, I beseech your grace,
That I may do my office with most order.

Byr. Do it, and, if at one blow thou art short,
Give one and thirty; I'll endure them all.
Hold! stay a little! Comes there yet no mercy?
High heaven curse these exemplary proceedings;
When justice fails, they sacrifice our example.
Hang. Let me beseech you, I may cut your hair.
Byr. Out, ugly image of my cruel justice,
Yet wilt thou be beforehand? Stay my will,
Or by the will of heaven, I'll strangle thee.
Vit. My lord, you make too much of this your body,
Which is no more your own.
Byr. Nor is it yours.
I'll take my death with all the horrid rites
And representments of the dread it merits.
Let tame nobility and nummed fools,
That apprehend not what they undergo,
Be such exemplary and formal sheep.
I will not have him touch me till I will.

* * * * * *

You wish my quiet, yet give cause of fury:
Think you to set rude winds upon the sea,
Yet keep it calm; or cast me in a sleep
With shaking of my chains about mine ears.
O honest soldiers, you have seen me free
From any care of many thousand deaths,
Yet of this one, the manner doth amaze me.
View, view this wounded bosom; how much bound
Should that man make me that would shoot it through!
Is it not pity, I should lose my life
By such a bloody and infamous stroke."

With the following illustration of the nature of man to pine after what he has not, and neglect that which he has.

" Men ne'er are satisfied with what they have;
But as a man, match'd with a lovely wife,
When his most heavenly theory of her beauties
Is dull'd and quite exhausted with his practice,
He brings her forth to feasts, where he, alas!
Falls to his viands with no thoughts like others
That think him blest in her, and they, poor men,
Court and make faces, offer service, sweat
With their desire's contention, break their brains
For jests and tales; sit mute and loose their looks

Far out of wit and out of countenance:
So all men else do, what they have, transplant,
And place their wealth in thirst of what they want."

And Byron's comparison of beasts with men.

" Noble happy beasts,
That die not having to their wills to live:
They use no deprecations, nor complaints,
Nor suit for mercy: amongst them the lion
Serves not the lion, nor the horse the horse,
As man serves man. When men most shew their spirits
In valour, and their utmost dare to do,
They are compar'd to lions, wolves, and boars;
But, by conversion, none will say a lion
Fights as he had the spirit of a man."

We conclude our enormous extracts from the tragedies of Chapman, which we fear exceed the space which their intrinsic worth has a right to claim. Should the impatience of our readers be such as to demand a farther excuse, we can allege the extreme scarcity of these works, which renders it a very trying task to leave buried in oblivion any parts of these writings which betray the genius of our author, however they may be disfigured by his absurdities. We will moreover observe this, that these absurdities lie on the surface, but that the excellent sense of much of Chapman's writings is only to be discovered after attentive consideration and repeated perusal. His expressions are frequently quaint, his language often forced, much of it borrowed from the Latin, and all of it employed rather for its force, than either its elegance or beauty. Another serious grievance to those who peruse only the flowing productions of the mob of gentlemen who write with ease, will be found in the crabbedness of the versification and the general absence of rhythm in these works. But he who will not dig for precious ore is unworthy of it. And we may safely promise our readers, that a laborious investigation of Chapman's meaning, even when it sometimes appears most obscure, will be attended with a copious reward of gratification.

Of the remaining tragedies, we have not much to say—the truth is, the works of this author are most unequal. In different parts of the same play, we find fustian and excellent sense, rhodomontade and beautiful observations, mixed together in strange confusion. But in different plays, it has sometimes happened, that he has never once hit on the happy vein, but raved on from prologue to epilogue without one single moment

of true inspiration. We may safely assert this of the *Cæsar and Pompey*. The *Revenge for Honour* is considerably better, but, superior as it is to the other, it does not afford us a single good extract. From the *Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany*, however, something good might be gleaned, had we room for it; as, for instance, the feigned madness of the emperor, and the struggle between Edward and his aunt, Isabella, which should be first put to death, "a strained courtesy at a bitter feast," as the villanous Alphonsus calls it. But, on the whole, the play is a bloody and clumsy production, and, as we before observed of it and the *Revenge for Honour*, entirely divested of the descriptive and didactic poetry which so often graces the plays from which we have so largely extracted. The *Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois* we regret to say we have never seen. The rarity of the old plays is such, that they are only to be found in some public libraries, and in the extensive hoards of private collectors; and in such applications as we have reluctantly caused to be made, we confess, we have rather found the exclusive spirit of the monopolist, than the liberality of the enlightened lover of literature.

END OF VOL. IV.

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